The Outlook

Vol. 65 June 2, 1900 No. 5

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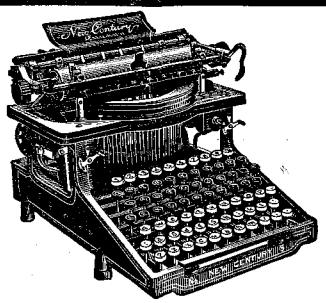

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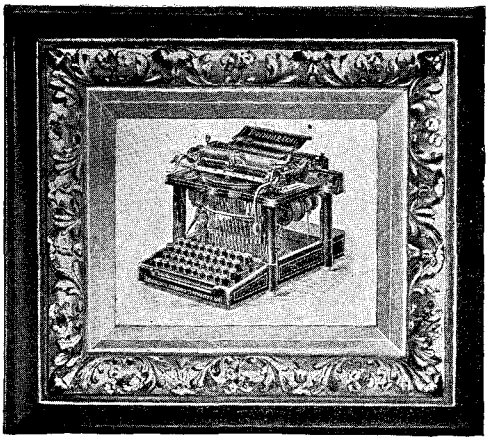

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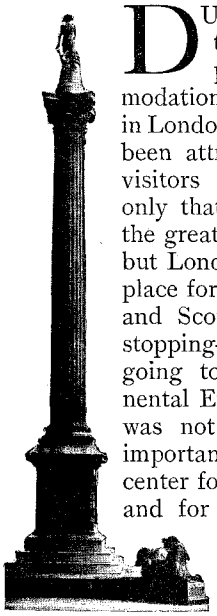
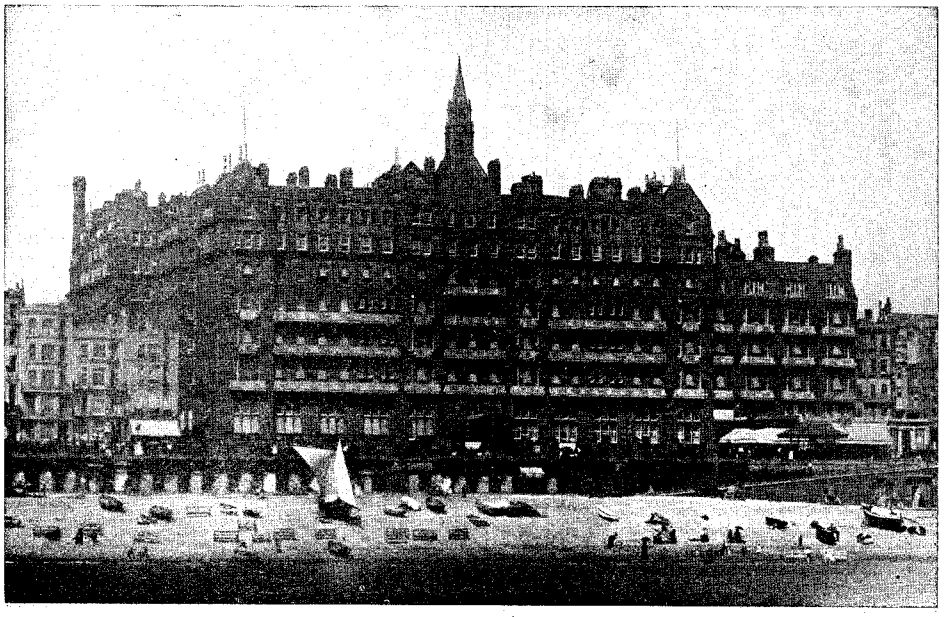
THE GORDON HOTELS

GREATEST HOTEL CORPORATION IN EUROPE



DURING the last ten years there has been a great improvement in hotel accommodation in Europe—particularly in London. The British capital has been attracting a larger number of visitors every season. It is not only that there is much to see in the greatest city of the world itself, but London is the natural starting-place for visits throughout England and Scotland, and the convenient stopping-place for American visitors going to and coming from Continental Europe. English enterprise was not early in recognizing the importance of London as a hotel center for summer birds of passage, and for the increasing number of well-to-do people drawn from distant parts of the British Empire, or coming from European countries to London either for business or pleasure. But now London does not lack first-class hotels. It is to the enterprise and good management of Mr. Frederick Gordon that London owes the development of its great modern hotels. Mr. Gordon is the President of the Gordon Company, which owns the large group of hotels named after him.

It is now twenty years since the first of the Gordon group, the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, was opened. The Gordon Hotels now number five leading hotels in London, seven at English seaside resorts, and two on the Riviera—one at Cannes and the other at Monte Carlo. Many other new hotels have been started in London, some of them magnificent buildings; but none of them have checked the uninterrupted prosperity of the Gordon Hotels. The pre-eminence which the Gordon Hotels maintain, and have always held, is due alone to excellence of management; to the careful way in which the comfort of visitors is studied, the determination always to have everything of the best. The Company has a capital of twenty million dollars, it has an annual profit of one and a half million dollars, its stock stands at double its par value on the Stock Exchange, and it pays a dividend of ten per cent. It has made hotel management a science, setting a splendid example to competitors, which all emulate but none equal. That is why the Gordon Company can view the establishment of new hotels with equanimity.



THE HOTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON

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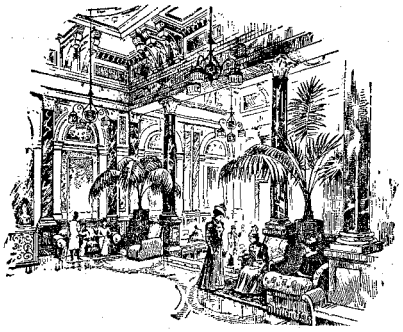
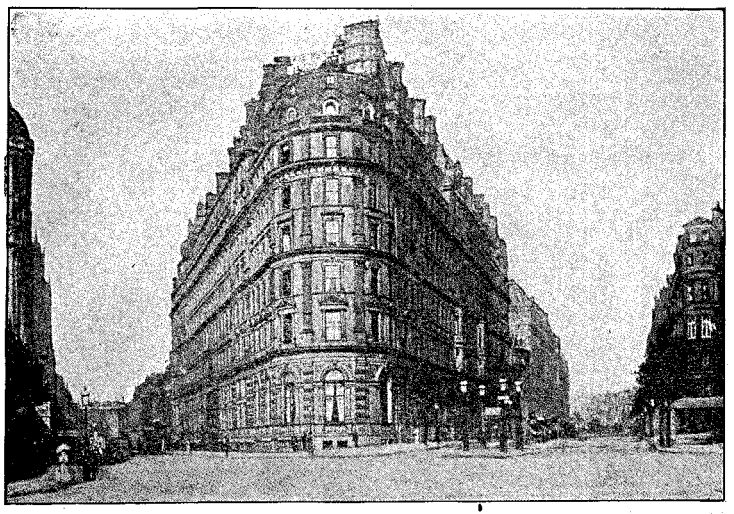


ENTRANCE HALL HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON

People know what a Gordon Hotel is and what it means. Guests who once go to them always return, and there are people who find them so comfortable and homelike that they stop at them all the year round, moving from one to the other according to the season. The Gordon Hotels are managed on a system which, while they all work together, at the same time compete with each other; this must be so when we find three Gordon Hotels in one street. That is Northumberland Avenue, which runs between the Thames Embankment Gardens and Trafalgar Square. It is the most convenient site in London for hotels. It is within a few minutes' walk of Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, within a short distance of the Royal Palaces, the theaters, the clubs, West End stores, Hyde Park, Rotten Row, and the fashionable centers of the West End. It is close to Charing Cross Station—the chief starting-point for the Continent—and central for the other railroad depots.

The Grand Hotel has a fine circular frontage to Trafalgar Square. It is patronized by the best classes of English aristocracy during the season. While it is the oldest of the Gordon group, it has undergone several important alterations which internally make it as convenient as any. It has recently expanded over a neighboring street, adding a large number of rooms to its accommodation.

The Hotel Metropole, at the other end of Northumberland Avenue, is the largest of the Gordon Hotels. It covers an acre of ground, forms the angle between Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall Place. It can accommodate nearly a thousand visitors, and is remarkable for the spacious and sumptuous character of its public rooms. It has a great variety of private suites of apartments, from the elegantly furnished Marie Antoinette rooms, which have been frequently occupied by Royal visitors to London, to suites of bedroom, bathroom, and lavatory, which cost less than four dollars a day. The Metropole has long been a favorite stopping place for American visitors, who find that its size does not in any way detract from the excellence of the service in all its details. The magnificent central hall of the Metropole is one of the brightest and liveliest places in London. It should be noted that this and the other Gordon Hotels are admirably protected from fire, structurally and otherwise.



HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON, ADJOINING TRAFALGAR SQUARE

A few doors nearer Trafalgar Square is the Hotel Victoria, also a large hotel, while not equal in dimensions to the Metropole. The Victoria is also a favorite stopping-place for American visitors. Its public rooms are smaller, but are very elegantly furnished and are exceedingly cozy. The Victoria has a spacious entrance hall with walls of colored marble. The chief public rooms are luxuriously furnished and look out on Northumberland Avenue. The administrative offices—the Manager's Office, Cash Office, Reception Bureau, Theater Office, Railroad Office, Cigar Department, etc.—are conveniently arranged round the central hall. The interior arrangements of the hotel have been cleverly carried out to afford guests every convenience and comfort. There are a number of suites of rooms with private baths attached. The Victoria will be found a very homely and comfortable hotel.

There are regular hours for table d'hôte meals in these hotels, but meals are also served à la carte at the option of visitors. The following, selected at random for the purpose of illustration, is the menu of a table d'hôte dinner served at the Hotel Victoria for 5s. (about $1.20):

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HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON

MENU DU DINER

6 TO 8:30

Royans marinés bordelaise.

Consommé Montmorency. Crème Marie Louise.

Saumon en souchet.
Blanchailles au kari.

Côtelettes de pigeon à la Noaille.
Ris de veau aux pointes d'asperges.

Aloyau de bœuf. Sauce Raifort.
Gigot d'agneau aux épinards.

Haricots verts sautés au beurre.
Pommes mousseuse.

Cailles bardées sur croûtes.
Salades panachées.

Pouding de semoule.
Bombe cardinale. Palais aux raisins.

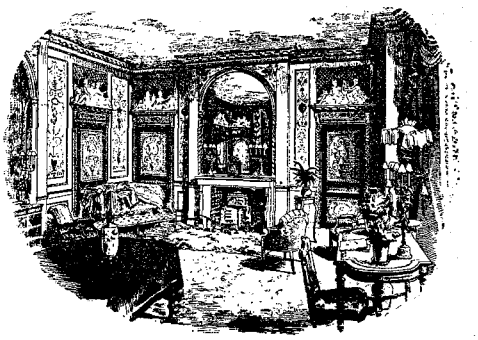
Dessert.

(Smoking permitted after 8 o'clock.)

Tuesday, April 24, 1900.

Northumberland Avenue is the starting-place for a number of coaching tours around London and the suburbs. The coaches start from the doors of the Hotel Metropole, Hotel Victoria, or the Grand Hotel. They run to all places of historic or picturesque interest around London, such as Hampton Court, Richmond, Kingston-on-Thames, Kew, and as far as Brighton, Windsor, and Oxford.

The First Avenue Hotel, another one of the Gordon group, stands in High Holborn, which, with Oxford Street, forms one of the main arteries of London from east to west. While the First Avenue does not aspire to the palatial character of the West End Hotels, it is an exceedingly comfortable establishment, and the charges are more moderate than at the more fashionable hotels. It stands between Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, those old, quaint quarters of the London lawyers, and within a few yards of the Hotel is the picturesque Staples Inn. It is also close to the British Museum, and is on the borders of the old City, the business center of the metropolis. The First Avenue Hotel is recommended for American visitors who prefer less style than has to be maintained at West End establishments. The Hotel is excellently fitted up with a large number of beautifully furnished rooms,



A MARIE ANTOINETTE ROOM AT THE METROPOLE, LONDON

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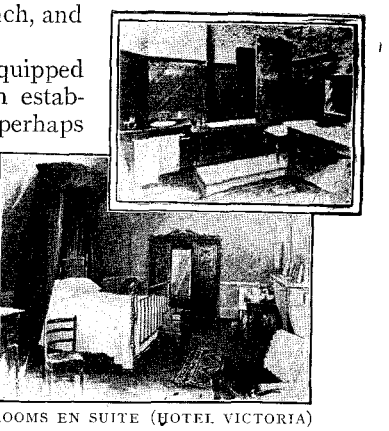
and its public rooms include large billiard rooms with English, French, and American tables.

The Gordon Hotels at seaside resorts are just as sumptuously equipped and are as fashionable stopping-places as the Company's London establishments. The Hotel Metropole, at Brighton, for instance, is perhaps the most magnificent seaside hotel in the world. It stands in the best position on the sea-front of "the Queen of English Watering-Places," is a large and imposing building, with commodious rooms and many special features which add to its attractions. It has a huge Winter Garden and conservatory, one of the best sets of Turkish baths in the country, while attached to it are the Clarence Rooms used for concerts, balls, etc. It is a very bright place at which to pass a holiday.



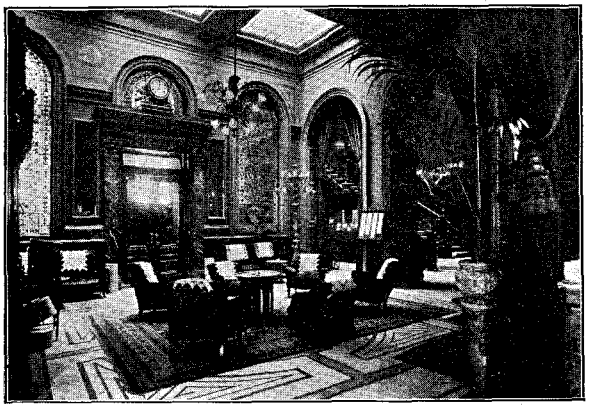
ROOMS EN SUITE (HOTEL VICTORIA)

At Folkestone, which is one of the cross-channel ports, being on the way from London to Boulogne and Paris, the Gordon's Hotel Metropole is again the leading hotel. It has a fine position on the top of the cliffs in the west or aristocratic end of this growing seaside resort.

Proceeding further round the coast, we come to Dover, on the other route from London to the Continent. Dover is exactly opposite Calais on the French side, and many visitors find it convenient to break the journey here to visit this interesting seacoast; and here again they find a Gordon Hotel—the well-known Lord Warden, which is situated near the piers.

Another seaside hotel owned by the same corporation is the Cliftonville at Margate, a resort on the Kentish coast well known for its mild and invigorating climate.

About two miles distant is the cozy and picturesque seaside resort of Broadstairs, the favorite watering-place of Charles Dickens, where the novelist conceived and wrote some of his best-known works. The Gordon Company have established a charming little seaside hotel here, the Grand Hotel, which was opened last season for the first time, and is patronized by people who love beautiful sea views at a quiet and restful resort.

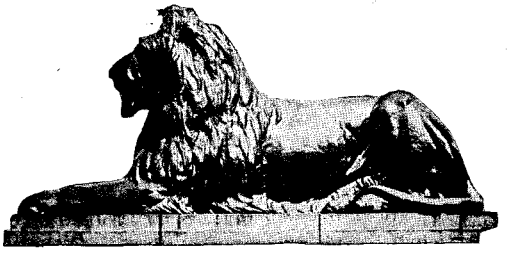


ENTRANCE HALL OF FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON

Another Gordon Hotel is found at the aristocratic seaside resort of Eastbourne, which is a little over an hour's journey by train from London. Eastbourne is a town which has been developed by the Duke of Devonshire in a very select fashion. It is prettily situated, the houses are all of the villa type, all its streets are lined with trees, it is beautifully clean and well kept. Only houses of a moderately high value are permitted to be erected. Eastbourne is an exceedingly healthy place.

Further along the South Coast of England, in the Isle of Wight, the great center for yachting, is still another Gordon Hotel, the Royal Pier Hotel, Ryde. This is a very fashionable resort during the yachting season. The Isle of Wight itself is a delightful holiday place with many interesting associations, besides the fact that it contains the Queen's residence of Osborne, and Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles the First was imprisoned. Ryde is the leading town in the island, and is the most convenient starting-place for excursions in all directions. The place teems with objects of historical and antiquarian interest for visitors.

It will be seen from the above brief survey that the group of Gordon Hotels form very important institutions in England. There is a uniformity about the management, and a high standard is maintained which gives these hotels a character, position, and reputation of their own. Visitors seeking accommodation at any of them would do well to book rooms in advance by letter or cable and so prevent disappointment.



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"Government by Injunction" Defined

Apart from the continued debates on colonial questions, and the vote of the House Committee on Military Affairs—six to three—to report favorably another bill abolishing the can een, the most interesting Congressional event last week was the introduction of a bill prepared by Senator Bate, of Tennessee, to lessen the arbitrary power of judges to govern by injunctions. Senator Bate's bill does not in any way restrict the right of courts to punish at their discretion offenses committed in their presence, but in other cases, when citizens are arraigned for "contempt of court," it gives to the accused the right of trial by jury before punishment. This bill is regarded as an authoritative statement of the attitude of the Democratic party toward what has been vaguely denounced as "government by injunction." Of similar bearing is a report made last week to the Social Reform Club of this city by a committee of lawyers, consisting of John Brooks Leavitt, John D. Kernan (of the Chicago Strike Commission), Ernest H. Crosby, Mornay Williams, and Robert Van Iderstine. This committee recognized the need of injunctions to restrain certain acts for which there was no legal remedy, and some of its members justified the decision of the Supreme Court in the Debs case; but all agreed that many of the lower Federal Courts and some State Courts were exercising injunction powers utterly inconsistent with the spirit of English liberty. To prevent abuses, the committee recommended that an attempt be made to obtain concerted action throughout the country in favor of urging upon the National and State Legislatures the passage of bills providing—

(1) That injunctions shall not be issued against any but parties to the action, their agents, servants, and attorneys.

(2) That when an injunction, however valid in part, prohibits the lawful use of the highway, or the right of free speech, or lawful combination to advance joint interests, it shall be void *in toto*.

(3) That all persons who are charged with disobedience of an injunction in respect of a matter *which might be the subject of indictment*, shall have the right to demand a trial by jury upon issues of fact to be properly framed.

(4) That whenever the question, whether an injunction pending an action should be granted in a labor dispute, depends upon the determination of questions of *fact* arising on conflicting affidavits, either side shall have the right to demand that a jury be forthwith impaneled to try the same upon issues properly settled.

The history of movements for the redress of popular grievances shows that the intelligent formulation of definite wrongs is a large part—and usually a long-delayed part—of the struggle. The report made by this committee of New York lawyers ought to aid in focusing public attention upon available methods of redressing the more obvious evils connected with "government by injunction." That there are such obvious evils, and that they are very serious and ought to be corrected by legislation, The Outlook thoroughly believes. When these are corrected, the less obvious evils may be considered.

❀

The Cuban Investigation

The Senate has passed the resolution offered by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, which provides for a searching and comprehensive inquiry into the financial side of the government in Cuba. The investigation is to include not only the postal scandal, but all receipts and expenditures of money in Cuba by United States officials, whether civil or military, and also all facts regarding the construction of wharves, railways, and public works of all kinds. The passage of this resolution, and the constitution of the committee to

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whom the inquiry is intrusted, guarantee the honesty of purpose with which the Government is attacking this disagreeable and intricate matter. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, is the committee's chairman, and his colleagues are among the ablest men of all parties—including six Republicans, two Democrats, one Silver Republican (Teller), and one Populist. In the debate on Senator Bacon's resolutions the most notable speech was made by Senator Platt, of Connecticut. Mr. Platt spoke eloquently, almost passionately, of General Wood's efforts to unearth frauds and irregularities. He said:

It is to General Wood that the credit of the discovery of these frauds and wrong-doings belongs, and to the Administration belongs the credit of probing to the bottom these frauds. The Senator from Georgia has no monopoly on the shame and humiliation with which every patriotic man is affected by these disclosures. They are shocking. They are a blow—and a direct blow—to every true citizen of the United States.

Every one in the Senate seemed to agree with Mr. Platt when he said that it was the duty and intention of the Government "to probe to the bottom, unflinchingly, unsparingly." The instructions given to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow are so positive and thorough as to make it impossible to doubt that just such a search had been instituted even before the appointment of the Senate committee of investigation.

❀

Senator Hale and Senator Spooner

Equally important with Senator Platt's speech were the views about Cuba and our policy in that island presented respectively by Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, and Senator Hale, of Maine. The former, in his long address in defense of the policy of the Administration, was interrupted by Senator Hale, who declared that he would "vote to-morrow to withdraw from Cuba and leave that people to establish and set up and maintain their own government;" that he had voted against the treaty with Spain, and was not surprised at the peculations in Cuba. In response to the question by Mr. Spooner whether Mr. Hale had "any suspicion in his mind or in his heart that the pledge made in the resolution passed by Congress as to the temporary character of our occupation in Cuba is not to be kept," Mr. Hale replied:

I have very grave suspicion. I think there are very powerful influences in this country, largely located in New York City, largely speculative and connected with money-making enterprises, that are determined that we shall never give up Cuba. I think that the time will never come, unless something earnest and drastic is done by Congress, that the last soldier of the United States will be withdrawn from Cuban soil. I do not think the President favors holding Cuba. I discovered very powerful influences, commercial, mercantile, money, and political, that are opposed to our ever withdrawing from Cuba. I take up the newspapers that are foremost in the large cities, and I find every day intimations and hints that we are never to withdraw from Cuba.

This imputation on our National honor Mr. Spooner indignantly resented. He said:

This is a Government of honor and it is a people of honor. When the Senator expresses a fear that the people's desire to keep the pledge of this Government will be allowed to slumber by the voice of commercialism, he degrades the people and underestimates their integrity. What have we done for Cuba? When since the morning stars first sang together in the heavens has any people done for another people what we have done for Cuba? As rapidly as may be, in absolute good faith, not being hurried by demagogy in violation of National honor, by insinuation and venal politics in a Presidential election, this Administration is going forward to redeem to its utmost the pledge to Cuba. We have given the best government to the people of Cuba thus far they ever had. Every man's life is safe in Cuba; every woman's honor is safe in Cuba. Death and tyranny and starvation have gone forever out of Cuba. Of course there has been peculation in Cuba. Every one is ashamed of it. But in no government ever instituted has that not occurred. But it never will turn out that any man in any country can point to the Teller resolution and say with truth that it was a legislative lie.

If Mr. Hale's remarks are significant as indicative of suspicions in even Republican quarters, Mr. Spooner's reply may be accepted as a semi-official declaration of the spirit and purpose of the Administration.

❀

Another Demand on Turkey

It is evident that the United States Government does not intend to let the claim against Turkey fall into abeyance through lack of energy. Another despatch has been sent to our Minister at Constantinople asking him to urge more positively upon the Sultan the necessity of

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making a formal and direct reply to our request for payment. Meanwhile the Porte has again approached the United States with a proposition to pay the $100,000 indirectly and by a subterfuge; Mr. Cramp, the shipbuilder, has been offered repair contracts on two old Turkish warships at a high price, with the understanding that he should pay the $100,000 (or less) claimed by those whose property was destroyed during the Armenian riots. Naturally, our Government altogether declines to sanction such a proceeding; in time Turkey may learn that the United States is not concerned so much for the comparatively small sum of money involved as for the public acknowledgment that American citizens have been ill-treated and deserve indemnity and reparation.

❀

Negro Disfranchisement A correspondent of The Outlook in North Carolina writes us that the fate of the amendment disfranchising illiterate negroes without disfranchising illiterate whites is still in doubt. The Populists as well as the Republicans are opposing it; but the Democrats are making it a party measure, and their control of the election machinery in the black counties is so complete that Republican leaders are urging the negroes not to register lest their votes be counted for the amendment when cast against it. The Democratic candidate for Governor has issued a defense of the amendment, in which he says: "The amendment to the Constitution is presented in solution of the race problem in North Carolina. It is carefully and thoughtfully drawn. It stays inside of the Fifteenth Amendment, and nevertheless accomplishes its purposes. It adopts the suggestion of Senator Cullom, and demands the existence of sufficient intelligence, 'either by inheritance or education,' as a necessary qualification for voting. It requires of the negro the qualification by education because he has it not by inheritance, and demands only of the white man that he possesses it by inheritance. The amendment makes a distinction between a white man and a negro, but it does so on the ground that the white man has a knowledge by inheritance which the negro has not." Without discussing the question whether the illiteracy of white men is more excusable than the illiteracy of negroes, it may be pointed out that the Fifteenth Amendment directly forbids the denial of the suffrage upon the ground of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The proposed violation of this provision could hardly be made more definite. In Virginia the election held last week to determine whether a Constitutional Convention should be called to disfranchise negroes seems to have resulted in a majority for such a Convention. The white counties opposed it, but in the black counties enormous majorities in its favor were returned, probably because in the white counties there was a dread of the disfranchisement of illiterate whites, and in the black counties the votes of black men were cast for them by whites, or counted without being cast.

❀

The Machinists' Strike Settled The Arbitration Commission to which the troubles between the machinists of the United States and Canada and their employers were referred two months ago has reached an agreement under which all concerned are now working in harmony, and promise to refer future disputes to a similar commission for arbitration. For ten days, says the report, the officials of the National Metal Trades Association and the International Association of Machinists met together at the Murray Hill Hotel in this city, and went over every phase of their present or threatened difficulties. In the end a contract was arranged acceptable to all the arbitrators. The principal points of this contract are as follows:

First, That all employers or employees refusing to abide by the agreement shall be disciplined or expelled by their respective organizations.

Second, That the determination of the question what machinists are "competent" shall be left to the employers, "since the employers are responsible for the work turned out by their workmen."

Third, That fifty-seven hours shall constitute a week's work, after six months from the date of the agreement, and fifty-four hours after twelve months.

Fourth, That all overtime prior to ten o'clock at night shall be paid 25 per cent. more than day rates, all overtime from ten to twelve o'clock at night shall be paid 50 per cent. more than day rates, and all overtime

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after midnight or on holidays or Sundays shall receive double pay.

Fifth, That there may be one apprentice to each shop, and in addition not more than one apprentice to every five machinists.

Most important of all, however, is the arrangement that hereafter, when troubles arise, employers cannot lock the workmen out and employees cannot strike until the questions at issue have been referred to National arbitrators selected in the same way that the recent Commission was selected. It is, of course, possible that these National arbitrators may be unable to agree, and that all the employers may sometimes stand on one side and all the employees on the other, but the success attained by the Board in its recent meeting, and the general spirit of both organizations, promises an establishment of harmony where two months ago a disastrous strike spreading all over the continent was threatened. We congratulate the country on this result, for two reasons: first, and chiefly, because it recognizes the principle that arbitration is a better method of settling a controversy than a strike or a lockout; and, second, because it recognizes the principle that it is no good ground for demanding the discharge of an employee that he does not belong to a union.

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The Boer War Last week the British forces accomplished another quarter of the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. Thirty thousand infantry, twenty thousand horse, and a hundred and fifty guns, they crossed at three places from the Orange Free State across the Vaal River into the South African Republic. The Boers had blown up one of the bridges on the Vaal and had partially wrecked another, but the British arrived just in time to prevent the threatened destruction of the coal-mines. They have now advanced to the Klip River without serious opposition from the Boers. Fear is expressed by some that the British will arrive at Johannesburg, twenty miles away, only to find the gold-mines blown up. However, many, perhaps most, Boers are opposed to such destruction. It is reported, though on somewhat doubtful authority, that the question of suing for peace is now being seriously discussed in the Transvaal. As at Kroonstad, so at Klip River, Lord Roberts's advance may be hindered until transport difficulties can be overcome. The British Field-Marshal has not been able to drive all the Boers before him. Of the nineteen Free State districts, the three in the north-east are still held by the Boers, eagerly watching an opportunity for raiding British lines of communication. Across the border a Boer force, estimated at from seven thousand to ten thousand, opposes General Buller at Laingsnek. It must be admitted that the Boers have skillfully conducted their retirement northward from Bloemfontein and from Ladysmith; they have saved practically all their men, guns, and convoys. British appreciation of their skill and bravery is growing. A Cape Town deputation, addressing Sir Alfred Milner, had called them "cowardly scoundrels." "They are not cowardly scoundrels," Sir Alfred replied, "but brave men fighting for a cause which to them seems right. There are many among them who deserve to be honored for their heroism. Although cases of treachery and barbarity have occurred, they have been exceptional."

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The Boer Commissioners The Administration has shown courage and wisdom in its treatment of the Boer Commissioners, and by its courtesy and frankness has largely nullified the endeavor of a few demagogues to make political capital out of the misfortunes of a brave and struggling people. With notable exceptions, the gentlemen who have attached themselves to the Boer Commissioners have laid themselves open, in the most charitable judgment, to the suspicion of attempting to make political capital out of their presence in this country at this time. The Government had done all that it could do on behalf of the Boers; all that any Administration, either Republican or Democratic, would have done. If popular sympathy with the Boers had been far more general and intense, the country would not have been so lacking in the sense of responsibility as to go to war in their behalf. This being the fact in the case, Secretary Hay and the President have treated the Commissioners with the greatest respect by declining to deceive them by empty promises, or to beguile them by delays; both the Secretary of State and the President have welcomed

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them as private persons, and have frankly and courteously stated that the United States has done all that it can in their behalf. This course of procedure has been courageous, it has been honorable, and it has been entirely respectful to the Boers; far more respectful than the course of those gentlemen who are making much of the Commissioners, not because they believe that anything can now be done in behalf of the failing cause of the Transvaal, but because they believe that political capital may be made by a cheap and inexpensive expression of sympathy. The worst result of this use of foreign questions for domestic purposes are the false hopes which are awakened or sustained by this course. It is a cruelty to let the Boers believe that they have anything to hope from an interference of the United States; and the true friend of the Boer in this country is the man who refuses to delude them.

❀

Paris vs. France The result of the recent elections in France shows that, except in Paris, the Government has won by an overwhelming majority. As contrasted with the provinces, Paris has always been the home of political turbulence. It has frequently, perhaps generally, dictated to provincial France. The significant thing about the elections is that such conditions are now, happily, reversed. They insure the continuance, for the moment at least, of a Cabinet which, better than has any other, represents France as a whole. The Cabinet gained a further victory last week on the reassembling of Parliament. After MM. Fallières and Deschanel, Presidents respectively of the Senate and Chamber, in their opening speeches had dwelt upon the assured success of the Exposition, expressing appreciation of the co-operation and sympathy shown by foreign nations, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, introduced a measure, which was passed in the Chamber and is now before the Senate, which will put an end to further criminal proceedings arising out of recriminations in the Dreyfus affair. Though the Zola, Picquart, Reinach, Henry, and Mercier trials are thus barred, Captain Dreyfus is not prohibited from demanding a revision of the Rennes verdict. The Government's further programme is an interesting one. It introduces two apparently vindictive but perhaps necessary measures intended to protect the President from calumny, and to prevent the vested properties of religious bodies from furnishing war funds to the opponents of the Repubic. It introduces two other measures of a very different character—provisions for workingmen's pensions and for a better scheme of education.

❀

Russia and Japan Success seems to have attended the persistent Russian intrigues to get additional ports on the Pacific—now Quelpart, off Korea; now Port Lazarev, on the Korean west coast; and finally Masampo, on the southern coast, the last named possessing a remarkably fine harbor. The usual "rebellion" has broken out at Masampo, for which Russian agents are held responsible, and Russian troops now occupy the place, in defiance of promises made. Both Russia and Japan have apparently broken the special agreement concluded between them, by which neither was to interfere with Korean affairs or encroach upon Korean territory. An armed conflict seems inevitable sooner or later. General Sakarov, Chief of the Russian General Staff, together with eight officers of high rank, is starting for Manchuria, where six forts will be immediately erected. Though the Japanese is now superior to the Russian fleet in Pacific waters, the new battleships now leaving for the Pacific—above all, the twenty-three-knot ships to go out soon—show that Japan is not strengthening her navy as rapidly as is Russia. Russia has also placed an order for a hundred and fifty thousand tons of Welsh coal for her navy, remembering the signal advantage which the Japanese have in their seemingly inexhaustible natural supply of coal. Russia, dependent on British coaling-stations in time of peace, would find them closed to belligerents in time of war. The Japanese navy has been mobilized, and most of the army. Last week torpedoes were placed in Japanese harbors. In a conflict with Russia the Japanese would now be more strengthened by reason of geographical position than later. At present the Japanese have twenty good ports and six fine dockyards

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to Russia's two ports, far between, and to her two dockyards not yet completed. Through either or both of these possible wars—in China or in Korea—Germany expects to gain. In the first event, she would be compelled directly to interfere, and her reward would be an extension of her present holdings in China. In the second, she would see and seize the golden opportunity offered to her merchants by the temporary removal from competition of the adroit Japanese, while Russia herself would be weakened in the fray, and less liable to resist German aggressions in other parts of the world—Asia Minor, for instance.

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The Boxers Last week the "I Ho Chuan," the "Righteous Harmony Fists," better known as the "Boxers," began openly drilling, not only in the provinces of Shantung, Hupe, and Chili, but at Peking itself. The "Boxers" are revolutionists, anti-Christian, anti-foreign, and anti-reform in China. It is announced that many high Manchus, including members of the imperial clan, are joining the movement, which now includes twelve million adherents. As peril to Americans resident in China is so imminent, our State Department has taken prompt action. Without violating its unbroken practice in refusing to join any concert of action taken by the representatives at Peking of other Governments, Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, instructed Mr. Conger, our Minister to China, to act on parallel lines with those representatives, and to inform the Chinese Government that the Government of the United States demands two things: (1) The immediate and thorough destruction of the Boxer Society, and (2) proper guarantees for the maintenance of peace and protection of the life and property of foreigners in China. The State Department has given ample authority to Mr. Conger to use all the resources in his power in safeguarding our interests. In reply, the Chinese Government has sent a note to the diplomatic representatives at Peking, promising to suppress the Boxers; but its ability to carry out this pledge is generally doubted. In the province of Chili, in which Peking is situated, the Boxers have waxed so strong as to massacre nearly a hundred Christians at Paotingfu (the largest city in Chili, except Peking and Tientsin), and since then they have massacred sixty native Christians at a village only forty miles from the capital. They also burned a railway station thirty miles from Peking, destroyed a number of cars, wrecked the track, and murdered several native employees. Five hundred refugees have sought protection in the French Cathedral at Peking. The Boxers have now defeated Government troops sent out to repress them. How genuine is the desire of the Government for their repression is, however, doubtful. In the province of Hupe the Boxers have destroyed a number of villages occupied by native Christians and have massacred all the inhabitants. The troops sent to suppress the Boxers in the latter province were ambushed last week; twenty-six were killed and many wounded. It is in the province of Shantung, however, that the Boxers are strongest. It will not be forgotten that the pretext for the seizure of a port of Shantung, Kiaochau, by the Germans, was the murder of two German Roman Catholic missionaries. It is reported that the withdrawal of all missionaries from the interior has now become imperative. German troops are protecting our missionaries in Shantung, while at Taku, the port of Peking, the foreign war-ships have been augmented by the arrival of the United States cruiser Newark and the gunboat Wheeling to support Mr. Conger's demands.

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Shantung Of course hatred of Christian missionaries has always existed in China, but for a decade that hatred has been specially directed toward the Roman Catholics on account of the allegation, made with growing frequency, that their missionaries were too prone to take up lawsuits for their converts. Official classes were somewhat irritated by what they thought an interference with their prerogatives as civil magistrates. In 1898, in an interior village, the Roman Catholics purchased a Chinese temple and replaced it by a church. Native indignation was so great that the people from eighteen villages united and attacked the chapel. The Governor of the province sent a force to disperse them, but his action only stirred them to organized revolt. This revolt

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became the more assured by reason of the encroachments made by the Germans in Shantung after the capture of Kiaochau. The people of Shantung saw, beside their wretched roads and rotting wagons, their ill-kept canals and tumble-down junks, thrifty German prospectors laying railway tracks and opening mines. More than this, the Chinese heard the frank declarations from these prospectors that their Government would uphold them, by force if necessary, in developing at any cost the resources of a province which they had chosen for their own. Such declarations grated with special irritation on a people suffering from poverty caused by three years of poor crops. Originally directed against the Roman Catholics, the movement has come to be directed against everything foreign. The leaders were keen enough to recognize the advantage of secrecy in the initial stages of a revolutionary movement; they therefore formed societies, which a year ago were to all intents and purpose only gymnastic clubs. Last summer, however, the real purpose of the Boxers became known. Soon a military drill was added to the gymnastic exercises. Then followed the arming of the Boxers with swords, and then, when the real purpose of the society became known, with firearms. Each band of Boxers is conducted by a "demonized" leader, thus adding an element of supposed spiritual power. These leaders cause the utterance of strange speech, either through hypnotism or through an epileptic subject; they also assure their followers immunity, not only from death, but even from physical harm. They excite religious prejudices by pointing to the blasphemous blasting in the foreigners' mines, which disturbs the repose of the Wind-Water Dragon, and to the locomotive's shriek, which disturbs the spirits of all ancestors: it is therefore irreligious and unfilial to follow the foreigner. Along with this, time-worn lies are repeated: the missionaries are sorcerers, murderers of children, etc. The leaders send out constant warnings to native Christians: "Renounce your religion or prepare for future calamity." The result has been a wholesale looting and massacre throughout the province of Shantung. So far, the Roman Catholics have chiefly suffered; some idea of their terror may be had from the fact that the Bishop of Chinanfu reports five thousand refugees as under his protection. It is said that each Roman Catholic family in Shantung has lost an average of fifty dollars apiece, in many cases representing the entire family fortune.

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The Methodist Conference The General Conference of 1900 marks an era in the development of American Methodism in the three important changes inaugurated in its organic law and discipline. The first, already reported, is the removal of the previous inequality of lay with clerical representation in this supreme council of the Church. The second is the removal of whatever constitutional impediment there may have been to the membership of women in the Conference. This was accomplished by substituting the term "lay member" for the word "layman" in the qualifications prescribed. Whether "layman" should be construed in that connection as a masculine or an epicene substantive has been long mooted to no purpose, and its interesting ambiguity has served alike the advocates and the opponents of the admission of women. The substitution for this contestable word of the incontestable term "lay member" was attended by applause that signalized a great victory for the champions of woman's claim. The third innovation was in the removal of the time-limit of pastorates, formerly fixed at three years, and since 1888 at five. The Committee favored this removal by a vote reported as 82 to 21. While the two former changes affected the organic law, or constitution, this touched the discipline; yet the rule changed was so ancient as to have almost the fixedness of a constitutional provision. Spirited debate for several days added little to the familiar considerations *pro* and *con*, except, perhaps, in prophecies of disasters from the removal of the old landmark. Dr. Buckley, in particular, declared that it was safer in these heretical times to oblige every minister to move on once in five years, lest some by staying longer should pervert the church to dangerous views. "Mark this," said he: "you take off the time-limit, and the ethical Bishop will keep ethical men in the same place, and

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the evangelistic Bishop will use his influence to put out the ethical men, . . . and you will have all sorts of burning questions." This strange-sounding contrast between "ethical" and "evangelistic" elicited no response. The prevailing sentiment seemed to be that the importance of the pastoral office is enhanced by putting an end to the compulsory migration of the ablest ministers from work that ought to be continued in their hands, and that Methodism would gain in the local influence that accrues from continuous residence, if allowance might be had for such permanent pastorates as those of Dr. Howard Crosby or Dr. Storrs. It is a mistake to say "the itinerancy is abolished." The Bishops must still make an appointment every year for each preacher. Probably ninety-five per cent. of the preachers will still be migratory at short intervals, as before. The rest will have that comparative permanence which secretaries, editors, and other officials of the Church already enjoy. It is thought that the removal of the time-limit will check the emigration of Methodist ministers to other denominations, and also some alleged scheming to get out of the migratory pastorate into the more permanent official stations.

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Election of Bishops The resolve to adhere to the two-thirds rule in the election of Bishops cost the predicted expenditure of time. Not till the sixth day of balloting was an election achieved, by the seventeenth ballot. The number of votes necessary for a choice being 444, the Rev. Dr. David H. Moore, of Ohio, received 534, and the Rev. Dr. John W. Hamilton, of Massachusetts, 510, and were declared elected. This result was facilitated by the graceful withdrawal of the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Berry after the fourteenth ballot, in which he stood second in the poll. During these days the Conference elected two Missionary Bishops for Southern Asia on the first ballot—the Rev. Dr. E. W. Parker, presiding elder of the Barcilly District in Northern India, and the Rev. F. W. Warne, pastor of the English church at Calcutta. The recommendation to elect a Missionary Bishop for Eastern Asia was strongly opposed, particularly by the delegate from Japan, and was rejected. On the same day that the election of Bishops was completed the report of the Commission on the Organic Law received its final amendments, was adopted by a vote of 524 to 94, and sent down to the Annual Conferences for ratification. One of these amendments, vehemently insisted on by Western delegates as important for the newer sections of the country, provides that Annual Conferences may be organized with a minimum of twenty-five members. The preamble of the Organic Law breathes an admirably catholic spirit in its opening words: "In order to better preserve our historic heritage, and the more effectually to co-operate with other branches of the one Church of Jesus Christ in advancing the kingdom of God among men, we," etc. During the fourth week the Conference held two sessions daily. The usual elections of editors, secretaries, and other official agents caused few changes. Other changes came to pass through a reduction in the number of secretaries, the discontinuance or consolidation of a few denominational journals, and the closing of some book depositories, all in the interest of economy. The consolidation of certain societies, legal questions being involved, has been referred to a committee. Dr. J. M. Buckley, the predestinated Mentor of the Conference, contributing more than any other one man to its efficient despatch of business, was, of course, re-elected to the editorship of the New York "Christian Advocate." The new Bishops were consecrated at the close of the week. Hitherto the Bishops, in the order of seniority, have selected their places of residence. With a view to the most effective service, their residences are henceforth to be determined by the Conference.

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Prohibited Amusements The wave of change, which in this Conference has left such a mark on Methodism, failed at one point to rise as high as expected. The ironclad prohibition of certain recreations, which was introduced into the Discipline in 1872, and has been vehemently protested against by a large number of the best and most intelligent Methodists, is to stand some time longer. Some of the Annual Conferences had by large majorities recommended its removal.

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The Committee on the State of the Church, having received a large number of memorials concerning it from all parts of the country, reported in favor of expunging the obnoxious prohibitions (among which were included dancing, games of chance, theaters, circuses), and adding in lieu thereof a paragraph to the chapter of "Special Advices" in which "the historic attitude" of the Church would be simply affirmed in general terms and its members urged "to abstain from and to bear their unwavering testimony against all amusements and diversions which endanger spiritual life and depress the spiritual power of the Church." A minority report recommended "that no action be taken at this time." The debate that ensued was the hottest of any in the Conference. The puritanic spirit of the old Methodism was profoundly stirred by what it deemed a concession to the worldliness it has lamented in the Church. There was much excitement, closely verging on tumult. In vain was it urged on behalf of the majority report that the rule in question was "a dead letter in a large part of the Church;" that it cultivated duplicity and compromised all the virtues. Dr. Buckley declared that "putting this list before young people is a foe to genuine sound conversion." An amendment intended to ridicule the opposition by including "opera, prize-fights, bull-fights, cock-fights, checkers, backgammon, football, baseball, one old cat, two old cat," etc., among the prohibited amusements created stormy protests. In the end the minority report was carried by a strong majority, demonstrating that a narrow conservatism is a force to be reckoned with in the Methodist Church, as in others. In view of this, the Conference is to be congratulated that the doctrinal controversy in the Boston Theological School has been kept out of it, notwithstanding certain memorials on the subject. The Committee held that the Conference is precluded by rule from making such doctrinal declarations as were asked for. The majority committee report on army canteens, protesting against President McKinley's acceptance of Attorney-General Griggs's opinion nullifying the law, was defeated; the minority report adopted urged the abolition of the canteen, but omitted reference to the President. Among minor doings, delegates were chosen to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference of 1901 in England, and an anti-polygamy amendment to the Federal Constitution was demanded.

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Presbyterian General Assembly

This year's Assembly has closed one period of discussion and inaugurated another. Dr. Birch's appeal from the disposition of Professor McGiffert's case by the New York Presbytery was held to be regular, but, in view of the peculiarities of the case, the Assembly voted that it was best, "without prejudice to the appellant," and for the peace of the Church, that he be given leave to withdraw. The question of creed revision has been formally opened by the appointment of a committee of fifteen, in which varying views and different sections of the Church are fairly represented. Among the ministers on the committee are Drs. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, and Warfield, of Princeton; among the elders are ex-President Harrison and Justice Harlan. The committee is to obtain the views of the Presbyteries on the subject and to report next year. There were thirty-seven Presbyteries which overtured the Assembly this year for revision, but there was such variety in their desires that the present disposal of the matter gives general satisfaction. Among matters of internal administration, the "Peoria overture" was vigorously debated, and adopted by a vote of 257 to 229. This measure, supported by a number of Presbyteries, transfers the appointment of committees from the Moderator to a committee to be elected for the purpose. The Moderator for the year, when not knowing well the individual members of the Assembly, has depended much on suggestions by the Stated Clerk; the result was an impression of "bossism" and much consequent dissatisfaction—hence this new experiment. The office of Permanent Clerk, vacated by the death of Dr. W. E. Moore, has been filled by the election of Dr. W. B. Noble, of California. The Assembly has overtured the Presbyteries upon a proposed rule which would exclude from voting in the Presbyteries, though not from membership, ministers not in the active service of the Church. This appears to us absolutely

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just and wise. The Presbytery ought to be representative of the churches. When ex-ministers, who represent no church, have the same vote as pastors, not only does the Presbytery not represent but it often misrepresents the churches, since such ex-ministers often have a leisure to devote to ecclesiastical politics which the busy pastor does not possess. It has thus sometimes happened that the action of the Presbytery has been directly opposed to the sentiment of the churches which it is supposed to represent. Another overture to the Presbyteries aims to secure a higher standard of efficiency in candidates for the ministry—a demand now heard in many branches of the Church. The Assembly memorializes Congress for an anti-polygamy amendment to the Constitution, and declares for the abolition of intoxicants in the army canteen, saying that the immoral traffic must be abolished as soon as possible in every place under the National jurisdiction. The meeting of 1901 is to be at Philadelphia. The General Assemblies of the Southern, the Cumberland, and United Presbyterian Churches, severally held at Atlanta, Chattanooga, and Chicago, have been marked by no important events. In the Southern Assembly there was a manifest disinclination to touch the subject of creed revision. In the Cumberland Assembly the attempt to remove Professor R. V. Foster, of Lebanon, Tenn., on the charge of doctrinal unsoundness seems to have been defeated. In the United Assembly the hostility of the Church to secret societies has been emphasized in warm discussion of a proposed revision of the Church rule.

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The Unitarian Anniversary Seventy-five years ago, about twelve years after the split between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians of the Congregational body in New England, a small club of public-spirited Unitarians formed an Association "to promote the growth of Christian truth and Christian charity, and the increase of religion in the land." Since May 25, 1825, the American Unitarian Association has been the executive arm and the working missionary organization of the Unitarian churches in America. The completion of three-quarters of a century of work by this Association was fittingly celebrated by a series of meetings held in Boston, May 20–27. There were delegates from North, South, East, and West. There were representatives from Hungary, England, Japan, Germany, Belgium, and India, who brought congratulations and greetings in their native tongues from strong organized bodies of liberal men and women in their respective countries. The loss of provincialism was as marked, in the audiences, as was the gain in the spirit of unity, in the addresses. It was repeatedly emphasized that the Unitarian Church stood for unity in spirit; that it ought to grow into fellowship with other churches of the Christian name and inheritance; that the Unitarian and Trinitarian Congregationalists, having a common heritage, will inevitably grow into closer sympathy. The spiritual side of these meetings naturally concerned itself with the spiritual feature of Unitarianism. Having liberalized even where it had not converted, what is to be the work of the twentieth-century Unitarianism? The most notable and pregnant utterances were, that religion would become simple, a natural function of human nature—a gospel for the individual, a gospel that will declare that for those who live righteously there is nothing to be afraid of; that the twentieth-century Unitarian church will be a church of the spirit, a church of hope, faith, and love, a church that will help to ameliorate the condition of the people. Those who heard will not forget the address of that rational mystic, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, of the Brahmo-Somaj of India, who held his vast audience entranced by his address on God and the universality of the spirit of God.

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Unitarian Missions It was stated at the time of the Ecumenical Conference that the Unitarians had no organized foreign missionary body. This is true; but the American Unitarian Association has acted as both the foreign and the home missionary society of the Unitarian denomination. The Rev. Clay MacCauley, its missionary agent for ten years in Japan, reported that he had established a Japanese Unitarian Association, which has under its charge a liberal theological college, the publication of a liberal periodical, and

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several Unitarian churches, all the work being now in native hands, and no longer under the fostering care of a missionary. Mr. MacCauley claimed that Christianity was the only form of religion adapted to the needs of the Japanese, and that Unitarianism was that form of Christianity which most appeals to their intellect. Many of the addresses had for subject and inspiration the history of the Unitarian movement and the lives and work of the great Unitarian leaders. They were delivered in Tremont Temple, which was decorated with flags and banners bearing the names of such Unitarians as Bancroft, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, May, Parker, Emerson, Martineau, Channing, Clarke, Mann, Adams, Jefferson, Webster, Everett, Sumner, Bellows, Furness, Agassiz, Story, Parkman. A change was effected in the official personnel of the American Unitarian Association, which it is believed will greatly promote denominational prosperity and activity. The office of President, hitherto honorary, was made a salaried position, and the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot was promoted to it, the Hon. Carroll D. Wright retiring. Mr. Eliot's place as Secretary was filled by the election of the Rev. Charles E. St. John, of Pittsburgh. The receipts of the Association have increased thirty per cent. in the last two years. Resolutions asking the Association to record its opposition to militarism, to the use of intoxicating drinks, and its approval of the system of free pew sittings, were tabled, because their adoption would have been contrary to the Congregational principle of individual and church independence in personal and church matters. Among other important results of this anniversary week was a resolution to organize an International Council of Unitarian and other liberal religious thinkers and workers. A committee reported a form of organization which was adopted, and the International Council was instituted, with the aim of unifying the activities and promoting the spread of Unitarianism throughout the world.

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Charities and Correction As a direct result of the meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction which was held in Topeka, May 18–24, two State Conferences have been organized. The people of Kansas had been looking forward to this occasion as a favorable one for influencing public opinion in behalf of such an association. Enough Missouri delegates were also in attendance to form the nucleus of an organization and study the various charities and correctional institutions of that great State. The value of these State Conferences in guiding public opinion can hardly be estimated. In Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and some other States the attendance at the annual gatherings of these State Conferences of Charities and Correction is as large as that at the National Conference. The Secretaries of the State boards of the different States usually attend, and so the methods of neighboring commonwealths are interknit and the administration of charitable work is facilitated. If the approved and improved methods of Indiana, for instance, can be adopted in Missouri and Kansas, there will be undoubted improvement in the institutional work and in the care of the outdoor poor. Indiana has nearly shaken herself free of partisan politics in State institutions. Kansas at present has a Governor who believes in the merit system. He is trying the experiment of conditional liberation, and the convicts whom he has allowed to go back to their homes on their honor—some twenty or thirty in all—are thus far leading industrious and honest lives, reporting to the prison wardens as required, and claiming the Governor as their best friend. Curiously enough, the men in the United States prison at Fort Leavenworth, though under an enlightened warden, Major McClaughry, who stands for the most advanced methods in penology, are not eligible to the advantages held out by the Governor to the men in the State prison. They must stay in the penitentiary till the expiration of their sentences, no matter how well fitted they may be for free life outside. There is, however, a farm of some six hundred acres in connection with the United States prison, and the men are allowed to go outside the walls on a parole of honor and carry on the farm. They are also employed in building a new model penitentiary, which will be built to provide for the closest classification. In the meantime it is interesting

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to know that the men who are put on their honor, and who work without guards to watch them, are showing themselves deserving of the trust reposed in them. About one hundred and fifty of the prisoners are Indians, and Major McClaughry says they are among the truest to their word of honor. They also "make the best stone-cutters. They attend to their work more closely, give themselves to it more earnestly, and learn more thoroughly than the whites or the colored men." The Topeka Conference called together members from twenty-seven States, and scores took part in the discussions. The average of the papers was good, and the sections were kept busy day after day with charity organizations, reformatories, outdoor relief, and like topics. The organization for next year's meeting at Washington promises some strong work.

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Public Eyesores Recent mention was made in The Outlook of the æsthetic victory of Edinburgh, which obtained from Parliament a special act empowering the local authorities to select the places where public advertising is permitted. Dublin has now decided to apply to Parliament for like powers. A fashion thus conspicuously set by towns cultivating pride in the undisfigured picturesqueness of their scenery is likely to spread, leading to the passage of the general act for which "Scapa" is persistently agitating. In this connection it is interesting to note that the London County Council has recently passed by-laws for the regulation of "advertising by means of 'search' or 'flash' lights thrown on the public highways," as it is phrased in the proceedings of the Council. These by-laws say: "No person shall exhibit any flashlight so as to be visible from any street and to cause danger to the traffic therein." The history of this enactment is curiously English. The attention of the Council having been called to the abuse of this form of advertising—one audacious advertiser actually threw his pictures on the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, arousing, however, such a storm of indignation that he prudently desisted without raising an issue at law—the Council first canvassed local sentiment. A circular-letter asking expressions or opinion on the desirability of regulating the nuisance was sent to the vestries and district boards. Of the replies received twenty-one favored regulation, eleven were non-committal, and only three were adverse, showing a distinct gain in æsthetic public sentiment. The question then arose on what ground the Council could claim legal right of regulation when a flashlight advertisement caused the death of a woman in a runaway accident, the coroner's jury adding as a rider to its verdict of accidental death: "The evidence shows that a flashlight used for advertising purposes caused the horse to bolt, and we, the members of the jury, would condemn the practice of permitting the use of lights in such a way as to prove a source of danger." That it should be necessary for a body like the London County Council to resort to the expedient of the rare peril of runaways to find legal ground for regulating an æsthetic nuisance is "on all fours," as the lawyers say, with the suppression of certain obnoxious bill-posting in a Welsh town on the ground that the paste was likely to drop on passers-by, "endangering their clothes." But for a quickened æsthetic sensitiveness, roundabout ways of fighting advertising nuisances would be, of course, out of the question. Further evidence of this sensitiveness is found in the lively attacks of the "Advertisers' Review" on the suggestion of Mr. Richardson Evans, the honorary secretary of "Scapa," that a tax be levied on exposed advertisements as a war-revenue measure—attacks so vehement that they seem to betray a fear of the adoption of the suggestion. The "Review" points out that the proposed tax would not only "vexatiously hamper advertisers," but would also be seriously felt by "a large body of bill-posters, printers, paper-makers, and allied trades." The "Review" adds: "The amount of money spent yearly on outdoor advertising, and on the preparation of designs and posters, represents a huge sum, and any aggressive legislation would affect hundreds of thousands of people." This statement offers "food for thought" here in America. Ought not its share of the public burden to be put upon a business that from its size is presumably so profitable, and that contributes so much to make life hideous, even in cases where its output cannot be called morally offen-

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sive? Why should a public necessity, like a bank check, pay a tax, and the too-familiar eyesore go free of tax?

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Americans Out-of-Doors

There has been, perhaps, no more striking change in the habits of Americans during the last twenty-five years than the immense extension of their out-of-door interests and activities. A generation ago the number of men engaged in business life who took any form of recreation was so small that it was hardly calculable. Men of fortune were comparatively few, and the country was given over to steady-going, persistent, hard work. To-day more work and harder work is being done than ever before; but the men who are doing the work are in very large numbers also the men who are seeking and finding health and recreation in all manner of outdoor activities. A generation ago a business man took his vacation, if he took it at all, with reluctance, regarding it as a kind of unlawful pleasure; to-day he takes it, not only as pleasure, but as business duty. In many cases he takes a day out of each week during the season which permits him to be out-of-doors. As a result he is a stronger man than his father was, he bears heavier responsibilities, and does more work.

In every branch of business conditions have changed. Responsibilities are very much heavier and risks very much greater than they were a generation ago. Business enterprises have grown immensely in magnitude, and the men who direct them are carrying titanic loads on their shoulders. They are able to carry these loads and to direct these great enterprises because they have learned that the secret of health is abundance of play, and that the only way to carry successfully the colossal burdens of modern business is to give a large amount of time to recreation. Many leaders in the world of finance are conspicuous devotees of golf, yachting, wheeling, and hunting; they take their outdoor recreation with as much regularity as they attend to their business affairs; and they do this because they have discovered, what our ancestors did not know, that the ability to do heavy work continuously depends on recurring intervals of rest and change.

It is estimated that men work, on an average, ten years longer than they worked fifty years ago; in other words, life has been extended a full decade. But life is not to be measured by mere duration of time; it is to be measured by intensity; and it is very certain that, from this point of view, men live to-day as they have never lived before in the history of the world. It is true that a great many men are living too intensely, and that many are overworking; but it is also true that there has been a great gain in the fuller evolution of individual energy which modern life has brought about. Few men work up to their full capacity; few generations have worked up to their full capacity. Some men are to-day working beyond this limit, but, as a rule, men have not yet reached it. There is more to be gotten out of life than men, as a rule, have hitherto taken, because they have not put forth their full strength. Society during the last generation has been energized in a hundred different ways; it has responded to the facilities offered by new mechanical appliances, supplementing the senses in marvelous ways, to new fields of knowledge, to the opening of new continents, to the reconstruction of thought along innumerable lines; to the vitalization of religion, philosophy, and art, by reason of deeper and more vital conception of their origin and relationships. All these larger physical, material, and spiritual opportunities have evoked the sleeping energy of the race, and men are living far more intensely because they are more fully responding to the invitations to live.

With this intenser life, and as part of it, has come the new interest in nature, the passion for health, the love of out-of-door living. The American people have come out of their houses and taken to the fields and woods; and they weigh more, have larger frames, better complexions, and far more vigorous health than their predecessors of fifty years ago. The physical character of the people has radically changed for the better. There is vastly more variety, more freedom in dress and habit. Men are no longer clad in the monotonous dreariness of black broadcloth.

There has been a great liberation of the spirit. It is true that this liberation is not without its perils. Some men have

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suffered themselves to revert to paganism, and have become mere worshipers of the body. They have substituted the golf-field for the church, and they have gained physical health at the expense of spiritual growth. But every opportunity brings its responsibility, and every new stage of development its perils. The men who have been intoxicated by this new sense of liberty are small in number and unimportant compared with those to whom it has brought vigor and health; time, which, in the end, adjusts men to every new condition, will eventually adjust society to this larger liberty. Out-of-door life means a great deal more than physical health; it means moral and intellectual sanity. There are many evidences that we are passing through one of those periods of nervous sensitiveness of which there are many records in the history of the past; when men and women of sensitive but not vigorous natures are swept hither and thither by all manner of cross-currents, become victims of delusions, and are carried away by all kinds of strange doctrine, old and new. It is an age of fads; an epoch of many mild insanities in religion, philosophy, and sociology. Society is devastated by resurrected faiths, by crude and cheap philosophies. These are the inevitable concomitants of the great stir which in every department has made this century so stimulating and has enriched every field of knowledge. In such a time sanity is of the first importance, and vigorous out-of-door life would save a great many people from the excesses, eccentricities, and unrealities of faith and practice into which they have fallen. The open sky, the woods, and the fields have a marvelously sedative influence. It is a time for fresh air and the smell of the earth.

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Dr. Behrends

The sudden death of the Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn, on Tuesday of last week, from Bright's disease, involves a loss to the pulpit not only of Brooklyn and of the Congregational denomination, but of the Nation; for he was one of the not large number of truly great preachers in the country. It is singularly unjust to his memory to attribute his death to the criticism to which he had been subjected for his recent speech at the Ecumenical Conference. Dr. Behrends was undoubtedly of a sensitive temperament, but he was not a man to lie down and die because he had been criticised. He had been in too many theological encounters, and had shown too often his ability both to give and to take hard blows, to be mortally wounded by paper bullets. Moreover, that particular speech received warm commendation from the audience as well as subsequently from catholic readers of it, while it was evident from his own utterance at the time that he anticipated from it the criticisms which in certain quarters it received. His death was a greater surprise to the public, who are too apt to measure a public man's health by his apparent weight, than to those who knew him personally and who clearly perceived signs of constitutional weakness without knowing the cause. His successful pastorates, first in the Baptist, afterwards in the Congregational, denomination, were due to a combination of qualities, chief of which was his intellectual power in the pulpit. He was always a fearless and almost always a forceful speaker, a man of strong convictions and the courage of them. He was an omnivorous reader in many departments of knowledge, but he was an enthusiastic student of philosophy, which he made his specialty.

Dr. Behrends believed with Emerson that consistency is the vice of weak minds. It was difficult for the critics, it might very probably have been difficult at times for Dr. Behrends himself, to reconcile the seemingly contradictory positions which he urged on different occasions with equal vehemence because equal conviction. It was quite like him, when contending against the pseudo-liberalism which thinks to no purpose and therefore does not truly think at all, to defend creeds as the essential issue of all true thinking; and when contending against the dogmatism which uses creeds as paddocks to confine the mind and divide the Church of Christ into petty sects, to call for a general conflagration of the fences, which should reduce them to ashes. It was quite like him to use at one time the results of modern criticism, or some of them, in an endeavor to interest his congregation in new aspects of the

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Bible; and at another time to condemn the processes of modern criticism when they seemed to him to be undermining Christian faith. He saw truth at different angles at different times, and he told what he saw without concerning himself with the question what was its relation to what he had seen at some other time. He therefore seemed sometimes the most conservative, at other times the most radical, of theological thinkers. But he always really thought, and always said what he thought; and he always claimed for others whose thoughts clashed with his the same right to freedom of thinking which he claimed for himself. He thus belonged to that large number of men of our time who are the despair of scholastics, since they refuse to be classified in any one school, because they insist on perceiving at different times now a truth and now an error in each school. Like Paul, he saw truth in fragments and he prophesied of it in fragments, though he did not always, with Paul, acknowledge that he saw it in a mirror, darkly. We hope that some competent friend will gather together enough of his sermons to illustrate his catholicity of spirit and his versatility of vision, without a conception of which Dr. Behrends cannot be comprehended, and perhaps accompany them with some preface which will indicate the real unity of his faith that underlies and is expressed in the diversity of his utterances.

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Presbyterian Creed Revision

The Presbyterian General Assembly has appointed with substantial unanimity a committee to consider the question of Creed Revision. This does not indicate that this question will receive an affirmative answer, nor even that it will be favorably considered; but it does indicate that the Church means to give it a careful and we hope an unprejudiced consideration. It will probably be discussed during the coming year, not only in this committee, not only in the various Presbyteries, but in innumerable circles throughout the country, and in the press, both religious and secular. For while this is, of course, primarily and pre-eminently a Presbyterian question, the interest in it is by no means confined to the Presbyterian Church.

For the Church of Christ is one. Whatever injures one of its branches injures all, whatever benefits one benefits all. The recent divisions in the Presbyterian Church have been a source of regret, if not of anxiety, to all Protestant communions; for they have seen in this strife a serious interference with the power of the united Church to make common cause against a common foe. Whether they have held the progressives or the conservatives at fault, they have deprecated the contentions as an injury to the cause of Christianity and the fair fame of Protestantism. Nor is this all: such discussions delay that Christian unity which is the hope of all Christians. If Presbyterians, with a common origin, a common history, and a common creed, cannot agree to work and worship together, how can we expect that denominations possessing different traditions, different rubrics, different forms of organization, and different theological formularies, can agree together? Is it not hopeless to talk about comity between Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian, when comity between different parties in the Presbyterian Church cannot be successfully maintained? All those, therefore, who desire to see a better understanding and a more cordial co-operation between the different Protestant denominations cannot but take a lively interest in any attempt to promote Church unity in a single denomination.

Nor is this interest confined to churchmen. It is one of the hopeful signs of the time that men who belong to no Church are yet interested in all; they recognize the truth that the welfare of the community is largely dependent on the churches; and they regret anything which threatens the peace and so impairs the moral power of any Church. For all these reasons the question of Creed Revision interests and concerns the entire community, and the entire community may be expected to take some part in and make some contribution to the discussions which the action of the General Assembly is sure to promote.

It appears to us that the case is one of those in which the most radical would also be the most conservative action; to do the least would also be to do the most; a courageous return to the essential prin-

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ciple of Protestantism would be the most cautious and the most considerate policy.

In what sense is the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith the standard of the Presbyterian Church? In this sense only: that every Presbyterian elder, whether a ruling or a preaching elder, is required before ordination to answer affirmatively the following constitutional question:

> Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this Church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

But no man is admitted to the ministry merely because he gives an affirmative answer to this question. No man can be sure of being permitted to remain in the ministry merely because he is ready to give such answer. Both Dr. Briggs and Dr. McGiffert had given such answer, and presumably were ready to repeat it if need be. The candidate for the ministry is subjected to an examination by the Presbytery, and he is ordained only in case he appears to the Presbytery to possess the piety, the learning, and the doctrinal agreement with the Presbyterian Church necessary to make him an acceptable Presbyterian minister. It is quite safe to assume that no one, radical or conservative, would be willing to abolish this examination. Since no one can be admitted because he answers the constitutional questions affirmatively, unless he also passes acceptably the examination, is it not clear that it is rather the examination than the formal assent to the Confession of Faith which constitutes the real test? And if it is the real test, why not make it also the formal and the only test? Why not, in other words, abolish the subscription altogether, and leave admission to the Presbyterian ministry to depend simply upon the examination by the Presbytery?

It is true that, if this is done, somewhat different tests will be applied by different Presbyteries. Some will be more liberal, some more conservative; some will impose more theological conditions than others, exactly as some will require more scholarship than others. But is not this now the case? Are there not liberal Presbyteries and conservative Presbyteries? Is it possible, in a country so large, so democratic, so individualistic as ours, to make the standards either of relationship or doctrine exactly the same in all localities? Has it ever been done? Is it even desirable to do so? Is it not well known that even in the Roman Catholic Church, which is supposed to insist upon uniformity beyond all Protestant Churches, there are great differences of religious and ecclesiastical opinions in different dioceses? Is not such liberty necessary to unity? Liberty and union are not inconsistent; liberty is an indispensable condition of unity.

It may be objected that this course would deprive the Presbyterian Church of all standards. In fact it would bring that Church back to the standard of Protestantism, and to that which, in its present Confession of Faith, it declares to be the only standard of faith and practice. We quote from the Confession:

> The Supreme Judge, by which all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits, are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other but the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture.

The Holy Spirit speaking in Scripture would remain the standard of the Presbyterian Church, as it is now, and it would be for each Presbytery to determine concerning each candidate for the ministry whether he sincerely accepted this simple and spiritual standard, and was sufficiently in accord with the Presbyterian ministers, in his interpretation of it, to work in harmony with them, as it would be for each Presbytery to determine whether he possessed the requisite piety and scholarship. The real standard in the Presbyterian Church is even now that established by the living Church in its measure of each individual; the change which we propose would be simply to recognize formally this fact and act upon it avowedly; to embody in the constitutional provisions of the Church what is now its actual custom.

The change which we propose will undoubtedly strike some of our Presbyterian readers as wholly impracticable. It will strike them so partly because they have not thought of it. We are inclined to believe that the more they reflect upon it the less will appear its disadvantages and the greater its benefits. Not the least of the latter would be its avoidance of a long, perplexing, and unfruitful theological

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debate in the Church. It is certain that the present Confession of Faith cannot be modified except in antagonism to strong opposition. Liberals will object lest subscription to an amended creed be taken to mean more than subscription means now. Conservatives will object because it will seem to them an act of vandalism to mar a Confession of Faith which, whatever its anachronisms, has a splendid history, a remarkable theological unity, and a literary quality for which one looks in vain in nineteenth-century theological statements. To attempt to modernize such a document as the Westminster Confession of Faith is like attempting to turn an ancient cathedral into a modern meeting-house. The result is simply to rob the ancient structure of its beauty, and not to create the modern structure with its utility. We agree with the conservative in his feeling. The Westminster Confession of Faith is a splendid monument to the faith of the fathers, and as a monument it should be left. Not a line nor a letter should be altered. But it should be left as a monument to the past, not retained as a dwelling-place for the living men of the present.

If, on the other hand, this ancient creed is left unaltered, and a new and shorter creed is attempted, to which subscription is to be required, there is danger of endless debate, not only over "substance of doctrine," but over details of phraseology. It took, if we recollect aright, two years for a committee of twenty-five Congregationalists to agree on a new creed; and we doubt whether to this day anything like a majority of even the Congregational Associations have adopted it. How long would it take for the Presbyterian Church to adopt a new and shorter creed, which would have to be first debated in every Presbytery? How much of the energy which ought to be devoted to direct ethical and spiritual ends would be deflected into this process of creed-making? What tendency to convert local churches into debating societies would the process involve? And when the result was reached and the new creed was promulgated, if indeed the constitutional adoption of a new creed were ever secured, is it quite clear that the old question as to the interpretation of the document and the ethical meaning of subscription would not again begin?

It may be granted that there are some objections to the plan of abolishing creed subscription altogether, and making Presbyterial examination, which is now the main reliance of the Church for securing purity of doctrine, the sole reliance of the future. But Presbyterians may well consider the question whether the objections are so serious as those to any of the other plans proposed—the retention of the present creed unaltered, its revision to adapt it to present life and thought, or the attempted formulation of a new one.

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German-American Relations

Now that the German Reichstag has passed the Meat Bill, Americans may have the opportunity of seeing a drastic protective system put in operation against themselves. Under its provisions the importation of sausages or any form of chopped meat is forbidden; fresh meat can be imported only in whole carcasses, except in the case of pigs, which may be cut in halves; pickled and prepared meat is practically barred altogether. Thus our corned beef is excluded, although we have proved its wholesomeness, and though the Germans have long used it. The ostensible purpose of the bill is the protection of health; the Germans assert, though on inadequate grounds, that our meat is not sound. The real object of the framers of the bill is to raise the price of their own products. They declare that, unless they can obtain a monopoly of the German market, their ruin is inevitable. The supporters of this bill are landowners and Agrarians. They have loudly proclaimed their time-honored support of the monarchy, and they hint that they have it in their power to defeat certain schemes which are dear to the Emperor's heart unless their measure passes the Bundesrath as it has passed the Reichstag.

The opponents of the measure have, however, enlightened Germans as to their true commercial position. It has been clearly shown in the Reichstag that the present prosperity of Germany is due to its manufactures and to its commerce, and that these in turn are entirely dependent upon ample access to cheap food. While the

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bill as passed will benefit the Prussian squires and the landowners generally, by raising the price of their meat, it will benefit agricultural Germany at the expense of manufacturing Germany; and as the latter interest is by far the greater, the country as a whole will suffer. Moreover, trade may be menaced by reprisals on the part of Russia, Austria, Denmark, and the Netherlands, but especially with the United States. German-American trade has grown to great proportions, amounting now to about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Ten years ago Germany sold to us more than she bought of us; now she is buying nearly twice as much as she sells. It is not surprising that narrow-minded landed proprietors have thought that a Chinese wall of protection might help Germany, not perceiving that the impulse to our export trade is not due so much to any such wall as to low cost of production. Germany exports about twenty-five million dollars' worth of German sugar to the United States, and has no other purchaser for this enormous product. If the United States were to pass a retaliatory measure—which would be deplorable—the German sugar manufacturers and the farmers dependent on our market would become bankrupt. Because Germany has suffered unfriendly treatment at our hands by reason of our high tariff in general, and of the increase of the sugar duties in particular, she will not improve her position by endangering her exports to the United States, which are nearly twice as much in value as are her imports from the United States. Moreover, it is not impossible for us to develop the very industries which Germany now supplies. In a commercial war the Germans would suffer more than we; they would cut off both food for operatives and raw material for their factories. Agrarians have not realized the cost of the loss either, to those operatives, of our meat and corn, or, to those mills, of our cotton, oil, lumber, heavy machinery, and material.

The imperative duty of both countries is to secure a better mutual understanding. It is a great piece of good fortune that our consular and diplomatic representatives at Berlin are statesmen and not politicians. Consul-General Mason, who has for many years served in various consular capacities in Europe, has published some particularly important predictions and counsels in the volume of "Commercial Relations" just issued by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce of our State Department. Mr. Mason believes that the growing irritation exhibited by the German press against the United States is co-existent with the phenomenal growth of German trade in China and in South America. The feeling of resentment toward the United States is due to our aggressive competition in South American and Oriental markets, as well as to the heavy balance of trade which we now hold against Germany. Hence, Mr. Mason predicts that, when new tariffs and treaties come to open debate in the Reichstag, an effort will be made towards an increase of duties upon imports from the United States. To prevent this, he counsels that all the vexed questions relating to such matters as countervailing duties and port charges shall be regulated and liberal justice to imports of food products secured by reciprocal concessions. He declares that Germany and America must always be rivals and competitors in South America, Africa, and Asia, and there is, therefore, absolute necessity that the two nations shall be harmonious and mutually considerate in their direct relations with each other.

Another strong counsel toward commercial and political peace came last week in a speech from Mr. White, our Ambassador at Berlin. He declared that Germany's prosperity helps the prosperity of America. He hoped that his American hearers would take back to America a firm determination to resist all the demagogues and sensationalists who attempt to stir up ill feeling between the two countries. "Your duty here now, and in America on your return, is to help to promote the knowledge which each country has of the other, and to show how absurd many things are which are said in the one country of the other." Mr. White also dwelt upon the advisability of German-born Americans retaining their knowledge and use of the German language, remarking that such knowledge would serve as an additional tie between the two countries. He added:

> I assure you that the stories prevalent in Germany of America's hatred of Germans and prevalent in America of German hatred of Americans are baseless. I am able to assure

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you that never were the relations between the countries better than they are at present. If there have been any clouds in the past, they have rolled away. There will continue to be, no doubt, some clashing between private parties in agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests, but the great German heart, like the great American heart, desires peace, and their Governments fully participate in this desire. Some of our American friends seem troubled by the fear that we have yielded too much to Germany for the sake of peace, but I have been consoled by noting at the same time that the German press has made similar charges against Count von Bülow, declaring that he also is yielding to the United States for the sake of peace. The fact is that, while both he and I love our respective countries, this affection has led each of us to desire sincerely the best possible relations between them. In doing this we have both acted in accordance with the instructions from our own Governments. Count von Bülow believes, as I do, that, without sacrificing the honor or interests of either country, peace ought to be, can be, and will be maintained between them.

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The Silences of God

That there is as much devotion to-day as at any previous time in the history of the world is the conviction of those who have studied the religious situation most carefully and dispassionately; but devotion has changed the form of its expression; it is finding utterance largely in practical service, and it is silent largely so far as formal speech is concerned. Men are shy to-day, for obvious and excellent reasons, of sharing their deepest religious convictions with the world. This is one reason why the prayer-meeting has become so difficult a problem: there is no longer the old liberty of utterance; and in many ways it is fortunate that that liberty has been curtailed. Men are shy of laying their hearts bare; they shrink from speaking publicly of those things which are most sacred to them. This reticence may be, and often is, carried too far, but it marks a wholesome reaction. For this reason, perhaps, devotional writing has become rare, and it is not easy to find religious literature written in a meditative vein and in the spirit of worship.

Such a volume as the Rev. Charles H. Brent's "With God in the World," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., has special value for that increasing multitude which longs to have some one speak intimately about the deepest and most sacred relationships with God and the most searching and individual experiences. Mr. Brent meditates upon rather than discusses the whole subject of prayer with a largeness and sanity of view, a depth of insight, and a spirit of reverence which will make his little volume a revelation to many to whom prayer has become perfunctory, or who have never grasped its real significance or understood its place in the spiritual life. In this little volume there is one thought among many that is full of consolation. Mr. Brent points out the significance of the silence of God, and makes it clear that sometimes silence is an answer; that infinite love often finds wiser and truer expression in silence than in speech, just as the wise parent refuses to answer a question when, by a little thought or a little searching, the child may answer the question for itself. The divine love differs from the human pre-eminently in this: while it is infinitely tender, it is also capable of both giving and bearing pain when pain is a part of growth. The wise mother does not spare her child suffering; she sometimes stands aside and lets it endure, because out of suffering come those qualities which make character, and which bring the very highest blessings, the ultimate happiness, to those who possess them. The wise mother does not keep her child at home and put all kinds of pleasure within reach in those years when the mind and heart of the child ought to be receiving that education which means liberation, virtue, and power. The granting of a request is not always the expression of love: love as often denies as grants; love is sometimes shown more deeply in silence than it could be in utterance; and God's silences are often more significant than any answer of action or even of speech could be. Maeterlinck, in an essay full of insight, has made the significance of silence clear to all those who have spiritual perception. In silence all the greatest things are wrought out; in silence the deepest mysteries are solved; in silence the finest relationships are rooted; in silence the noblest life expands; in silence, therefore, the most intimate relationship between man and God exists; and through silence God sometimes gives the final answers to human prayers, aspirations, and needs.

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The British March to Jacobsdaal[1]

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in South Africa

AT the Riet River on the south bank lay the Army Reserve Transport caravan: miles of wagons, thousands of mules and oxen, and regiments of black Kaffir drivers. It was a wonderful sight to see. It suggested all sorts of mathematical possibilities, beginning: "If so many men eat so much per day, how many men will it take to eat so many thousand tons, or how many thousand tons would support so many thousand men for so many days." It was the wholesale, retail, and combination store service of the British military system. There were officers, soldier-like in appearance, of warlike ancestry and instincts, who kept books and signed vouchers, who dealt out sugar and tea, tinned beef and biscuits, to the foot-sore fighters, and oats and pressed hay to the tired, tucked-in horses. The gathering together of this huge moving market was the result of an organization well conceived and directed. There is no nation in the world that might not learn from the Army Service Corps of Great Britain how to transport supplies and feed multitudes.

The wagons had not crossed the Drift where lay the forces of the Sixth and Seventh Divisions along an open plain to the west of a line of kopjes that followed the north bank of the stream. It was at the foot of these kopjes that General French went forth a few days previous, but now he had passed on and was known to be some miles away in the direction of the Modder, endeavoring to cut off the eastward retreat of General Cronje's force that was supposed to be at Magersfontein, some twenty miles northwest. The enemy had made a good stand for a time amid these hills, and then had disappeared after their own marvelous fashion, whither no one could tell.

My friend Cummings and I were on the lookout for headquarters, and, being informed that the staff occupied the big white house in the garden three miles down the river, we urged our tired horses forward, following the line of field telegraph, and at last reached the white house, where we found several members of the staff sitting on a shady stoep under the grape-vines.

Some of them said that Lord Kitchener would soon be there, some thought differently; some supposed it was going to be headquarters, others thought not. There was a difference of opinion, but the manner of a staff officer is generally undecided; he has no opinions that he asserts; he reflects those of his General.

The house with the grape-vined porch belonged to a gentleman named Van Niekert, who at present was away with the Boer army (he is there now, for the matter of that), and, like "Tommy" in Kipling's doggerel, "he's left a lot of little things behind him." The house from the outside presented an ordinary appearance, the windows were open, but the panes of glass were missing almost entirely. Inside it was one horrible confusion; the floor was littered like a ragpicker's shop; there were broken beds, broken chairs, and broken crockery; everything had been turned inside out and half turned back again.

We picked up nothing but a letter written in Dutch; Cummings translated it, and proved it to be a missive from a dutiful son to his maternal parent, announcing the fact that God had made her a grandmother; but, as he announced that the others were well as usual, it was evident that this was no novelty. He also stated at the end something that might be translated to the effect that he was going on commando to assist the Almighty in driving the English into the sea, winding up with the patriotic declaration that "all the country will soon be ours."

We went out on to the stoep again. Several Tommies had invaded the orchard. On the diminutive trees grew little hard, green peaches no bigger than walnuts. In appearance they suggested pain and trouble. Tommy called them plums. As they were too green to be shaken off the trees, he climbed up and tore down the branches. His mate below would pick up the deadly things and fill his helmet. Somehow they reminded me of fresh-air

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children on their first excursion. The officers did not stop them, and soon mounted their horses and rode away, suggesting the fact, more by this action than by words, that headquarters was probably elsewhere. A Tommy looked into the house after their departure.

"'Ere, Bill," he shouts back into the orchard, "'ere's a rum go!"

The "plum-picking" was given over. The men flocked about the doorway. One of them ventured through, with a sideway glance at Cumming and myself, as if wondering whether we were guarding the place or not. The fellow picked up an old broken work-basket; there was a spool of thread in the corner; he put it in his pocket.

That was enough to settle it. The men flocked through the doorway, and I can vouch for the thoroughness of the search that followed. They seemed to grow excited as it went on; it was a new game! From talking in low voices their tones rose; they joked and laughed. There was a sound of things breaking and things being torn. A man emerged, clad in a flowing white garment, the property, I should judge, of an elderly lady of ample proportions. Another emerged with an old gray stovepipe hat. Everything they could throw out of the windows they threw out; then they came outside and threw them back again.

Suddenly a sergeant appeared and shouted something over the wall. Quietness reigned. The man in the white garment left it hanging in a tree. The stovepipe hat served for a football as the men cleared out down the garden path. And this is the only looting that I witnessed while with the English army. Stray chickens don't count, of course.

We had our tea in the now deserted garden, and as dusk was falling we crossed the river to where the hundreds of sparkling fires marked the line of the army. Cummings went off to report to headquarters, and I went asleep beneath one of the wagons belonging to the Naval Brigade. It blew a dreadful sand-storm from nine till twelve. The orders were that we should move at one in the morning. No sooner asleep than awake again! The night was a clear one, and objects were plainly discernible. Cummings came to me as I was saddling my horse. As I mentioned before, he knows Brother Boer and all his slim ways, and though, as I say, he hates him, it is a hatred mingled with little or no contempt. Said Cummings to me:

"See this kopje over here? Well, just as sure as we move without putting a guard up there, the Boers will get up there and nobble the whole convoy. It is absolutely unprotected if we go on."

"Why don't you tell them?" I suggested.

Cummings laughed.

"Have you ever tried to suggest anything to an English staff officer?" he said.

I confessed I had not.

"Well," said Cummings, "don't." However, I argued with him, and the result was that he went back. In a few minutes he returned and I asked the result. He had seen one of the young men with red labels. He was half amused, half angry, as he answered me.

"What result? I was told there wasn't a Boer within thirteen miles!" Then he added, "I didn't see the General." Shyness is Cummings's greatest fault. Now, this stopping-place is known as Waterfall on the Riet, and there, not many hours later, after the next division had passed, the Boers mounted a gun on the kopje, and there they captured two hundred and eight wagons and twelve hundred oxen. So much for that!

Our next stopping-place was Vegdrei. It was nothing but a white farm-house on the top of a hill overlooking the steep-pitched road that led down to a rocky drift. The men had marched well, almost without a halt, and they arrived before the sun had reached its broiling point, so they were fresh and in good fettle. The Boer family that inhabited the white house had just made off; the housewife had stopped in the midst of her churning. Lord Kitchener took up his headquarters there.

We were five miles from Jacobsdaal, which is eleven miles due east of the dreary Modder River camp. It was expected that we would enter the town before evening, and then the rumor spread that we would not enter at all. After watering the horses and swimming in the river, I went up to the house in hopes of seeing the hero of Khartoum. I was fortunate, for I had an excellent opportunity. He was interviewing a Kaffir through the medium of an interpreter.

I had formed a very different idea of

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Lord Kitchener's appearance. He was taller than I had thought, with a decided stoop and narrow, sloping shoulders. His face was red and rather deeply lined. He had a quick-tempered, energetic appearance. He looked much older than I had thought. Somehow I felt sorry for the Kaffir. I hardly blame him for looking frightened. I had brought my camera with me, and intended to take a picture of the man who had forced his way into the War Office, and at one time I focused. I'm a bad photographer at the best, and I don't like the job. Lord Kitchener did not look like a man who wished to be taken. I felt as if I was about to be caught helping myself to some other person's property, so I turned abruptly and fired away at some Tommies trying to catch a pig.

Speaking of the pig reminds me that I forgot to mention that, for an hour or so, herds of bellowing, bawling cattle and bleating sheep and goats had been driven in from the veldt and crowded together in two small kraals that by this time were full up to the walls. Before long pandemonium had broken loose; the sheep and horned beasts were dealt out to the regiments for slaughter and food.

Down near the river, where a crowd had gathered, an embryo Spanish bull-fight was in progress; and in the midst of this, sharp and continued firing came from the crest of the hill towards Jacobsdaal. It grew nearer—the pickets, not five hundred yards away, could be seen kneeling and aiming their rifles. Yet no one paid the slightest attention.

All at once, with a little spurt of dust, a bullet struck quite close to where we were standing; another one came over at the end of the kraal; two or three riderless horses galloped in from the left; but the men still kept their places at the long line waiting to get water at the well. The skinning and slaughtering went on—it was passing all belief!

I looked at headquarters; they were having luncheon. "Probably it is not worth paying any attention to," said I to myself. But I thought it would pay to go up and knock at the door.

When I informed the officer, whose attention I had attracted, what was going on, he said, "Nonsense! quite impossible!" But when he looked out, he perceived what had happened, and informed the officer whose duty it was to be told such things. Orderlies were sent galloping, and in a quarter of an hour two squadrons of mounted infantry and four guns had been sent out to where the firing was still going on.

The Boers had retreated toward the town, and the artillery soon went back. But the mounted infantry men kept on. It had only been the beginning of a skirmish, but two men had been killed, five others wounded, and five horses killed into the bargain. We rode on slowly until we gained the top of the kopje and could see the houses about two miles away. Again the intermittent firing broke out on the edge of the village, and soon a lively little fight was in progress almost at our very feet. We could see that the mounted infantry were being driven back, and that unless help were brought up it would go hard with them, for a little party appeared to be cut off entirely on the left. A man with a lame horse came tearing up shouting for reinforcements, and they were ridden for. Until late in the evening the Boers held their ground, and when we withdrew we found that seven or eight more of our men had been killed, a few wounded, and fourteen taken prisoners. It was only a skirmish, after all, but what was my astonishment to see, as we neared the white farm-house, the whole division sweeping off over the veldt, and great lines of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, ambulance, ammunition, and transport, trekking over the sloping hills to the eastward. Even the troops that had been fighting in the kopje were withdrawn from their work, leaving the little band of fourteen still surrounded on the left—presented, as it were, to our friends the Boers.

But one learns that skirmishes are not allowed to interfere with the preconceived course of an army. The loss of a few men counts for little in the fulfillment of a military programme.

The farm was deserted except for a few stragglers and a handful of men near the drift; my horse was tired; I was in no better case myself; so I crawled into the loft of a little stone stable and went to sleep, knowing that the Ninth Division, under General Colville, was expected to be in at daybreak.

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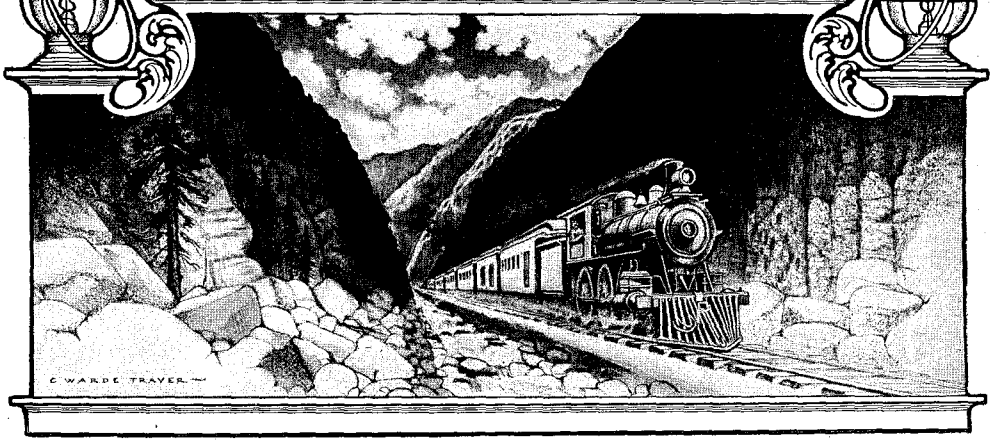
FROM THE CAB WINDOW

BY FRANK SPEARMAN



THE man in the section opposite me was from Chicago. We met in the smoking-room on common ground. The car was light, only three men all told, and the Chicago man did not hold his peace for long. After the train conductor had ransacked the sleepers looking for me to deliver a telegram, the Chicago man began asking questions.

"Railroad man, eh?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What department?"

"Engine service."

"Not an engineer?"

"Yes; I am."

He had to take time for that; somehow it seemed different. He bit his cigar hard. After a pause he came back.

"Railroad man is a slave," said he—Chicago men say things. I made no defense—then.

"I suppose, now," he continued, "you are under the thumb of your superintendent of motive power?"

"Yes."

Then he smoked. He had said it; he was satisfied; he smoked. But an innings was due me.

"Most men—are slaves," I suggested presently. He flipped his ash to signify it had not touched him.

"You," I added, "appear to be very much under the thumb of your own superintendent of motive power. Weren't you saying something a minute ago about being chained to a desk year in and out, and getting away for two weeks when it's too hot to get rested anywhere? Complaining of your nerves; couldn't sleep, and that sort of thing; looks to me as though *your* superintendent of motive power was on a strike. Now you're going out to see the mountains. Will you see anything but what somebody tells you to see? Won't you sit just where your seat-check puts you? Won't you be a slave to your landlord and your carriage-driver, and to the same old routine in the same old stage? Rather hard luck, isn't it?"

"I don't get exercise enough, that's a fact," he confessed, after it had sunk in. "But I'm going to have it. I'm going to buy an automobile when I get back. Now, that's a little in your line. What makes you laugh?"

"Just thinking of the difference between a scow and a yacht; thinking of automobiles I have known—and run—and of the sort you run on the boulevards. Thinking of running a machine with a kerosene lamp and running one with two hundred pounds of steam inch for inch on a piston-head. Do you know what your automobile business will come to?" I demanded, for I saw I had him scared. "Just this: your swell set will laugh at a chap who tries for a license to run a tin-cup motor. The real top-notchers of your

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crowd will learn to run a high-class passenger engine, and when they want to be exclusive they'll jump into an engine-cab and drive a coach-load of their friends from Chicago to Pittsburg or New York to Washington at ninety miles an hour—not ten—and over their own road. The day of the kerosene lamp is gone, my friend. A man who doesn't own a railroad, and can't spike the line occasionally and drive his party over it himself, won't count at a function. Good-by."

"Hold on!" he exclaimed, catching his breath; "you're not going? Where?"

"Up on the front end at the next stop."

"Why, we're just getting acquainted! Look here! How did you ever happen to go into the engine service?"

"Because the railroad is becoming more and more every year a question of motive power. It's moving the goods and delivering the passengers quicker than the other fellow does it. I thought my chances were best there, that's all. This room is too stuffy; good-by."

It was oracular, maybe; but it was his own fault, I reflected, as I stood a moment later over my trunk in the baggage-car, and slipped out of a coat and hat into a cap and blouse. When the train stopped at division and changed engines, the Chicago man came forward, and looked sociably on as I climbed into the cab. I was allowed upon it through the courtesy of the division master-mechanic, for we had not yet reached the mountain line on which my own lot was to be cast. The engineer who pulled us was a clean-faced, active man, no older than myself, and intelligent. He took, naturally, some pride in putting his machine through her paces before an Eastern runner, and we crossed the Colorado line headed west at better than a mile a minute, with nine coaches in the string and a steady climb ahead.

The stream we chased in the cab all afternoon shrunk evenly from a river to a brook; to a rivulet; to a thread; and lost itself in a spring. Then we climbed the divide that brought us fairly upon the high plateau of eastern Colorado. There wasn't a cloud above; just pure sun streaming into the cab; and as the western horizon gradually rose to the sunset we took on a diner and a slow order to give our passengers a chance to eat in the peace of the twilight It was August, and the breeze that flowed through the open windows was delightfully sweet. There might have been dust; if so, they caught it who paid for it, back in the sleepers; it didn't bother the cab—it never does.

Just after we coupled on to the diner, we swung round a heavy rock-cropping. I was leaning out the fireman's window watching the tire-flanges hug the elevation, when a hand behind touched me on the shoulder. I looked round with the quick instinct of danger—we too have nerves. The engineer sat at his levers, absorbed; nothing wrong; but the ruddy fireman—he had touched me. His face was smutted, sweating, and streaked, but it lit with a quiet smile, and as he leaned on his shovel he pointed silently ahead—I looked out of the front window.

Where before had risen only blue and slate and pink above the endless wash of the plains, there crowded into the sky, sudden as a borealis, the far peaks of the Rockies.

I had never seen the mountains; they loomed gigantic and held me silent, like a vision. Mile after mile we covered; the mountains stood always the same, and I sat motionless. Even after we had slowed up at a water-tank and the engineer had swung down to oil, and the fireman had climbed back to fill the tank, the spell was on me. I got out and stood down beside the huge engine to let the mountains sink into my heart. Why not? Weren't they my heritage? The heritage of every American boy, those ghostly ranges, who dreams with Cooper and with Parkman and with Irving? The bare sight of them peopled the plains for me again with the buffalo and the Indian and the waving grasses that fed the wild horse and the antelope. They were mine the instant I saw them, and I exulted that my work should take me into them with a hand on a throttle-latch.

"Mighty few of 'em see 'em that way," muttered the sweating fireman as we pulled out and looked again together. "They pay their money back there, and most of 'em's eating supper when we get along here. They've got softer springs, but they don't see 'em that way, like they look from my window. And, for my part, I don't never want to get any closer to 'em, neither—ketches me here." The big fellow,

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THROUGH THE GORGE

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smiling grim, put his hand to his heart. Poor stoker! It takes lots of heart-pumping to throw coal for a high-speed locomotive; the wonder to me is that the high altitude doesn't catch more of them just there—where the followers close over the heart. While we talked of extension fire-boxes, and rocking grates, and Cañon City coal, night blotted everything down to the vanishing point of the track, and I went back to the sleeper; when I woke, it was under the wing of the mountains.

Five hours' sleep had freshened me wonderfully, as I walked in the sunrise down towards the railroad yards—our yards now, for I was on the depot grounds of the company I was to work for. I pushed open the door of the roundhouse and hunted up the foreman, with every nerve tingling to the thin, cool air that blew out of the foot-hills. The morning went to getting acquainted with my new surroundings, watching the new ways and learning the new things.

They were sending a heavy engine of the consolidated type over the mountains to the West End, and it was planned I should go across with her, both to learn the track and to get the beginnings of the work laid out for me in applying motive power to mountain traction. The big machine we were to take West was just from the shops.

As they moved her out of the roundhouse I stood near the switch to look her over. She had been built in my own country, but we ran no such engines in the Alleghanies as that engine. She swung lower on her springs than our Eastern swells; her drivers had none of the rise of the Pan Handle or Burlington racers; but in the compactness of her lines and the tremendous head of her cylinders without, in her immense evaporating surface within and the weight thrown into her drivers, she made pygmies of our crack machines back in the hill country. I loved her the minute I put eyes on her, and for my confidence she gave me bursts of strength and even of speed that shook the rock bed. Hers was the first throttle I ever drew west of the River—everything railroad divides at the Missouri—and I never touched a curb quicker than hers to respond to a driver's will.

"She's royal!" exclaimed the engineer exultingly as we cleared the yards light, showing only green signals. I nodded reply as he let her out; she was royal; and, with the swarthy fireman dashing champagne fast into her vitals, we christened her then and there—the Empress.

The day was as bright as gold, and we drew away very rapidly through the big trackage. Away from the belching mills and smelters; away from receding suburbs—headed south—skirting the foot-hills swift as a salmon, and, like a salmon, looking for our runway up the heights that towered silent on the right of the cab.

The cab ride is never appreciated or understood by the man in the observation car, though none is quicker than he on a break or a coach or a drag to distinguish between the sense of riding and of driving. The real pleasure in driving a locomotive is in throwing the miles behind—in the struggle with space; and in the Alleghanies I was used to running away from towns and rivers and tangents and mountains. I sat a long time on the fireman's side studying my new book—the book, four and a half feet wide and eight hundred miles long, that lay between the slipping rails ahead of the Empress's pilot. The engineer took advantage of every stretch of smooth track to speed, and we shot through and away from interminable purple seas of alfalfa without effort. I stuck close to my proper page a long time, with only an eye wandering now and then to that other book shadowing always on the right. I wanted to read at that; and it was the one wandering eye that made me curiously aware we were not getting away as we should from the big fellows. The landscape close, the foot-hills far away—we could run from them; but the peaks that rose almost at our elbows up into the summer snows—these our speed made no impression on. They towered just about the same. A few miles made no difference; a many made none; we couldn't get away from them, and it nettled me. I made my way around and over to the right and spoke in the engineer's ear. He nodded, and, shouting back a few hints, climbed down, and I gathered the Empress's reins into my own hands. The steam read better than 170. I drew out carefully a notch—it took both hands—latched the throttle,

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and bent out to watch the drivers take the spur. The Empress cut her fire fiercely and leaped faster on. The jump and slew of the brackets told me how fast we were going, had not the quickening rise and fall of the telegraph wires. Mile after mile and hour after hour we put back of us, with only the slightest possible delays, bent only on getting away from our grim Western acquaintances among the clouds; and some of the lesser peaks we did lose. But one venerable snow-capped pile there was no getting from; it we couldn't leave, and in one long, hard spurt to do so I got only the mortification of a hot pony journal for my pains, and the Empress, the fireman, and myself, all rather beaten by the run, slowed up to cool the box. The sun was blistering hot, and the right of way shimmered in a fiery heat. My eyes turned with a thirsty longing to the cooling snows that crowned our persistent follower. Railroad men ask the fewest possible questions—they are, as a rule, modest; but my impatience bested me.

"What is that?" I demanded, pointing to the everlasting hill on our right.

"That? Why, that's Pike's Peak," laughed the fireman, sousing his packing.

And while we struggled and sweated and fretted with our friction brasses, Pike's Peak continued to look grimly and frostily on. And when we climbed aboard, Pike's Peak climbed aboard. As we sped on I saw finally that he was one of us, and I made no further effort to shake him. It would no longer have been either dignified or courteous. Nothing from the cab window impressed me more than that; I had found new friends, and, whether or not, they were to stay with the Empress and with me; and they did. Solemn, silent, imperturbable, they were with us until we halted, tired, for a night's rest.

The next day went to the inspection of a roundhouse, and when the Empress, with new orders and a new crew, started out again, light, we headed almost straight for the mountains. The big machine panted a bit at the pace her new driver sent her up the grade, and, in truth, he hit it hard, for the very journal I myself had heated the day before went warm again, and, with the mountains themselves closing about us, we had to stop. I let the engineer do the stuffing this time, while I went forward with a flag. The ballast was chip, and for a way the bed was blasted out of the very base of a granite cliff next the river. I looked vainly for the grasses and blooms of the Alleghanies; here there was, to my eye, nothing of them, though a better trained might have found familiar plant life. Walking back, though, when the Empress signaled, a speck of purple on the track-side halted me, and I stooped over a wee flower in a cranny of the granite—a dynamite cranny, probably, but it had given housing to a seed, and the seed had quickened. The pretty thing looked like some kind of a violet; maybe it was—I know less of those things than I would like—and I bent lower to pick it, when a bee circling under my hand stopped me. With the swagger air of a courtier, he swept down on the purple speck for his toll, and, rising directly, swung up the sheer face of the cliff. I watched him disappear; then I hurried away, leaving the flower; reflecting there were things that even steam and the Empress couldn't do—and very wonderful things.

They told me there was great scenery ahead. I had, in fact, heard of the Royal Gorge long before I ever thought of running a locomotive through it. The overland trains usually make the stretch by daylight, but we were under orders, and the run was to be a night run. When we got way again, I perceived the mountains had swallowed us up. Two things about the happening impressed me. It was imperceptibly gradual—and indiscussibly complete. We whirled short from one curve to another, right and reverse—neither before nor behind could one see a train-length. Our smoke eddied directly down on us, and we threaded a labyrinth. Most roads and most enginemen live in the hope that their curves will be eliminated and their sheers straightened; there was no such hope for the gorge we threaded now. A thousand years would be as a day in an attempt to work a cleaner line. There appeared to be but one engineering effort in the construction: to keep out of the river that washed our feet, without, on the other hand, running slap into the rock. Still, scenery like that is a rare asset—better than many listed on the balance-sheets.

Night fell, the gorge blackened, and,

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reaching for a switch-key, I opened the eye of the Empress. Other and more distinguished parties had made that gorge ahead of us; others had made it in daylight and in more style; but when the eye of the Empress touched that night its jagged walls, they reflected back, for the first time since water ran, the white rays of an electric headlight. The engineer and fireman cheered together.

It was a climb from the start, and the Empress melted coal exultingly. She felt her steaming might, and made us feel it as she went against the gravity and the night. Her nose swung like a setter's to the curves; she heaved from side to side on the elevations, as she cut the bends riotously, and her hissing roar flung a song away above and below us.

Then a spat of wind struck the front and whipped into the sides of the cab. The stars went black out; big raindrops beat like gravel against the glass.

"Little squall," I yelled at the fireman. He nodded as he paused to swab his channeled face; but before he could stuff his handkerchief the storm burst on us.

A sheet of rain spilt into the cab as we made all fast. A crash of lightning threw the mountains almost upon us, and instant thunder poured from every rift of the rocks. For a minute the eye of the Empress was blinded. The wind hit her on the quarter like solid shot, and she staggered a bit. The tall fireman bent harder to the furnace as we rolled ahead, and the big engine struggled like a draft-horse to keep her feet. In another minute we were getting storm-water on the track. Where the lightning lit the river it had quickened into black and frothy waves jumping like mad, and the torrent under our feet licked the ties to their faces. It was an uneasy minute. I asked the engineer about the track; it took all my lung-power to do it. He laughed, and shouted it was bolted down—would stand anything; and, with a whet of the storm in my blood, I motioned him back, and took the levers of the Empress myself. To hold her into the wind I gave her more steam, and she took it evenly as a Corliss mammoth; only, as I hooked her higher, her song lost its rough gasp, and deepened into something smooth and threatening, like the contented purr of a tiger. She seemed almost to float on the whirl of the wind as it shot over and under her. I thought we really had bested the elements, when of a sudden the window in front of me crashed into my face. Rain beat me blind, and the wind sucked my breath. When I got sight again, the water under foot was lapping the steel; I shut off, and, with both hands on the air, stood ready to cry quits. In that storm, hemmed by granite walls and staggered by a mountain flood, the Empress and her crew shrunk to the complexion of boys playing with a teakettle. In the deafening, blinding confusion of the lightning and the dark and the flood, we paused; and the Hand that held the night and the storm rested heavily upon us. Our levers and our gauges, our evaporating surface and our compound cylinders, the cut of the roaring furnace, even the scream of the bursting safety as we slowed—they seemed, all told, very, very little in that tempest. I realized what it meant to be in the heart of the Rockies. Nature west of the plains is a large proposition, sometimes an overpowering one.

We lost the best of an hour just where we stood. Fortunately, there was nothing against us. Then, with the quick subsiding of the water, we pulled ahead, cautiously at first, then faster, on and on, up and up, out and out, till they told me we were doubling for the pass—tipping fairly over the divide; and as we drew out of the black walls and the blacker night, there opened over and around us the sky studded with stars.

We wiped and swabbed and arranged ourselves the best we could in our wet togs, and I climbed back to the left to watch the blind drivers take the remarkable curves we were cutting. But the stars—they enveloped us. I had expected to find them different out in the mountains; yet there was never a change. Half-way up the southern sky burned the red heart of the Scorpion, companion of summer-night runs back in the Alleghanies. Jupiter was just leaving it, and behind the great white planet stood the Archer. Between the constellations swept the Milky Way, but deeper infinitely and milkier than I had ever seen it, and through the hot smoke that belched from the stack I caught glimpses in the western zenith of the familiar little Northern Crown above Arcturus. Somehow it all

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made me feel at home; and when we crawled, soaked and exhausted and drowsy, into division, I felt that at least I shouldn't have to make new friends in the heavens.

With sunrise streaming across the tender behind us, burnishing our levers and dials in the cab, the Empress, far above the night and the storm, was heading again west. While we slept, an overland passenger had caught us, and we went ahead of it as first Number One. The flood of the night had softened the track, and somewhere in front there had been a washout and a wreck. We were running on a caution order, and partly as pilot for the heavy train behind. But whenever I turned to look back, what most astonished me was to find the big peaks behind us and in the eastern sun. With the darkness the mountains had receded. They lay hazy like cloud-banks on the horizon further away than ever now that we were in their midst and crawling across the vast basin towards the western ranges. The crews with me, changing frequently, interested me, and as I sat again on the fireman's box I looked the new men over with curiosity. They were bigger than our men, these Western fellows. The life—job for job—is harder. Big engines, heavy grades—it takes big men for the work. Suddenly the engineer's left went forward, the throttle sank, and the brake-shoes caught the feet of the rolling Empress; she checked herself, shivering.

On the curve we were turning stood a man flagging us; we were nearing the wreck. It was on a fill just at the foot of a blind siding, and in the dazzling sun a wrecking train with gang and derrick were moving like ants around the ditched locomotive. The flood water was already abated, and the little bridge which the wrecked train had been approaching had not gone out, though the abutments were weakened by the storm water. The rails spreading on the fill had dumped the engine and refrigerator car before the air took hold. I made my way ahead on foot. A big crew of section men were tamping and hammering at the track across the creek. Part of the wrecking gang were struggling with the tender faced in the mud; the engine had turned clear over, and lay sprawled in the sunshine, the cab smashed into kindling.

A little back, away from the wreck and the wreckers, propped on the edge of a borrow-pit, lay a man on a pile of caboose cushions. It was the engineer of the wrecked freight waiting for the surgeons' special. He was a boyish chap; big like the rest of them, only younger. His eyes were half closed and his nostrils drawn with suffering, but he made no complaint. I knew him the minute I saw how his train had been stopped; knew him for a man of quickness and decision, who put duty first, if in years he was only a boy. I bent over him and wiped the thin white froth from his lips. He tried to open his eyes to thank me, I thought, but a spasm of pain caught his face. Without speaking, I eased his head back a bit so the sun would not torture him, tucked a handkerchief under his cheek, and walked ahead. It was thirty minutes before the second relief train, with the surgeons, whistled from the west, though I could see it nearly all that time crawling towards us; it seemed as if it would never arrive. Then the doctors got the injured engineer on a stretcher and I helped carry him across the bridge. When we passed the gang of trackmen spiking back the rails, they opened ranks and looked silently at the covered face on the camp cot borne past. They had no arms to present, these shovelers, as the railroad man's hero was carried by, but their very picks, their mauls, and their bars, grounded, spoke reverence.

On the second train came a slender, tallish young man under a broad, careless hat, with a face burnt to an umber. Followed by two men, he made his way quickly down to the bridge after the surgeons passed, and began examining the abutments. I watched with some interest, because I expected to be the first to cross that bridge.

In a minute he began pouring in orders. A flat loaded with ties was run forward over the repaired track; a string of wreckers filed back, shovelers crept under the span, and all available hands were put at cribbing up the trestle. While I stood apart, looking, the broad-hatted fellow spoke to my engineer, looked my way, and started over towards me.

"Is this Mr. Frank Hamilton?" he asked, pleasantly, coming up.

I nodded.

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"Oh! you are the new master mechanic," he exclaimed, as I took his hand. "I'm in charge of the bridges; my name is Russell."

"You must spell it t-l-e, from the way you move things," I smiled.

He laughed happily. "I know of you, Mr. Hamilton, for when we heard of your appointment—you have been on the Penn.? Yes? You had a brother at Yale—Jim," he went on, cordially. "I was a first-year man when he was on the 'leven; I believe you were down at Boston at the Tech about the same time. You used to come over for the training."

I knew him at once, and to listen to his rattle was like school and home again. Bertie Russell! Dead now and buried in the shadow of the Sierras. Good, good boy! We walked that day back to the Empress together. I showed her points from tender to pilot, and he looked happy as a fisherman just to see me round them up.

"We'll be ready for you to cross in fifteen minutes," he announced, as we glanced down the track.

"No fear of another spill, is there?" I asked, incidentally. He turned again and looked admiringly over the huge machine. "What does she weigh?"

"One hundred and forty tons with the tender," I replied, throwing all possible weight into the words.

"I'll hold you up," said he, quietly—and Bertie did hold us up. He held up, ever and always, everything he planned to hold up; and he died chief of all the bridges on the West End. I waved a farewell to him as the Empress rolled cautiously over his emergency props, and Bertie swung his hat after me. We cut out ahead of the passenger; the two hours gone to the bad we put, both sections, to the good before we crawled across the desert. Stretch after stretch we covered on that desert run, in a fashion to set a straight-ahead man crazy. It was not how, apparently, to get across the desert; it was how not to do it. From the car window this solitude is uninviting; from a cab window it is depressing—one is so much more out in it. From a hand-car it breeds insanity. "Why are these section crews Chinamen?" I asked, after passing many, many hand-cars.

The fireman looked at me as if it were one of those needless questions.

"How could a white man stand it?" he answered, with a solemn face. Yet one white man I did see. A bent, gray-haired man dusty with alkali; he looked up with a hungry face as we passed his crew. "He had trouble—in California," explained the fireman. "Killed a man—I guess he wanted to get away by himself." "I guess he has succeeded," I said. Certainly there were aids to reflection in his surroundings; but I was glad to run away from them, and to dart into a vast abyss of a cañon frosted with chalcedony and gold—one of those marvels that silence wonder with their unspeakable glories. It was long before we reached open country again, and we were then near home. As we slowed up at division a woman ran forward on the platform to meet us. We were first in from the wreck. She was the injured engineer's wife, come, with a careworn face and baby in arms, to ask for news. Her relief and happiness lightened my own heart when I was able to tell her what the doctors said—that her husband was not seriously hurt. She hugged her child with gladness and ran away.

The sun was setting; we pulled down the yards with a big day's mileage to the good. I swung off at the switch to walk across to the roundhouse where our motive power was sheltered. The hostler took the Empress from us rather cavalierly. I gave him a word of caution, and I wanted to say more.

"Treat her kindly, son," I should have said, "treat her kindly, and she will serve your masters well." But I didn't say it; I didn't want him to think his new boss a prophet or a lunatic; so I said nothing. Indeed, he well knew he must treat her kindly or reckon with the master mechanic. The foreman came out to greet me. While we talked, the Empress was balancing her toes on the turntable, gingerly as a ballet-dancer, but for all that I thought she looked tired when they swung her nose towards her stall. She caught her breath with a cough as the hostler spurred her, then moved slowly under the great roof. At the same moment I pushed open the door in front of me; we entered our new home together.

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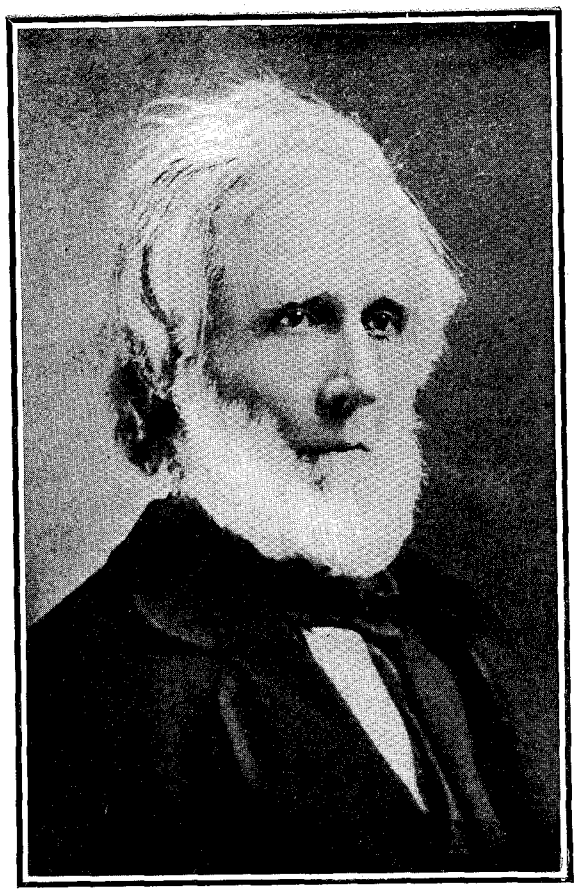

DR. BUSHNELL IN THE WOODS

BY JOSEPH H. TWICHELL

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL worked his whole life long, it needs not to be said, with a vitality-consuming energy. For his work he in a very real sense lost his life, and so gloriously saved it. Tough as his physical fiber was, so tense a strain did he steadily put upon it that but for his intervals of relaxation it would have broken before it did, and would have swiftly ended his career when in his middle age it began to give way.

His vacations were in their effect a series of reprieves.

His wonted summer resort during the period of his active pastorate was his native village of New Preston in Litchfield County. He loved the old place, its familiar fields, hills, waters, its memories, with an unquenchable affection. There he used to point out a piece of stone wall laid by him in his boyhood, standing firm and true after the test of half a century, of which Mrs. Cheney, his daughter and biographer, says in his "Life and Letters" —now out of print, but which ought not long to remain so—that "it is doubtful if he was ever so well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall."

He once said to President Porter that there was a landscape out there in New Preston which, as viewed from a certain point of outlook, he had keenly felt the beauty of from his earliest recollection, yet which never failed, with every fresh survey of it, to discover to him charms that were new, that consciously he had never seen in it before. "That," said President Porter,

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in telling it, "was the mark of a great mind and of a great man." For his recreation there he did a share of rambling and driving—he was extremely fond of a horse and an excellent judge of one—but his favorite and principal pastime was fishing for black bass on lonely Waramaug Lake, New Preston's crown of pride. For companionship in this tranquil diversion he preferred a young boy. For a number of successive years that fortunate lad was Charles Hopkins Clark, now well-known editor-in-chief of the Hartford "Courant," whose catch on those summer afternoons was doubtless—and so he deems—of something more profitable and lasting than that of hook and line. He presumably it was who heard the Doctor say, as he tossed an intrusive shiner back into the water, "There! go and tell your mother that you have seen a ghost!"

It was not till 1868, several years after shattered health had sent him South and West and to the Pacific Coast in search of healing, and at length had forced his relinquishment of the pastoral office, that he was of a mind to try what good the air of the Adirondacks might do him. The summers of that year and of the year following he passed with his family at Keene Valley in Essex County, which lies embosomed in the forests and among the mountains, with the enchanting Ausable Lakes near by, and is famous for scenery and for the variety of wilderness pleasures to be enjoyed in its neighborhood.

There it was my happiness, in the two seasons I speak of, to be much in Dr. Bushnell's company. This was, indeed, by no means a new experience, yet I had not till then had the opportunity to be with him when we were away from Hartford and at leisure.

Some were there to whom the opportunity of the occasion was more than to me—who had never previously met him, and who greatly prized the chance of doing so. Among them was the late Dr. James Shaw, for many years eminent and honored Presbyterian pastor in Rochester; a veteran in age, with a young heart, whom to see was to love. He and Dr. Bushnell took to each other at once, like boys almost. As the two separated one evening after a long walk and talk together, in which they had freely exchanged views and sentiments and sympathies, Dr. Bushnell said to Dr. Shaw, "Doctor, I'm glad to perceive that you don't spell your name with a P!"

With the people of Keene Valley the Doctor quickly got upon terms of cordial acquaintance, and concerned himself for their welfare. They were then without a church. Once a month a home missionary came and preached to them in their schoolhouse. The memory abides with them of how, having caused them to be called together on a Sunday in that school-house, the Doctor spoke to them there upon the Worth of Religious Influences to a Small Community, impressively illustrating his theme by the instance of his own New Preston in Connecticut. They were a new sort of folk to him, those Adirondackers, and he took an interest in drawing out of them their views of things.

Great was his delight when one of them, an old man, a worthy of the village and a solid Christian, confided to him in conversation his utter skepticism of the truth of the Copernican system of astronomy, in particular of the rotundity and the orbital motion of the earth; alleging not only its unscripturalness, but that it contradicted his lifelong observation. "I respect him," said the Doctor. "Anyhow, he is well grounded in the Ptolemaic system, and he goes by it. It tells him accurately enough when it is time in the morning to get up!"

Thirty years ago the angling about Keene Valley was of the best. The mountain brooks of the region were full of trout, and to the sport they offered the Doctor betook himself with keen relish. But in it he had, rather inconsistently for him, no use for the modern rod and reel. Sticking to the old New Preston style, he went into the woods and cut him a pole, on which he spent many hours with his pocket knife working it into shape to suit him. A very neat product of its kind it was, and claimed by him to possess superior virtues over the commercial article. At all events, the success he had with it appeared to yield him a special satisfaction in that he had made it himself.

An invalid Dr. Bushnell was at this time, and had been for more than ten years, with a pulmonary disease fastened upon him that would at last wear him out.

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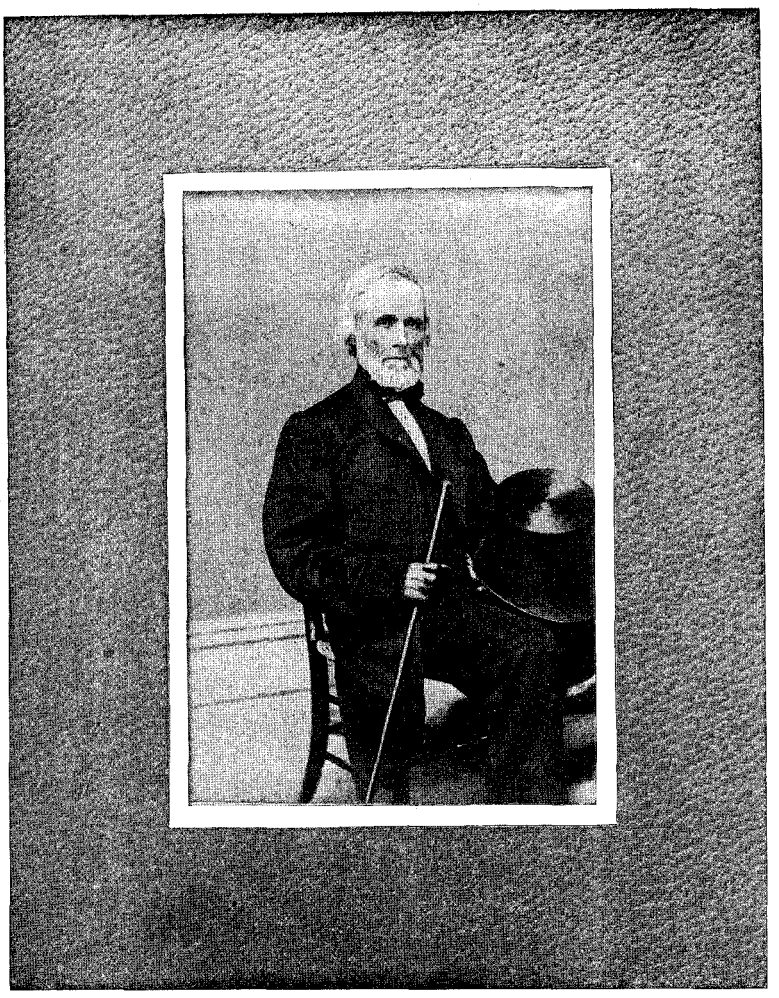

HORACE BUSHNELL

Yet never, mind and spirit, was he more alive—as the work he was doing shows—and it was a marvel to see how that inner life dominated his body. He did not seem like a sick man at all. He was not reckless—or not often; he generally took care of himself; but he was full of the impulse of action, and he did almost everything that any one did. No stiffest mountain climb daunted him. "Hold on, there!" he would call out if the pace of his comrade exceeded what his scant breath could support. "Not quite so fast! Remember that you have lungs and I haven't!" But he never gave up. Invariably he made the summit. There was one high peak, The Giant, that was not included in the regulation programme of sacents binding on the conscientious visitor to Keene Valley in 1868. It was unfurnished with a trail, and as there were so many others endowed with that facility, people were content to let it alone. But the more the Doctor looked at it the more he wanted to see the top of it, and at length he determined that he would. He found a native who, as trapper, was acquainted with the approaches to it, and, engaging his services, set out with him early one morning, somewhat clandestinely, to make the venture. All day and till after dark they were gone, but they came back—the Doctor scarcely able to keep his feet from fatigue—victorious. This push of enterprise was entirely characteristic of him. It was only a short time before his first season in the woods that the Rev. W. H. H. Murray's notable book, "Adventures in the Adirondacks," had been published. The scene of the adventures it

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described lay a long distance to the northwest of Keene Valley, and was difficult of access from it. But the Doctor coveted a sight of "Murraydom," as he called it. And so three or four of us joined him in the project of an expedition thither. It involved, for an item, in addition to twenty miles of wagoning over steep and rough mountain roads, the transportation of a boat for our use, the news being that not a boat was to be had in "Murraydom" for love or money. It was a toilsome business, but we got through with it, and at Martin's (now Saranac) reached navigable water. It is so long ago that I forget our route, but in the next few days, under escort of a guide Martin procured for us, we made a considerable circuit of the parts adjacent. Our chief pause was to fish Ray Brook, whose trout were of reputation for size and for abundance. One incident of our camp there comes back to me. The Doctor, not feeling one day in angling mood, chose to remain in quarters. He would concoct a chowder for our dinner against our return. The chowder was ready on time and was a triumph; in fact, considering the poverty of material available for its composition, little less than a miracle. But the distinguished cook—and he alone—was ill satisfied with it. "Oh for an onion!" he cried. "Why didn't we think to bring one? A right chowder without an onion is impossible!" I remember, also, his saying at this camp, when the evening talk around the fire fell upon books, that no book beside had been such a means of intellectual quickening to him as Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection."

It is memorable to me on how many occasions in the woods, and how variously, Dr. Bushnell's peculiar constitutional traits were manifested; his inquisitive bent, his originality, his self-reliance, his pluck. He once called my attention to the dead tops that surmounted a group of otherwise flourishing maples, and asked me what they meant. I did not know. He explained that where these maples stood had been forest, and that they had grown to their original height in the struggle for existence in those circumstances; but that, being spared for their sugar product when the forest was cut down, they had no longer needed for their supply of sunlight to be so tall, and accordingly economical nature had made new tops for them lower down on their trunks.

And I recall overhearing a long discussion between him and "Old Mountain" Phelps, Nestor of guides, on the question of how the many different kinds of seeds that universally spring up wherever the forest is cleared by ax or by fire had been distributed and lodged in the soil; the Doctor holding that it was principally by the wind or the snow-crust in winter. But his specialty, by his mental make, was engineering. There was a certain route that parties going from Keene Valley to see the famed Indian Pass and other natural phenomena in its vicinity had been accustomed to follow, assuming it to be the best. The Doctor had not been there three days before, by studying the lay of the land and the map, he made up his mind that another less circuitous one was probably feasible. It was a sort of heresy in the case, but he was convinced of the soundness of his view, and nothing would do but that he must put it to proof; in which he asked me to assist him. We took with us for guides two men of expert skill in woodcraft, who were pleased to attend us on our exploration. But as for being guided by them in the sense of saying, "Go ahead and I will follow," the Doctor had no such idea. From the moment we got fairly into the woods he insisted on knowing from them the exact why and wherefore of every turn that was made. Their statements of the direction in which we were moving he constantly tested by the compass. And when his judgment and theirs on any point crossed—as not infrequently happened—there was a halt for argument. At one time we became entangled, ere we were aware, in the oozy mazes of a tamarack swamp, necessitating a pause to look about us and see what was the best way out. I did all I could to get the Doctor to sit still and let the guides do the reconnoitering required to settle the matter. But no; he could not delegate a function of that nature; and so went plunging back and forth, charged with the whole responsibility of the situation, till the problem was solved.

However, his exertions, together with a jar he had received from slipping on a wet log, presently brought on a hemorrhage, to which he was subject. I knew nothing of it till, as he walked before me,

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he turned and said, "Look here!" showing me a mouthful of blood he had just thrown out upon the ground.

I was aghast. "We must stop at once!" I said. "No, no," he answered. "Don't tell the guides. It isn't serious, and I would rather move along." But by the time we went into camp—an hour or so later—he was perceptibly weak. During the night he continued to raise blood, and grew feverish and slept hardly any; while, to complete the misery of his plight, it came on to rain. In the morning he was quite unable to proceed. I was in sore distress, and knew not what to do, for it was miles to any house. It really looked as if he might die there. He lay still under the bough shelter through the day, forbidding me to go or to send for help, as I begged him to let me, telling me all the while not to worry and that he would be all right soon. Toward evening he felt better, and that night he had a pretty good sleep. The next morning he rose, stirred about a little, ate breakfast, and said, cheerily: "Well, I'm on foot again; we will march to-day!"

Of course I had no thought, under the circumstances, of his marching anywhere but to the nearest place where a vehicle could be procured to carry him to Keene Valley, and in some way I implied that; whereupon, to my equal astonishment and dismay, he exclaimed: "No, indeed! we are not going back; we are going *on*—unless you back out." He would hear to nothing else. Accordingly we did go on, and tramped three whole days more, and returned in the end with his doctrine of the new route completely demonstrated; which route many have traveled since, and I myself repeatedly.

Dr. Bushnell, I say, was a natural engineer; and, oh, what stuff withal of grit and courage was in him! I have heard him tell how, when he was in the California wilds in 1856—and, by the way, he then fixed in his mind the route by which the first Pacific railroad would have to enter the State, and eventually did—how once he came near, as he supposed, to an encounter with a grizzly bear. He thought he heard one crashing through the thicket and coming his way. A portentous sound it was, he said, that sent the blood back to his heart. But he got out his pocket-knife and opened it and stood ready. His instinct was to front the emergency with what resources he had.

It was while we were angling in company that he answered, in reply to some remark of mine, that the only good thing he could say for himself was that above everything else he had loved the truth and desired to know it. His large thoughts were habitually with him, or, at any rate, not far off. But what one felt most was his simple, loving, religious heart. It was a great thing to hear him pray in the sanctuary of nature. One of those prayers in particular is deep graven in my recollection.

We had spent an afternoon toiling up the woods trail that follows the general course of John's Brook—most magnificent of mountain streams—our plan being to camp out for the night and fish down the brook the next day. Our destination was a fan-shaped cascade—a gem of beauty, called ever since then Bushnell Falls—away up on the side of Mount Tahawus, seven miles above the Valley, which we reached at a little before sundown. The Doctor was thoroughly fatigued by the climb, and so I found him a good seat beside the basin pool below the fall, put a rod together (I think his hand-made pole was not brought along on this occasion), and left him to catch trout for supper—which he did in sufficiency, though he said he was too tired to see the water—while I prepared our bed and made a fire. When it came time to get into our blankets, we had a few verses out of the New Testament, and I asked him to pray. He turned partly over on his face—we were both lying down—and began in his natural voice, but with a tone as soft and melodious as the low murmur of the stream beneath, what seemed for all the world like speaking to some one who was next to him but whom I did not see.

And so he continued communing, in expressions of adoring thanks and love and humility and trust and blessed hope, with that near Presence, till, when he ceased, I found every other feeling swallowed up in the thought that God was there. There was in his whole manner the vivid suggestion, the reflection, of a long and dear acquaintance, fraught with precious memories, between him and his heavenly Father—as indeed there was.

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THE HOUSE-BOAT IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM GILLETTE

Author of "The Private Secretary," "Secret Service," etc., etc.

AMERICANS take their work as the English take their sport—with great seriousness. In England the house-boat is an institution. It is particularly adaptable to the conservative, slow-moving, meditative character. In America we are possessed of the illusion that we must take our pleasures with the same violence that characterizes our competitive system. We want no rest-cure in ours. If cure we must have, it shall be a travel cure, a hunting, coaching, cycling, golfing, or other cure which shall maintain the same restless spirit of motion. We are inclined to follow fashionable British precedent in many of our sports, as in our graver conventions; but the house-boat is just one peg beyond our reach. It does not suit our ideas of competitive amusement. If we have a yacht, it must be a cup-winner, and be ever on the lookout for a skirmish. The idea of snailing up the beautiful Hudson with the jolliest of company, with song and dance and chatter and books, the least of the river-craft easily passing us, seems a reflection on our progressive spirit. If it be a horse, it must be daily on the speedway looking out for a "brush," and if there is a hundred dollars on the side, so much the jollier. Americans are all right when they are chained down to something stationary; they can assume a virtue of repose even if they have it not; but when they are aboard anything that moves, it must move at a swifter pace than any of its competitors.

It is a good test of an American's loyalty to invite him to be your guest for a day or two aboard your house-boat. I have tried it scores of times, and found many surprises. The first house-boat party was a great disillusion, but it taught me a valuable lesson. It was some years ago, when I was not many months in the sport. I had fitted up a commodious affair after the English pattern, and really thought I had something worthy of the Thames, if not, indeed, of the Hudson. The larder was well stocked, and above and below decks everything was conformable to a clubman's idea of comfort. There were about a dozen in the party, all told, and we started up from the Battery with great *éclat*. I think we were about an hour and a half making Harlem River, and in that time I had lost about half my complement of guests. It was a great disappointment; but these fellows simply could not bear to see all sorts of river-craft flitting by us. The fact that almost any tug could have made rings around us all the way up the course seemed a sort of reflection on their progressiveness. They were polite and congratulatory, but visibly bored. One by one the truants slipped a bank-note into the pilot's hands, and, with the boat swinging skillfully up near this dock and that, the renegades hopped ashore, tipping their hats with somewhat the same apology, "Awfully sorry, old chap, but that's too confounded slow for me!" and started for Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, or the Adirondacks, where they could take their recreations as violently as suited their spirit of touch-and-go. Since that time I have been very careful whom I invite to cruise with me along the Sound, up the Hudson or the Connecticut; for these over-progressive people, who are so brilliant in club-room or *foyer*, over the midnight damask after the play, or dashing up Fifth Avenue by automobile or behind fast trotters, are easily bored, and consequently boresome in turn, out of their element.

And yet, I dare say that we are coming sooner or later to the house-boat as an institution. First of all, compare the natural advantages of a city like New York with those of London. True, the sluggish, winding Thames, with its historic piles lifting through copses of beech and oak; its towers, so ghostly in the moonlight; its cathedral spires and the clustering hamlets about, lends a certain charm to a house-boat cruise from the great metropolis of England. But from the standpoint of natural advantages, it is nothing to be compared with the Hudson, the Sound, the Connecticut River, or our own Bay. For scenic variety there is nothing

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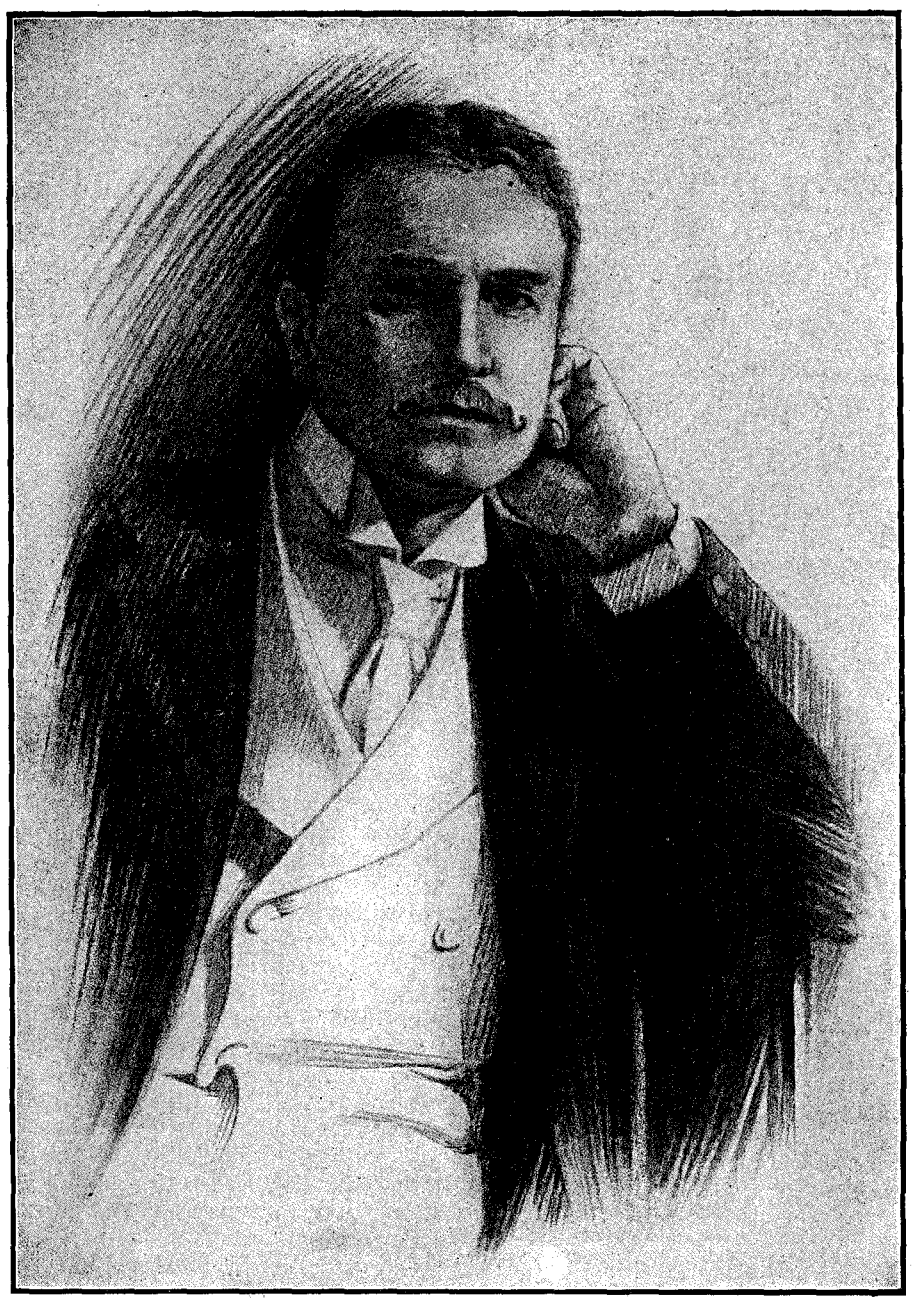

William Gillette

Playwright and Actor

From a drawing, copyright, 1900, by R. H. Russell.

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in the world comparable to the diversity of interest found in our landscape and sea views, picturesque riverways, and mountains reached by the house-boat with only a few hours' travel. I have become more or less familiar with these routes, and their charm is never-ending. The Hudson may be traversed to its full length, and the northern canal is available should one wish to house-boat it through to Champlain, and even Montreal and the Thousand Islands. The Connecticut River is navigable for a considerable distance through some of the most picturesque portions of New England.

I started out with a comfortable boat, but as speed was a secondary matter with me, I miscalculated the emergency equation in case of storm along the coast. In fact, I was more than once nearly blown off shore far out to sea, my engines not being strong enough to make headway against a fierce wind. On one occasion, when it was necessary for me to be in New York at a certain time, I found myself quite out at the end of Long Island, with a strong land-breeze blowing. My captain assured me that we were not making a particle of progress shoreward, and, taking the helm myself, I resolved to find some shelter before the fuel ran out, or else close up shop and go below, taking chances on being picked up at sea. I managed to find shelter at last, however, but it taught me a lesson. I have twice strengthened my engines since then, and in the present reconstruction I am putting in engines that, while nothing of the "Vamoose" order, and not intended for breaking records, will nevertheless save me from the embarrassment of being picked up forty miles at sea in a condition of helplessness.

The English house-boats are much simpler in construction than would be necessary here, for there is practically only the one field—the very mild and interesting Thames. It has nothing of the current of the Hudson to contend with, and surely nothing like the tides of the Sound. Nevertheless, for commodious apartments and fittings for the complete comfort of the individual, they may be well taken as patterns for the ideal. But what makes the sport so very jolly in England is the fact that there are so many people who are taking their leisure so truly leisurely, and who have house-boats on which entertainments are given for the delight of other house-boaters as well as the occasional guest from the city. There is social delight as well as safety in numbers; and the feeling that you are not absolutely a pioneer in a pleasant vice is satisfying at times, to say the least. If, when one moved on leisurely up the Hudson, at many points along the route scores of house-boats, some with intimate friends aboard, would greet you, and exchange an hour's hospitality, even the slight lonesomeness of house-boating would be eliminated. Evening hops on deck, smokers' parties, musicales, and chafing-dish regalements are more than delightful under these *al fresco* conditions.

With all that, house-boating demands a certain talent. To one who lives at a great strain during the rest of the year, a summer spent on a house-boat is just the kind of sport that best recuperates the nervous energy, and prepares well for the coming campaign. I am often asked if I have a house-boat for the purpose of getting away from the "madding crowd" to write my plays and think out theatrical sensations. I do not doubt that there are many who would find the quiet and repose of a house-boat cruise conducive to their literary efforts; but for myself, I am, like Charles Lamb, a city bird. I like the rumble and roar of a great town like New York, and its very hustle and bustle, instead of distracting me, has quite the opposite effect. For a man inclined to literary or artistic pursuits, a house-boat might prove the very making of him. Certainly, to catch the ever-changing lights and shadows over land and sea, the house-boater has a rare opportunity; and, with a library at hand, a man of æsthetic tastes could indulge his talent to the utmost. But for me, I find the sport sufficient in itself, and give myself up completely to the *dolce far niente* existence which the English have made an art, and which Americans are too apt to regard as a species of laziness, but which is nevertheless a great storing-up process of nerve-energy. I despair of ever seeing anything quite so delightfully lazy about New York for many years to come; but I believe that there will yet spring up a genuine enthusiasm over here for a sport which has found such lasting favor abroad.

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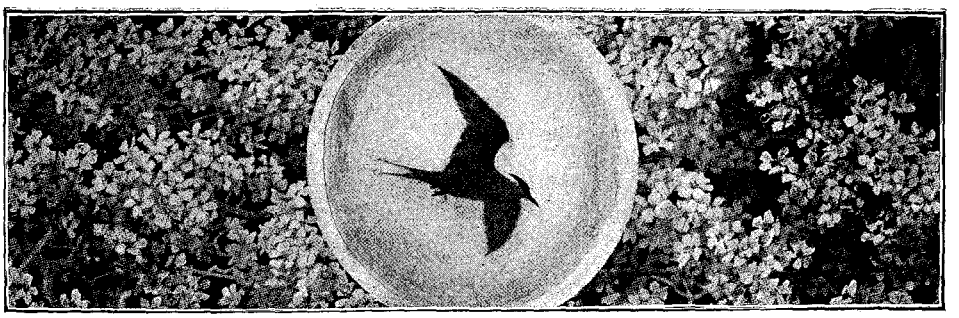

Bird Studies with the Camera

Frank M. Chapman's Book on Bird Photography

By Ernest Ingersoll

With pictures from Mr. Chapman's book, by courtesy of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York

THE advance of the photographic art seems mainly due to the amateurs; and those who wished to apply the art in furthering some other purpose have been most influential in the improvement of apparatus and processes. Nowhere more than in science has photography become a means to an end; and in some directions—astronomy, for example—it almost rivals the prime instrument of research. As George Iles remarks in that impressive book, "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," "The simplicity and celerity of the camera give it inestimable value to the naturalist or the physiologist. It enables him to follow, day by day, even hour by hour, the development of a bacillus, a mollusk, or a chick. He might, if quick and skillful with the pencil, draw a portrait or two for his note-book, but how could he find time and opportunity to sketch a hundred? . . . No student of bacteriology to-day considers himself fully equipped for study until he has reached the mastery of a camera; for his 'cultures,' microscopic as they are in size, would demand the rarest aptitude to be accurately sketched."

This is fairly simple work from the photographer's point of view, however, since the objects remain quiet and the pictures are taken indoors under controlled conditions.

The difficulties were greatly increased when the naturalist attempted to make his camera record for him notes in the field of living, moving creatures, or even of growing plants. It would seem easy enough, since the days of quick lenses and orthochromatic plates, to make photographs of groups or single plants in flower, yet those who try it do not find it so, and real successes are rare. Cornelius Van Brunt, whose photographs of flowers when exhibited as lantern pictures have excited wide admiration, does almost all his work in a studio under specially arranged conditions, and has stopped trying to make outdoor portraits of flowers or insects. How much more discouraging must be the effort to obtain photographs of wary and active quadrupeds or birds in their native freedom!

This began with the photographing of domestic pets, cattle, etc., which could be posed and kept quiet. Next followed the attempts by sportsmen to capture the images of some of the larger game, such as buffaloes and the deer. I had the pleasure, some eight years ago, of relating in these columns how a young man had stalked bison and elk in Yellowstone Park, and "shot" them with his camera instead of with his rifle. Since then Wallihan, Leet, and Wright have made some notable game-pictures in the West. Occasional snap-shots were attempted in Maine and elsewhere at deer met in the woods or seen swimming ponds; but it was not until William E. Carlin went at it in the Rocky Mountains, with great patience and intelligence, that we began to get any variety or excellence of zoölogical photographs; and with the exception of Shiras's

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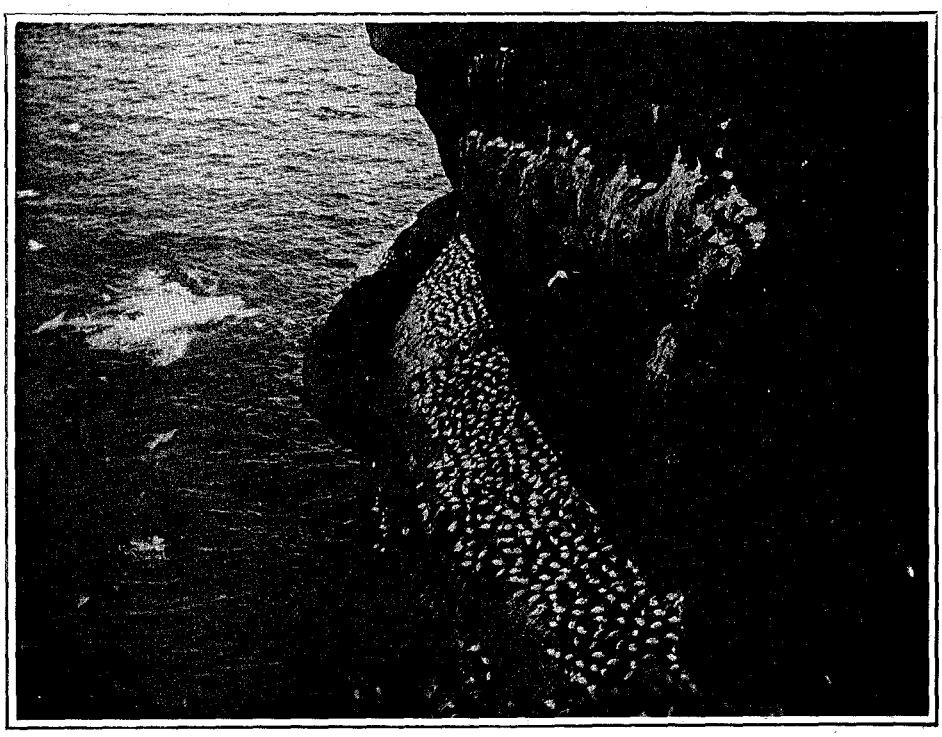
surprising flashlight pictures of animals, taken in the wilderness at night, little of account has been added to Mr. Carlin's results, and nothing has surpassed them. The same gentleman has also depicted wild birds very successfully. In none of this work hitherto has he made much use of the telephoto lens, because it requires a longer exposure than the unconscious sitter will usually remain quiet for; and it must be remembered that the greater the distance the more effect in distortion the slightest movement will have. His method has been, for the most part, to attract the birds and animals to his camera (placed, of course, at the most favorable point in their haunts), by accustoming them to come to the desired spot for food, or in some other way, and then exposing the plate by means of a very long bulb-tube. He has thus far found no special form of camera to be required. The recent advances made in telephoto apparatus and reflectors will enable these to be utilized more hereafter than before in this department of field work. A few other men have succeeded to a less extent in making good field photographs of birds —notably Brewster, Anthony, Barlow, Brownell, Shufeldt, Hathaway, Tabor, Dugmore, Dutcher, and Beebe, while many young naturalists are trying it.

None of these, however, has followed the subject more seriously and intelligently, as relates to birds, than has Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, who now relates his methods and experiences in a little volume called "Bird Notes with a Camera," published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York, from which the illustrations accompanying this article have been borrowed. In technical excellence they do not equal the best work of either Shufeldt (whose pictures of animals are made mainly, if not wholly, from captives in his studio) or Carlin; but they present the ornithological side of the subject with great intelligence, as they are designed to do.

In this new department of photography and sport no especial quantity or quality of apparatus is needed—at least so far as the camera is concerned. Any good long-focus camera and fair lenses will answer, but the set-focus or short-focus wide-angle press-the-button box will not do at



A LEDGE OF NESTING GANNETS. SHOWING OVER FOUR HUNDRED BIRDS

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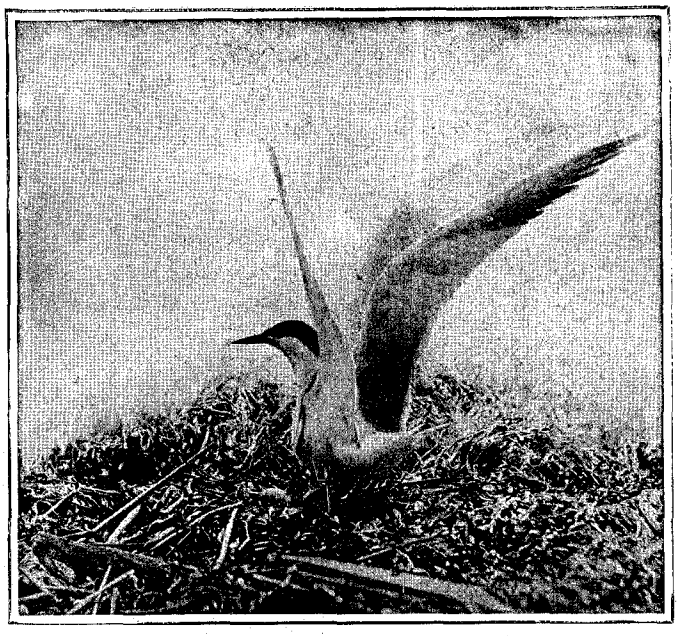

TERN ALIGHTING ON NEST

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all. Choice must lie between the use of twin lenses and of a reflector. The objection to the former is the size and weight to be carried, and twin telephotos are practically unmanageable by a traveler. Near home the twin lenses may answer the purpose better than anything else. A reflecting camera is, however, preferable in general, for several reasons; and various forms have been invented, some of which may be "set" and carried about like a cocked gun, ready to be fired by pulling a trigger the instant the focus is secured. Chapman wisely devotes a large part of his space to description and consideration of these matters of apparatus and method, and this will be the most entertaining half, no doubt, to many ambitious readers.

The real difficulties begin, however, when, well provided with apparatus and familiar with its ordinary use, an attempt is first made at catching on your negative the portrait of some living wild creature. Where shall you look for it? What are its haunts and habits? Will it come out into the sunlight, indifferent to you and your machinery? or has it so great timidity that you will discover it only to lose it? A man who would successfully photograph animal life must be a student of it, and a closely observing one; but the knowledge and interest accruing are a higher benefit coming from this compulsion, over and beyond his negatives and prints.

A beginning is usually made, therefore, by photographing nests and eggs; and were this art to be extended no further, it might prove of inestimable service to the birds, and to us who are trying to preserve them, by taking away the so-called need for "collecting" nests and eggs. There is no longer (if ever there has been) any excuse for forming cabinets of egg-shells that fade and perish—every one the cenotaph of some murdered songster and friend. Give the boy who insists upon forming such a collection a small camera, and set him at hunting nests and making pictures of them. He will find it a great deal more fun, and his trophies of success will be far more satisfactory than the dusty, decaying nests and half-ruined eggs he now brings home. Moreover, he may multiply and exchange his pictures far and wide at a trifle of the expense with which he could similarly enlarge a cabinet of the real objects, and all the time keep his conscience free from those pains of pity and regret which spoil the pleasure of every bird's-nesting boy who has heart enough to be worth considering.

It will prove a mighty interesting

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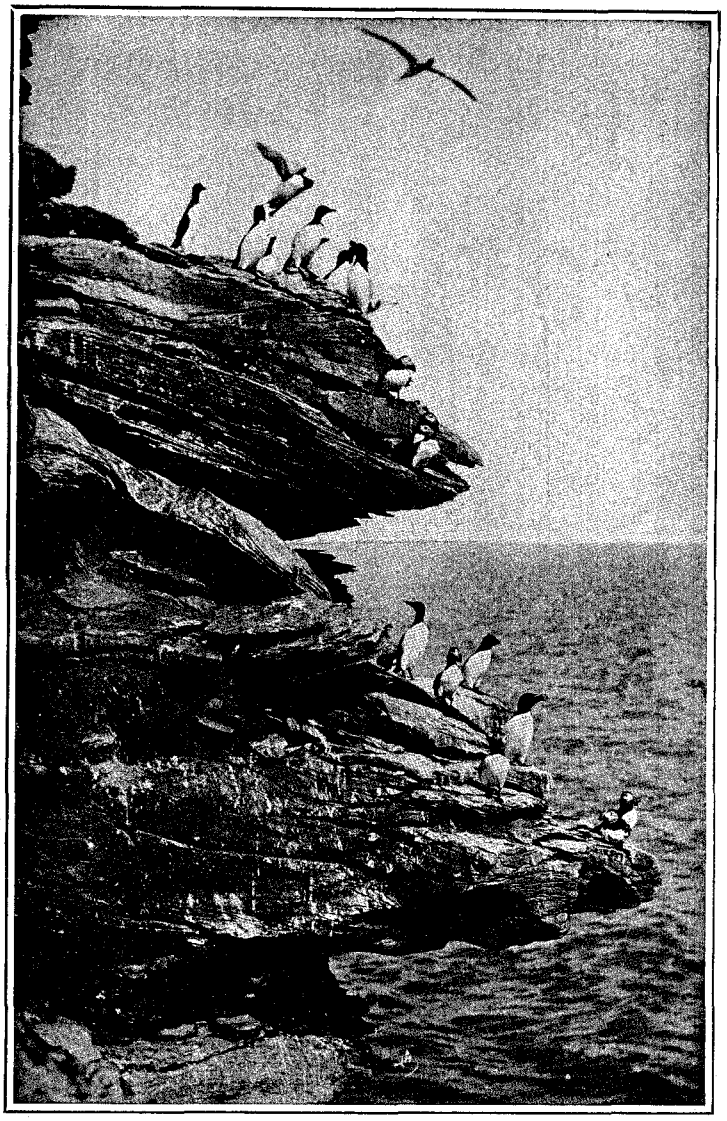

MURRES, PUFFINS, AND RAZOR-BILLED AUKS. AT TOP, A GANNET FLYING

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pursuit, also. A few nests of bold, strong birds, like the robin or wood-thrush, are out in the open, low down, and form easy marks; but most bird homes are so concealed or inaccessible that it is only by great ingenuity and perseverance that good representations can be obtained. Conditions of light must be very closely watched, and often the only way to get a picture at all is by reflecting a beam of sunlight from a mirror into the perpetual shadow with which the careful bird envelops its home in some dense thicket, or among matted grasses, or beneath a dense roof of leaves. It will not do to take these coverings away to any great extent, for then the situation and natural conditions will be falsified. Chapman has wisely pointed out that what is desired in a photograph of a bird's nest is not so much a picture of the nest alone, as one which shows it in its relation to its environment —in that a picture of the nesting site is of more value than one of the nest alone. It is upon this theory that Dodge works in making his English bird photographs.

To get such a picture satisfactorily often calls for great ingenuity. A clamp with a

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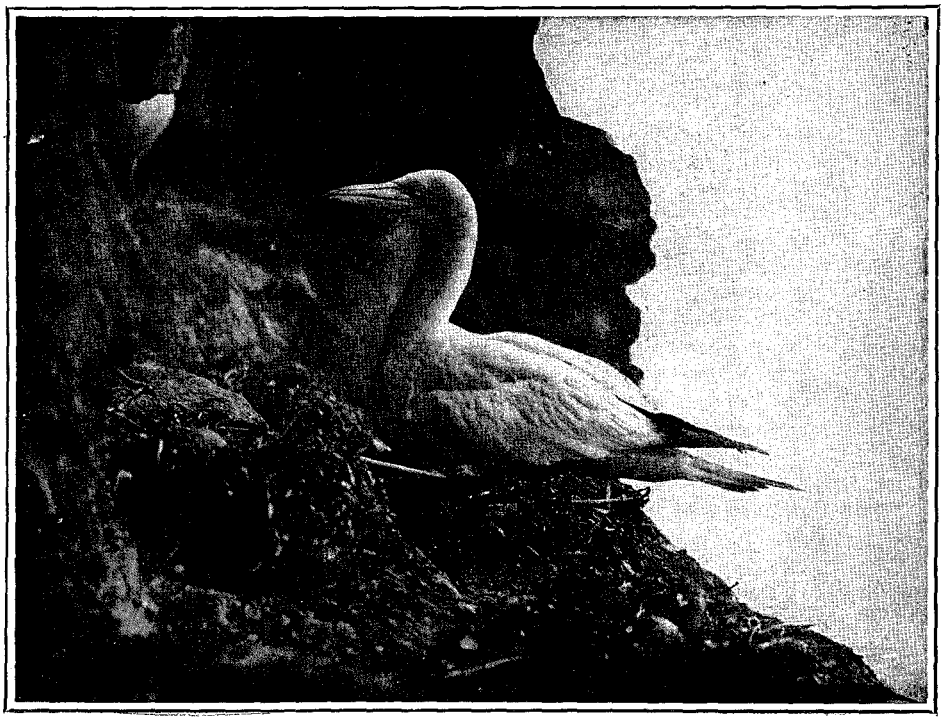
ball-and-socket joint has been devised by which a camera may be fastened to a support in any sort of a position, and this may be well utilized in working at nests constructed in high trees, where the camera may thus be clamped to a neighboring limb, and then focused and operated. By the aid of a long bulb-tube it may sometimes be possible thus to photograph birds sitting upon their eggs. The Kearton brothers, in England, who are the pioneers in this branch of the art, have a way of hoisting a ladder into tree-tops and thus climbing and fixing their instrument when the limbs are too small to bear their weight. Carlin got a really marvelous portrait of a crow incubating her eggs by getting into a neighboring tall tree and using a telephoto lens, after patiently accustoming the bird to their presence. Brewster once built a scaffolding forty feet high to enable him to get a picture of a nest he wanted. Mr. Dugmore has availed himself of various queer devices in conquering these difficulties, in which he has been extremely successful, as is shown in his recent illustrated book on the breeding habits of our birds.

To get the mother bird sitting upon her eggs is the desire of every amateur, and it has been accomplished in several cases. With some birds it is a comparatively easy matter. The writer has himself become well enough acquainted with wood-thrushes, red-eyed vireos, and phœbe-birds to approach and stroke their backs without alarming them; hence it is not surprising to find that these species have several times allowed the placing of cameras close to them, and heard the click of the shutter (often fatal to success) without being disturbed. Therefore we have good portraits of them. To get portraits of the shyer indigo-bird, chestnut-sided warbler, titlark, crow, and the like, when sitting on their eggs, are feats of more consequence, yet they have been done. Chapman shows several pictures of herons in this domestic pose, which he obtained only by climbing, with the aid of climbing-irons, into tall trees, and spending several hours in arranging his camera and waiting for the settling down of the anxious birds.

Greater patience and much skill were required by the same enthusiast in his efforts to get pictures of brooding terns in the few scanty and protected islets upon which alone they are now to be found



GANNET ON NEST

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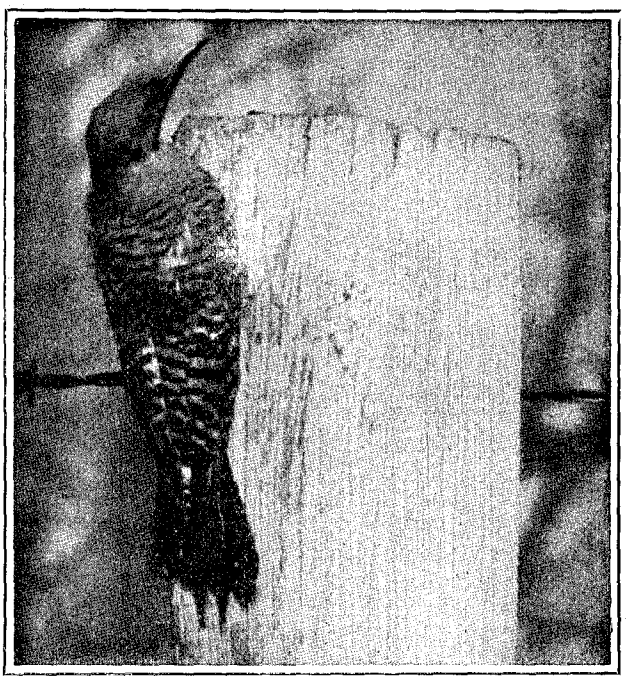

TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF YELLOWHAMMER

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breeding along the Atlantic coast, owing to the disgraceful persecution to which they have been subjected by the gunners who shoot them in the breeding season to supply the bloody demands of millinery. He found it necessary to hide his camera under a heap of seaweed, after placing it focused and ready to use, close by the nest, which was placed among the pebbles of the beach; then he himself had to lie down, as far away as he could and still pull the thread that released the shutter, and to keep absolutely quiet underneath a piece of sail-cloth until it pleased the wary but solicitous bird to settle herself upon her nest. Once this weary interval was prolonged to two hours, and then the result was only half satisfactory. This recalls how Mr. Carlin obtained the only photograph of a live wild weasel in existence by crouching behind a rock on one of the bleakest summits of the Rocky Mountains for two long hours, while the weasel hesitated to steal out of his refuge; but the negative proved well worth the trouble.

The photography of the cliff-haunting sea-birds has thus far proved the easiest and most productive field, when once the artist has reached their haunts. It was in this direction that the Kearton brothers won their first successes and fame, astonishing the world by the illustrations from photographs in their book "Nature and a Camera" published some years ago. They not only visited the coast cliffs of England, but went to the north of Scotland and to the far Hebrides, where the sea-birds bred in crowds, and captured their pictures with hardly more difficulty than if the birds had been so many sheep. The obstacles they had to overcome were in getting down or up the cliffs to good points of view; and the ingenious methods and personal danger involved in this made the interest of their narratives.

A large part of the illustrations in Mr. Chapman's book are of similar sea-birds—gannets, murres, puffins, petrels, gulls, and the like, which he found breeding in thousands upon cliff-faced islands in the Gulf of Newfoundland, and which, fortunately, were far more accessible than seems to be the case in Scotland. These fowl will allow the photographer to go very close to them, sitting unconcernedly at his feet while he prepares his instruments, so that an expert operator would be inexcusable if he did not bring back good pictures. None but a scientific one, however, would know what was most desirable for information as well as for picturesqueness, and the present studies of our northern sea-fowl are none the less valuable because "easy to take."

The same might be said of the many comical pictures of young birds, which, when half fledged or not quite able to fly, will often permit a gentle-handed person to pick them up and put them where he likes. Once placed, they will remain quiet long enough, usually, to allow of a good picture being obtained. Some Englishmen have contributed much in this direction to illustrate periodicals of late, but the most delightful examples of photographs of such groups of bird-babies are those of young nuthatches recently dis-

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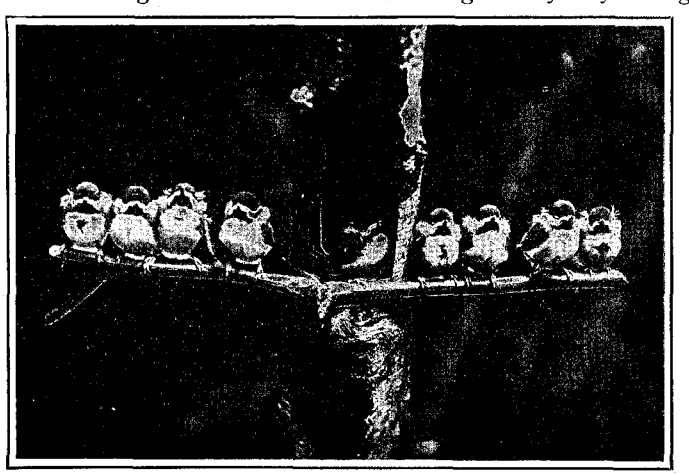
played by William E. Carlin at the New York Camera Club.

Mr. Chapman's excellent book will prove of great assistance to photographers essaying work in this attractive field, and, incidentally, of value to ornithology. It will also serve a humane purpose in the effort which all intelligent men and women are now making toward the preservation of the animal life of the country. "As a one-time sportsman," he declares, "who yielded to none in his enjoyment of the chase, I can affirm that there is a fascination about the hunting of wild animals with a camera as far ahead of the pleasure to be derived from their pursuit with shot-gun or rifle as the sport found in shooting quail is beyond that of breaking clay 'pigeons.' . . .

"The killing of a bird with a gun seems little short of murder after one has attempted to capture its image with a lens. The demands on the skill and patience of the bird photographer are endless, and his pleasure is intensified in proportion to the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and, in the event of success, it is perpetuated by the infinitely more satisfactory results obtained. . . . What mental vision of falling birds can be as potent as the actual picture of living birds in their homes? And how immeasurably one's memories are brightened by the fact that this is not a picture of what has been, but of what is!"

Mr. Chapman has made a point of the zoölogy of islands, and a considerable part of his latest book is given to accounts of his visits to isolated islets and "rocks" in St. Lawrence Bay, where sea-birds still breed unmolested that long ago were driven from less remote and secure haunts. Another chapter is devoted to the breeding of the brown pelicans, now numbering nearly nine hundred families, which resort to Pelican Island, Indian River, Florida.

On the mainland it is impossible, with rare exceptions, to trace individual birds; we must be content to follow the movements of the whole mass of the species; and this leaves many points obscure. Where, however, a colony resort annually to a certain islet, and are totally absent from the surrounding region, the problem, as respects them at least, is greatly simplified. Hence, the habits of such insular colonies may illuminate doubtful points in the theory of bird-migration. It is well known that many species dwelling permanently in the tropics or sub-tropics, and usually regarded as non-migratory, like these pelicans, regularly betake themselves to some comparatively safe spot within their range to raise their families, and afterward scatter. Mr. Chapman regards this practice as a migration just as truly as that undertaken by the birds who leave the tropics and go far north for a similar purpose; and he thinks that here we have a clue to the origin of this custom, which has been so much of a puzzle in the past. Add to this the inherited inclination of all birds to return again and again to the locality where they have nested, and two strong factors are found for solving the mystery of migration.



A CHICKADEE FAMILY

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IZAAK WALTON

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A DAY WITH WALTON

By Henry van Dyke

DO you remember that fair little wood of silver birches on the West Branch of the Neversink, somewhat below the place where the Biscuit Brook runs in? There is a mossy terrace raised a couple of feet above the water of a long, still pool; and a very pleasant spot for a friendship-fire on the shingly beach below you; and a plenty of painted trilliums and yellow violets and white foam-flowers to adorn your woodland banquet, if it be spread in the month of May, when Mistress Nature is given over to embroidery.

It was there, at Contentment Corner, that Ned Mason had promised to meet me on a certain day for the noontide lunch and smoke and talk, he fishing down Biscuit Brook, and I down the West Branch, until we came together at the rendezvous. But he was late that day—good old Ned! He was occasionally behind time on a trout stream. For he went about his fishing very seriously; and if it was fine, the sport was an occasion of delay; but if it was poor, he took occasion to sit down to meditate upon the cause of his failure, and tried to overcome it with many subtly reasoned changes of the fly—which is a vain thing to do, but well adapted to make one forgetful of the flight of time.

So I waited for him near an hour, and then ate my half of the sandwiches and boiled eggs, smoked a solitary pipe, and fell into a light sleep at the foot of the biggest birch-tree, an old and trusty friend of mine. It was a very slight sound that roused me: the snapping of a dry twig in the thicket, or a gentle splash in the water, differing in some indefinable way from the steady murmur of the stream; something it was, I knew not what, that made me aware of some one coming down the brook. I raised myself quietly on one elbow and looked up through the trees to the head of the pool. "Ned will think that I have gone down long ago," I said to myself; "I will just lie here and watch him fish through this pool, and see how he manages to spend so much time about it."

But it was not Ned's rod that I saw poking out through the bushes at the bend in the brook. It was such an affair as I had never seen before upon a trout stream: a majestic weapon at least sixteen feet long, made in two pieces, neatly spliced together in the middle, and all painted a smooth, glistening, hopeful green. The line that hung from the tip of it was also green, but of a paler, more transparent color, quite thick and stiff where it left the rod, but tapering down towards the end, as if it were twisted of strands of horse-hair, reduced in number, until, at the hook, there were but two hairs. And the hook—there was no disguise about that—it was an unabashed bait-hook, and well baited, too. Gently the line swayed to and fro above the foaming water at the head of the pool; quietly the bait settled down in the foam and ran with the current around the edge of the deep eddy under the opposite bank; suddenly the line straightened and tautened; sharply the tip of the long green rod sprang upward, and the fisherman stepped out from the bushes to play his fish.

Where had I seen such a figure before? The dress was strange and quaint—broad, low shoes, gray woolen stockings, short brown breeches tied at the knee with ribbons, a loose brown coat belted at the waist like a Norfolk jacket; a wide, rolling collar with a bit of lace at the edge, and a soft felt hat with a shady brim. It was a costume that, with all its oddity, seemed wonderfully fit and familiar. And the face? Certainly it was the face of an old friend. Never had I seen a countenance of more quietness and kindliness and twinkling good humor.

"Well met, sir, and a pleasant day to you," cried the angler, as his eyes lighted on me. "Look you, I have hold of a good fish; I pray you put that net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then

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we break all. Well done, sir; I thank you. Now we have him safely landed. Truly this is a lovely one; the best that I have taken in these waters. See how the belly shines, here as yellow as a marsh-marigold, and there as white as a foam-flower. Is not the hand of Divine Wisdom as skillful in the coloring of a fish as in the painting of the manifold blossoms that sweeten these wild forests?"

"Indeed it is," said I, "and this is the biggest trout that I have seen caught in the upper waters of the Neversink. It is certainly eighteen inches long, and should weigh close upon two pounds and a half."

"More than that," he answered, "if I mistake not. But I observe that you call it a trout. To my mind, it seems more like a char, as do all the fish that I have caught in your stream. Look here upon these curious water-markings that run through the dark green of the back, and these enamelings of blue and gold upon the side. Note, moreover, how bright and how many are the red spots, and how each one of them is encircled with a ring of purple. Truly it is a fish of rare beauty, and of high esteem with persons of note. I would gladly know if it be as good to the taste as I have heard it reputed."

"It is even better," I replied, yielding to the impulse of the moment. "Come, sir, since you are a stranger in this region, and let me make you free of the only hospitality I have to offer. Sit down here among these birch-trees in Contentment Corner, and I will share with you what remains of a fisherman's luncheon, and try to cook your char for you, if you are not in a hurry."

So we made ourselves comfortable on the shady bank—it all seemed the most natural thing in the world—and while I busied myself in splitting the fish and pinning it open on a bit of board that I had found in a pile of driftwood, and setting it up before the fire to broil, my new companion entertained me with the sweetest and friendliest talk that I had ever heard.

"To speak without offense, sir," he began, "there was a word in your discourse a moment ago that seemed strange to me. You spoke of being 'in a hurry;' and that is an expression which is unfamiliar to my ears; but if it mean the same as being in haste, then I must tell you that this is a thing which, in my judgment, honest anglers should learn to forget, and have no dealings with it. To be in haste is to be in anxiety and distress of mind; it is to mistrust Providence, and to doubt that the issue of all events is in wiser hands than ours; it is to disturb the course of nature, and put overmuch confidence in the importance of our own endeavors.

"For how much of the evil that is in the world cometh from this plaguy habit of being in haste! The haste to get riches, the haste to climb upon some pinnacle of worldly renown, the haste to resolve mysteries—from these various kinds of haste are begotten no small part of the miseries and afflictions whereby the children of men are tormented: such as quarrels and strifes among those who would overreach one another in business; envyings and jealousies among those who would outshine one another in rich apparel and costly equipage; bloody rebellions and cruel wars among those who would obtain power over their fellow-men; cloudy disputations and bitter controversies among those who would fain leave no room for modest ignorance and lowly faith among the secrets of religion; and by all these miseries of haste the heart grows weary, and is made weak and dull, or else hard and angry, while it dwelleth in the midst of them.

"But let me tell you that an angler's occupation is a good cure for these evils, if for no other reason, because it gently dissuadeth us from haste and leadeth us away from feverish anxieties into those ways which are pleasantness and those paths which are peace. For an angler cannot force his fortune by eagerness, nor better it by discontent. He must wait upon the weather, and the height of the water, and the hunger of the fish, and many other accidents of which he has no control. If he would angle well, he must not be in haste. And if he be in haste, he will do well to unlearn it by angling, for I think there is no surer method.

"This fair tree that shadows us from the sun hath grown many years in its place without more unhappiness than the loss of its leaves in winter, which the succeeding season doth generously repair; and shall we be less contented in the place where

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God hath planted us? or shall there go less time to the making of a man than to the growth of a tree? This stream floweth wimpling and laughing down to the great sea which it knoweth not; yet it doth not fret because the future is hidden; and doubtless it were wise in us to accept the mysteries of life as cheerfully and go forward with a merry heart, considering that we know enough to make us happy and keep us honest for to-day. A man should be well content if he can see so far ahead of him as the next bend in the stream. What lies beyond, let him trust in the hand of God.

"But as concerning riches, wherein should you and I be happier, this pleasant afternoon of May, had we all the gold in Crœsus his coffers? Would the sun shine for us more bravely, or the flowers give forth a sweeter breath, or yonder warbling vireo, hidden in her leafy choir, send down more pure and musical descants, sweetly attuned by natural magic to woo and win our thoughts from vanity and hot desires into a harmony with the tranquil thoughts of God? And as for fame and power, trust me, sir, I have seen too many men in my time that lived very unhappily though their names were upon all lips, and died very sadly though their power was felt in many lands; too many of these great ones have I seen that spent their days in disquietude and ended them in sorrow, to make me envy their conditions or hasten to rival them. Nor do I think that, by all their perturbations and fightings and runnings to and fro, the world hath been much bettered, or even greatly changed. The color and complexion of mortal life, in all things that are essential, remain the same under Cromwell or under Charles. The goodness and mercy of God are still over all His works, whether Presbytery or Episcopacy be set up as His interpreter. Very quietly and peacefully have I lived under several polities, civil and ecclesiastical, and under all there was room enough to do my duty and love my friends and go a-fishing. And let me tell you, sir, that in the state wherein I now find myself, though there are many things of which I may not speak to you, yet one thing is clear: if I had made haste in my mortal concerns, I should not have saved time, but lost it; for all our affairs are under one sure dominion which moveth them forward to their concordant end: wherefore '*He that believeth shall not make haste*,' and, above all, not when he goeth a-angling.

"But tell me, I pray you, is not this char cooked yet? Methinks the time is somewhat overlong for the roasting. The fragrant smell of the cookery gives me an eagerness to taste this new dish. Not that I am in haste, but—

"Well, it is done; and well done, too! Marry, the flesh of this fish is as red as rose-leaves, and as sweet as if he had fed on nothing else. The flavor of smoke from the fire is but slight, and it takes nothing from the perfection of the dish, but rather adds to it, being clean and delicate. I like not these French cooks who make all dishes in disguise, and set them forth with strange foreign savors, like a masquerade. Give me my food in its native dress, even though it be a little dry. If we had but a cup of sack, now, or a glass of good ale, and a pipeful of tobacco?

"What, you have an abundance of the fragrant weed in your pouch? Sir, I thank you very heartily! You entertain me like a prince. Not like King James, be it understood, who despised tobacco and called it a 'lively image and pattern of hell;' nor like the Czar of Russia who commanded that all who used it should have their noses cut off; but like good Queen Bess of glorious memory, who disdained not the incense of the pipe, and some say she used one herself; though for my part I think the custom of smoking one that is more fitting for men, whose frailty and need of comfort are well known, than for that fairer sex whose innocent and virgin spirits stand less in want of creature consolations.

"But come, let us not trouble our enjoyment with careful discrimination of others' scruples. Your tobacco is rarely good; I'll warrant it comes from that province of Virginia which was named for the Virgin Queen; and while we smoke together, let me call you, for this hour, my scholar; and so I will give you four choice rules for the attainment of that unhastened quietude of mind whereof we did lately discourse.

"First: you shall learn to desire nothing in the world so much but that you can be happy without it.

"Second: you shall seek that which

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you desire only by such means as are fair and lawful, and this will leave you without bitterness towards men or shame before God.

"Third: you shall take pleasure in the time when you are seeking, even though you obtain not immediately that which you seek; for the purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but also to find enjoyment by the way.

"Fourth: when you attain that which you have desired, you shall think more of the kindness of your fortune than of the greatness of your skill. This will make you grateful, and ready to share with others that which Providence hath bestowed upon you; and truly this is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would catch in this world were not our luck better than our deserts.

"And to this I will add yet another rule—Fifth: when you smoke your pipe with a good conscience, trouble not yourself because there are men in the world who will find fault with you. If you wait for a pleasure at which no sour-complexioned soul hath ever girded, you will wait long, and go through life with a sad and anxious mind. But I think that God is best pleased with us when we give little heed to scoffers, and enjoy His gifts with thankfulness and an easy heart.

"Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But this pipe is almost burned out, and the few short whiffs that are left in it shall put a period to my too long discourse. Let me tell you, then, that there be some men in the world who hold not with these my opinions. They profess that a strenuous life, meaning thereby a life of conflict and noise and public turmoil, is far higher than a life of quiet work and meditation. And so far as they follow their own choice honestly and with a pure mind, I doubt not that it is as good for them as mine is for me, and I am well pleased that every man do enjoy his own opinion. But so far as they have spoken ill of me and my opinion, I do hold it a thing of little consequence, except that I am sorry that they have thereby embittered their own hearts. For this is the punishment of men who malign and revile those that differ from them in religion, or prefer another way of living; their revilings, by so much as they spend their wit and labor to make them shrewd and bitter, do draw all the sweet and wholesome sap out of their lives and turn it into poison; and so they become vessels of mockery and wrath, remembered chiefly for the evil things that they have said with cleverness. For be sure of this, Scholar, the more a man giveth himself to hatred in this world, the more will he find to hate. But let us rather give ourselves to charity, and if we have enemies (and what honest man hath them not?) let them be ours, since they must, but let us not be theirs, since we know better.

"There was one Franck, a trooper of Cromwell's, who wrote ill of me, saying that I neither understood the subjects whereof I discoursed nor believed the things that I said, being both silly and pretentious. It would have been a pity if it had been true. There was also one Leigh Hunt, a maker of many books, who used one day a bottle of ink whereof the gall was transfused into his blood, so that he wrote many hard words of me, setting forth selfishness and cruelty and hypocrisy as if they were qualities of my disposition. God knew, even then, whether these things were true of me; and if they were not true, it would have been a pity to have answered them; but it would have been still more a pity to be angered by them. But since that time Master Hunt and I have met each other; yes, and Master Franck, too; and we have come very happily to a better understanding.

"Trust me, Scholar, it is the part of wisdom to spend little of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much of your time upon the things that bring you quietness and confidence and good cheer. A friend made is better than an enemy punished. There is more of God in the peaceable beauty of this little wood-violet than in all the angry disputations of the sects. We are nearer heaven when we listen to the birds than when we quarrel with our fellow-men. I am sure that none can enter into the spirit of Christ, his evangel, save those who willingly follow his invitation when he says, '*Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place, and rest a while.*' For since his blessed kingdom was first established in the green fields, by the lakeside, with humble fishermen for its subjects, the

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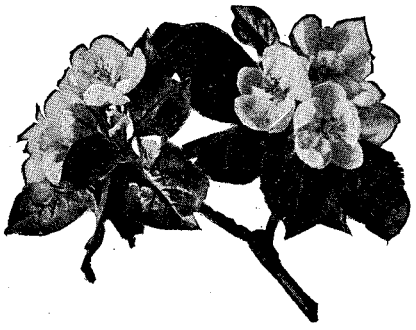
easiest way into it hath ever been through the wicket-gate of a lowly and grateful fellowship with nature. He that feels not the beauty and blessedness and peace of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he learn to enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country if he ever become a saint? No, no, sir, he that departeth out of this world without perceiving that it is fair and full of innocent sweetness hath done little honor to the every-day miracles of divine beneficence; and though by mercy he may obtain an entrance to heaven, it will be a strange place to him; and though he have studied all that is written in men's books of divinity, yet because he hath left the book of Nature unturned, he will have much to learn and much to forget. Do you think that to be blind to the beauties of earth prepareth the heart to behold the glories of heaven? Nay, Scholar, I know that you are not of that opinion. But I can tell you another thing which perhaps you knew not. The heart that is blest with the glories of heaven ceaseth not to remember and to love the beauties of this world. And of this love I am certain, because I feel it, and glad because it is a great blessing.

"There are two sorts of seeds sown in our remembrance by what we call the hand of fortune, the fruits of which do not wither, but grow sweeter forever and ever. The first is the seed of innocent pleasures, received in gratitude and enjoyed with good companions, of which pleasures we never grow weary of thinking, because they have enriched our hearts. The second is the seed of pure and gentle sorrows, borne in submission and with faithful love, and these also we never forget, but we come to cherish them with gladness instead of grief, because we see them changed into everlasting joys. And how this may be I cannot tell you now, for you would not understand me. But that it is so, believe me: for if you believe, you shall one day see it yourself.

"But come, now, our friendly pipes are long since burned out. Hark, how sweetly the tawny thrush in yonder thicket touches her silver harp for the vesper hymn! I will follow the stream downward, but do you tarry here until the friend comes for whom you were waiting. I think we shall all three meet one another, somewhere, after sunset."

I watched the gray hat and the old brown coat and long green rod disappear among the trees around the curve of the stream. Then Ned's voice sounded in my ears, and I saw him standing above me laughing.

"Hallo, old man," he said, "you're a sound sleeper! I hope you've had good luck, and pleasant dreams."



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE J. Q. A. WARD STATUE, WHICH STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MALL, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatiſt, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Part VI.—Apprenticeship

PROBABLY no conditions could have promised less for the production of great works of art than those which surrounded the theater in Shakespeare's time—conditions so unpromising that the bitter antagonism of the Puritans is easily understood. It remains true, nevertheless, that in their warfare against the theater the Puritans were not only contending with one of the deepest of human instincts, but unconsciously and unavailingly set themselves against the freest and deepest expression of English genius and life. The story of the growth of the drama in the Elizabethan age furnishes a striking illustration of the difficulty of discerning at any given time the main currents of spiritual energy, and of separating the richest and most masterful intellectual life from the evil conditions through which it is often compelled to work its way, and from the corrupt accessories which sometimes surround it. The growth of humanity is not the unfolding of an idea in a world of pure ideality; it is something deeper and more significant: it is an outpouring of a vast energy, constantly seeking new channels of expression and new ways of action, painfully striving to find a balance between its passionate needs and desires and the conditions under which it is compelled to work, and painfully adjusting its inner ideals and spiritual necessities to outward realities.

It is this endeavor to give complete play to the force of personality, and to harmonize this incalculable spiritual energy with the conditions which limit and oppose free development, which gives the life of every age its supreme interest and tragic significance, and which often blinds the courageous and sincere, who are bent on immediate righteousness along a few lines of faith and practice, rather than on a full and final unfolding of the human spirit in accordance with its own needs and laws, to the richest and most fruitful movement of contemporary life. The attempt to destroy a new force or form in the manifold creative energy of the human spirit because it was at the start allied with evil conditions has often been made in entire honesty of purpose, but has been rarely successful; for the vital force, denied one channel, finds another. The theater in Shakespeare's time was a product of a very crude and coarse but very rich life; it served, not to create evil conditions, but to bring those already existing into clear light. The Puritans made the familiar mistake of striking at the expression rather than at the cause of social evils; they laid a heavy hand on a normal and inevitable activity instead of fastening upon and stripping away the demoralizing influences which gathered about it.

Shakespeare came at the last hour which could have made room for him; twenty-five years later he would have been denied expression, or his free and comprehensive genius would have suffered serious

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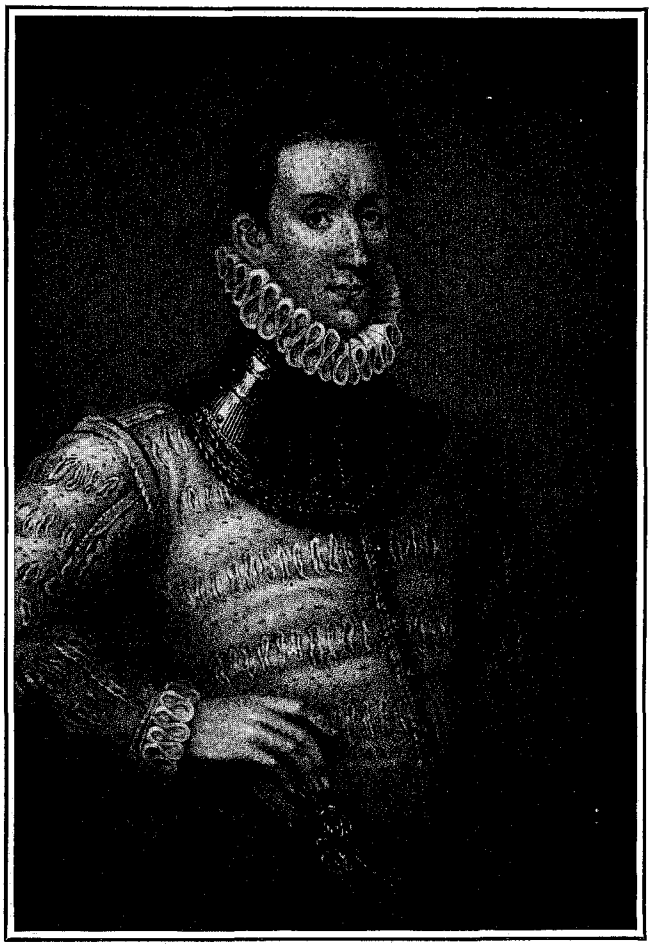

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
Engraving from the original of Sir Anthony More.

distortion. The loveliness of Milton's earlier lyrics reflect the joyousness and freedom of the golden age of English dramatic poetry. The Puritan temper was silently or noisily spreading through the whole period of Shakespeare's career; within twenty-five years after his death it had closed the theaters and was making a desperate fight for the right to live according to conscience. Shakespeare arrived on the stage when the great schism which was to divide the English people had not gone beyond the stage of growing divergence of social and religious ideals; there was still a united England.

The London theaters stood in suburbs which would to-day be called slums; when complaint was made of the inconvenience of these outlying situations, it was promptly affirmed that "the remedy is ill-conceived to bring them into London;" in regard to the regulation that performances should not be given during prayer-time, "it may be noted how uncomely it is for youth to run straight from prayers to plays, from God's service to the Devil's." The theaters had come into existence under the most adverse conditions, but they had established themselves because there was a genuine force behind them. They had already touched the English spirit with definite influences. In the reign of Elizabeth's reactionary sister the freedom with which the stage, the predecessor of the newspaper as a means of spreading popular opinion and discussing questions of popular interest, had spoken had brought first more rigid censorship and finally suppression of secular dramas throughout England. The court and the

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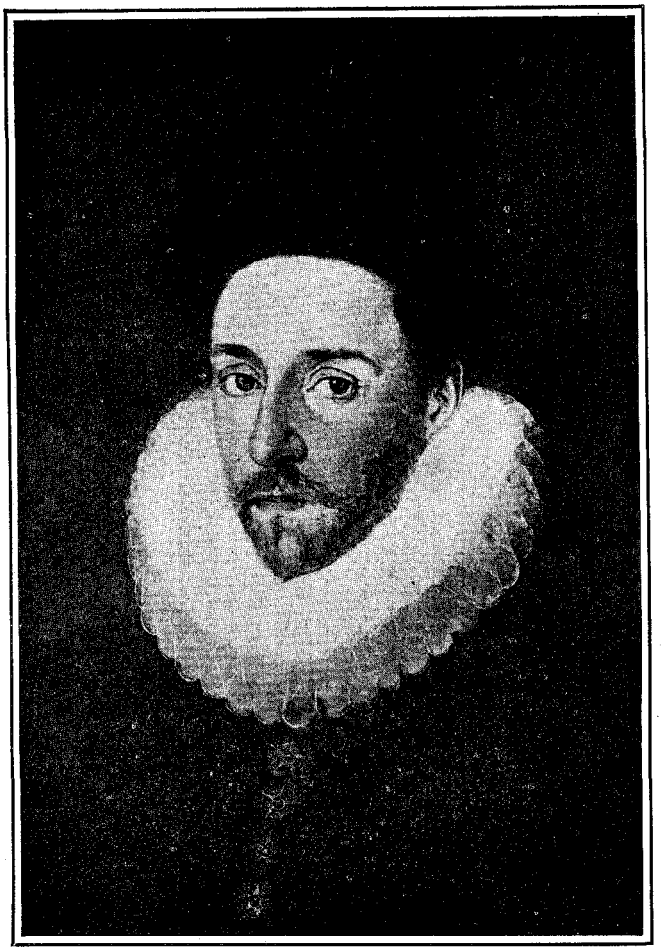

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

From the picture belonging to J. A. Hope, Esq.

nobles reserved the privilege of witnessing plays in palaces and castles, but the play was too frank, in the judgment of many, to be allowed to speak to the people. The people were not, however, to be denied that which the higher classes found essential; regulations were eluded or disregarded, and plays were given secretly.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, the rules imposed on players were regulative rather than prohibitory; for Elizabeth had no mind to put under royal ban one of the chief means of easing the popular feeling by giving it expression, and of developing true English feeling by the presentation of the chief figures and the most significant events in English history. Companies were organized and licensed under the patronage of noblemen; theaters were built, and the drama became a recognized form of amusement in London. But from the beginning the theater was opposed and denounced. Archbishop Grindall fought it vigorously, on the ground that actors were "an idle sort of people, which had been infamous in all good commonwealths," and that the crowds which attended the performances spread the plague by which London was ravaged for a number of years, and of which there was great and well-founded dread. In spite of the Queen's favor and of Leicester's patronage, theaters were compelled to take refuge in the suburbs. The struggle between the players, backed by the Queen, and the City authorities was long and bitter. The Corporation was determined to exclude players from the City, and to prevent them from giving performances during service hours, on

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holidays, or during the prevalence of the plague. Bitter as the struggle was, however, neither side was willing to carry it to a decisive issue. The Queen, who knew to a nicety how far she could go in asserting the royal prerogatives, had no desire to antagonize a community of growing importance and power, and exceedingly jealous of its rights and privileges; the City had no wish to set itself in final opposition to that which a powerful sovereign evidently had very much at heart. The players ceased to give regular performances within the City limits, but became, in consequence of this opposition, a permanent feature of the life of the metropolis by building permanent buildings within easy reach of the City.

And the theater throve in the face of an opposition which ceased to be official only to become more general and passionate. The pamphlet, which was soon to come from the press in great numbers and to do the work of the newspaper, began to arraign it in no measured tones; the Puritan preachers were unsparing in their denunciations. "It is a woeful sight," says one of these pamphleteers, "to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, when five hundred poor people starve in the streets." It does not appear to have occurred to this critic of the play that whatever force his statement had weighed equally on the court, the nobility, and very respectable but also very prosperous burghers who jostled the same poor on their way to church. There is more point in the frank oratory of a London preacher in 1586, the year of Shakespeare's arrival in London: "Woe is me! the playhouses are pestered, where churches are naked; at the one it is not possible to get a place, at the other void seats are plenty. When the bells toll to the Lecturer, the trumpets sound to the stages."

The opposition of the City to the theater was later merged into the opposition of the Puritan party; and when that party became dominant, the theater was suppressed, with all other forms of amusement and recreation which the hand of authority could touch; for the Puritan, bent on immediate righteousness and looking with stern and searching eye at present conditions, did not discern the significance of the drama as an art, and as an expression of the genius of the English people. With the Puritan party the vital character and force of the English people for a time allied themselves, and the right to live freely and according to individual conscience was finally secured; but, as often happens, the arts of peace, giving full play to the spiritual life in the large sense, were misunderstood, denied, and largely suppressed during the long and bitter strife of opposing parties and conflicting principles. The surroundings and accessories of the theater were open to the charges brought against them, and to the judgment which the Puritans pronounced upon them; but it would have been an incalculable disaster if Puritanism had come into power in time to thwart or chill the free and harmonious unfolding of Shakespeare's genius.

The evils which earnest-minded Englishmen saw in the theater were largely in its surroundings and accessories; on the stage, life was interpreted for the most part with consistent sanity of insight and portrayal. When the appalling vices which devastated the moral life of Italy during the later Renaissance are taken into account, and the fascination of Italian scholarship and genius are recalled, it is surprising that the English drama remained essentially sound and wholesome. The English dramatists studied the tree of the knowledge of evil, of the fruit of which the Italians had partaken with an appetite sharpened by a long denial of the elemental instincts of the body and the mind, but they refused to eat of it. After Shakespeare's death, when the sky had perceptibly darkened with the oncoming storm, the tragic genius of Webster and Tourneur seemed to turn instinctively to the crimes of the Renaissance rather than to its vivacity, variety, passionate interest in life, and vast range of spiritual activity; and such dramas as "The Duchess of Amalfi" and "The Atheist's Tragedy" record the effect on the serious English mind of the almost superhuman energy of the Renaissance when it became an assertion of absolute individualism, a passionate defiance of all law, human or divine. Italy was both the liberator and the teacher of modern Europe; in recovering the love of beauty, the freedom of spirit, the large and noble humanity of the Greek and

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Roman ideals, she rendered the modern world an incalculable service; but in the tremendous ferment through which she passed, and the radical reaction against the mediæval conceptions in which she had lived for centuries which followed, her moral life was well-nigh sacrificed. The immense resources which she recovered for mankind, the splendor of her genius, the range and depth of human

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Engraving from the original by Zucchero.

experience which she made her own, and which she shared with the world in her stories and dramas, gave her an influence in the English imagination which was not diminished until long after Milton's time, and which was searching and almost overwhelming when Shakespeare began to write. The profanity, the cruelty, the excesses of passion, the use of crime, intrigue, and lust as dramatic motives which repelled and alarmed the Puritans, were due largely to the influence and example of the Italian drama, and to the material furnished by the Italian novelle, or tales of love and intrigue; but these tragic themes, though often presented with repulsive frankness, were almost always moralized in treatment. If the crimes were appalling, the punishments were adequate; the sin was not detached from the penalty by the subtlety of a corrupt imagination, nor was the deed separated from its inevitable consequences by that dexterity, so characteristic of the Italian Renaissance, of a mind marvelously trained but smitten with ethical blindness. Compared with the contemporaneous Italian and French dramas, the early English plays show distinct moral health; they are more manly, virile, and wholesome. They are often coarse; they touch upon forbidden things at times

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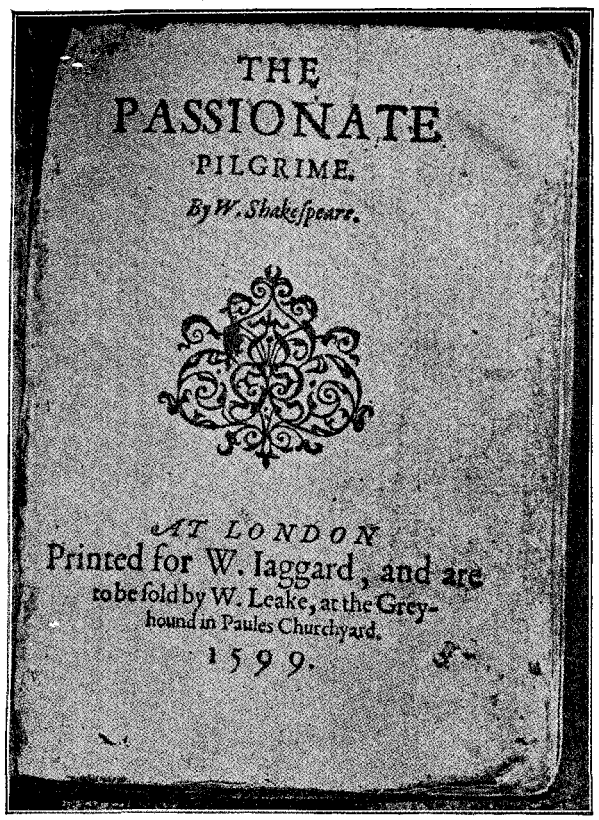

THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME"

Reproduced from the very rare copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge.

with evident enjoyment; they occasionally show an inordinate curiosity concerning unnatural relations and offenses; but they are, as a whole, morally sound in the exact sense of the words; and when the moral and intellectual conditions under which they were produced and the social influences which surrounded them are taken into account, they are remarkably clean and sane.

The English language, in which strength, beauty, and compass of expression were combined, had become a well-defined and highly developed national speech when Shakespeare began to use it, but was still the language of life rather than of literature; its freshest and most beguiling combinations of sound and sense were still to be made; it was still warm from the molds in which it had been cast; it was still plastic to the touch of the imagination. The poet had learned its most intimate familiar symbols of homely, domestic, daily life among the people at Stratford; he had drank of its ancient classical springs in the grammar school; and, in London, among men of gift, quality, and knowledge of the world, he came quickly to master the vocabulary of the men of action, adventure, and affairs. The drama as a literary form was at the same critical stage; it was well defined, its main lines were distinctly marked, but it had not hardened into final forms. The genius of Marlowe had brought to its development the richness of diction and the imaginative splendor of great poetry. It remained for Shakespeare to harmonize both language and art with the highest individual insight and gift of song, and to blend in forms of ultimate beauty and power the vitality of his age, the quality of his genius, a great philosophy of life, and the freedom and flexibility of a language of noble compass both of thought and music.

The stage offered both the form and the field for a great popular literature; a literature capacious enough to receive and conserve the largest thought concerning human destiny, to disclose and to employ the finest resources of poetry, and yet to use a speech which was part of every Englishman's memory and experience. The drama was the one great opportunity of expression which the age offered, and Shakespeare turned to it instinctively. The measure of his genius was the measure of his sensitiveness, and his imagination ran into dramatic channels by the spiritual gravitation of his whole nature. It is true, the drama was not yet recognized as a form of literature; and in this fortunate fact lies one of the secrets of Shakespeare's freshness and freedom; he wrote neither for the critics of his own time nor for that vague but inexorable posterity which is the final judge of the artist's work. He poured his genius, with a sublime indifference to the verdict of the future, into the nearest, the most capacious, and the most vital forms. It is

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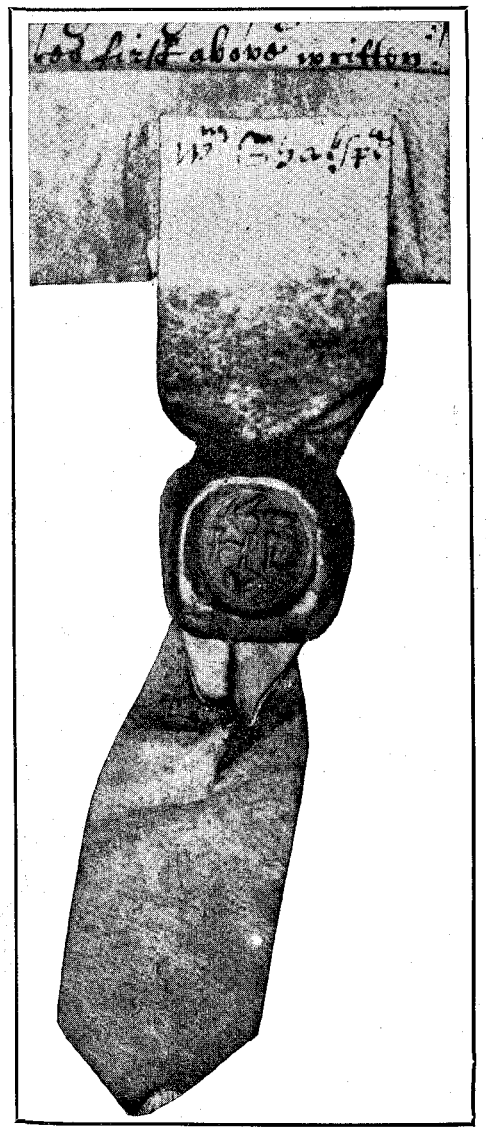
doubtful if he ever differentiated in his own mind the different kinds of work which fell to his hand; he was actor, manager, and playwright, after the fashion of his time, without literary self-consciousness and without literary ambitions in the modern sense of the word; doing his work as if the eyes of the whole world were to read it, but doing it for the immediate reward of crowded audiences and the satisfaction of his own artistic conscience.

Shakespeare reached London about 1586, when he was twenty-two years old; five years later, in 1591, he was revising or writing plays; and in 1612 his work was done. In about twenty years he wrote the thirty-six or thirty-seven five-act plays which bear his name; "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," "A Lover's Complaint," "The Phœnix and Turtle;" the sequence of sonnets which of themselves would have put him in the front rank of lyric poets; and he made important contributions to the composite and surreptitiously printed "The Passionate Pilgrim." There is no probability that the date from which the indentures of his apprenticeship to the arts of poetry and play-writing ran will ever be known; it is known that not later than 1591 his hand was beginning to make itself felt. The time was prodigal of great men and great work. Greene, who died the following year, was starving in a garret which was in no sense traditional; Marlowe met his death in a tavern brawl in 1593; the final issues of Lyly's "Euphues" were being widely read; Sidney's "Arcadia," which had been handed about in manuscript, after the fashion of a time when the publisher and the reading public were more than a century in the future, could be read from a well-printed page; the first books of the "Faerie Queene" had come out of Ireland; Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie," written in defense of the stage, appeared in 1595, eight years after his death on the bloody field of Zutphen; Webb's "Discourse of English Poetrie" had come to light in the year of Shakespeare's introduction to London, and Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" had followed it three years later. Criticism did not lag behind the beautiful lyrical and rich dramatic productiveness of the age. Men of action and men of letters were equally astir, and the names of Spenser and Raleigh, of Drake and Sidney, of Grenville and Marlowe, were heard on all sides among the men with whom Shakespeare lived. The Armada was fresh in the memory of a generation upon which a multitude of new and stimulating interests were playing; life was a vast ferment, and literature was on such intimate terms with experience that it became the confidant of life and the repository of all its secrets.

That Shakespeare felt the full force of the intoxicating vitality of the air in which



SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE
Appended to the purchase-deed of a house in Blackfriars, March 10, 1612-13. The original is preserved in the Guildhall Museum, London.

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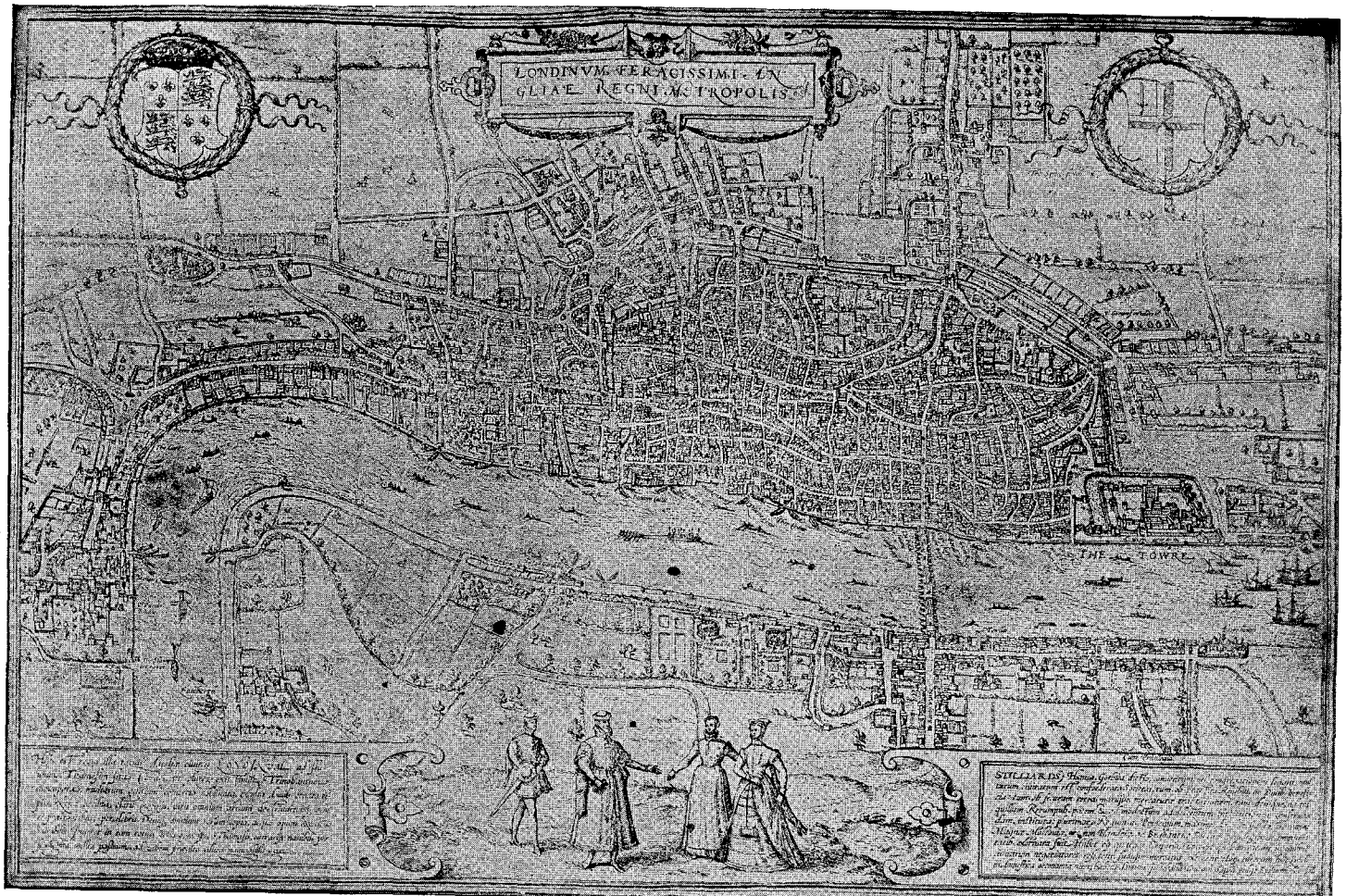

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON

Stilliard's map of the city in the reign of Elizabeth

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he lived cannot be doubted; but his first attempts at play-writing were timid and tentative. The stages of the growth of his mind and art are distinctly marked in the form and substance of his work; he was in no sense a miracle, in no way an exception to the universal law of growth through experience, of spiritual ripening by the process of living, and of the development of skill through apprenticeship. He had to learn his trade as every man of parts had to learn it before him, and will have to learn it to the end of time. His first steps were uncertain; they did not lead him out of the greenroom where the stock of plays was kept. These plays were drawn from many sources; they were often composite; in many cases individual authorship had been forgotten, if it had ever been known; no sense of personal proprietorship attached to them; they belonged to the theater; many of them had been revised so many times by so many hands that all semblance of their first forms had disappeared; they were constantly changed by the actors themselves. These plays were, in some instances, not even printed; they existed only as unpublished manuscripts; in many cases a play did not exist as an entirety even in manuscript; it existed only in parts with cues for the different actors. The publication of a play was the very last thing desired by the writer, or by the theater to which it was sold and to which it belonged, and every precaution was taken to prevent a publicity which was harmful to the interests of author and owner. The exclusive ownership of successful plays was a large part of the capital of the theaters. Shorthand writers often took down the speeches of actors, and in this way plays were stolen and surreptitiously printed; but they were full of all manner of inaccuracies, the verse passages readily becoming prose in the hands of unimaginative reporters, and the method was regarded as dishonorable. Reputable playwrights, having sold a work to a theater, did not regard it as available for publication.

It is easy to understand, therefore, the uncertainty about the text of many of the Elizabethan dramas, including that of the Shakespearean plays. Having sold a play, the writer, as a rule, expected no further gain from it, and was chiefly concerned to protect it from mutilation by keeping it out of print. For this reason most of the plays acted in the reign of Elizabeth and in that of her successor are lost beyond recovery. In order to understand Shakespeare's attitude towards his work it is necessary to reverse contemporary literary conditions, under which authors are constantly urged to publish and the sense of individual ownership in literary work is intensified by all the circumstances of the literary life. Plays were sometimes published in Shakespeare's time by the consent of the theaters to which they had been sold; but the privilege was rarely applied for. When Ben Jonson treated his plays as literature by publishing them in 1616 as his "Works," he was ridiculed for his pretensions; and Webster's care to secure correctness in the printing of his tragedies laid him open to a charge of pedantry. At a later time the popular interest in plays for reading purposes opened an unsuspected source of income to play-writers, and publication became customary; of the thirty-seven plays commonly credited to Shakespeare only sixteen were published during the life of the poet, and these were probably printed without his authorization, certainly without his revision. There was no copyright law, and the author could not protect himself against imperfect reproductions of his own works. Shakespeare's income came from the sale of plays and from the patronage of the theaters in which he was interested; from every point of view he was, therefore, averse to the publication of his dramas. If he had set his heart on publicity, the theater was the most effective form of publication which the times offered.

The prices paid for plays ranged from five to ten pounds sterling, or from twenty-five to fifty dollars, Ben Jonson receiving the larger sum as a minimum. These plays, having become the absolute property of the theater, were treated with the utmost freedom and were made over from time to time to suit the popular taste; they were often the products of collaboration between two or more authors, and the feeling of the writer for his work was so slight that many of the plays appeared without a name.

In The Theater or The Rose Shakespeare found a library of such plays which were the property, not of their

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writers, but of the owners of the theater, and which were regarded not as literature but as the capital of the company, to be recast, rewritten, revised, and made over to fit the times and suit the audience, which was sometimes to be found at the Palace, sometimes in the Inns of Court, and regularly in the rude wooden structures in which the different groups of players had finally established themselves. These plays drew freely upon history, tradition, legend, and foreign romance and tale; the soiled and tattered manuscripts bore the visible marks of the handling of many actors and prompters, and the invisible traces of a multitude of historians, poets, romancers, and dramatists whose work had been freely and frankly drawn upon; each successive playwright using what he needed, and discarding what seemed to him antiquated or ineffective. When Shakespeare became familiar with this mass of material, he found, among other themes, the story of the fall of Troy, the death of Cæsar, and various incidents in the lives of Plutarch's men, a collection of tales from Italy with the touch of the Boccaccian license and gayety on them, stories of adventure from Spanish sources, dark, half-legendary narratives from northern Europe, and a long list of plays based on English history from the days of Arthur to those of Henry VIII. and the great Cardinal. These plays were, for the most part, without order or art; they were rude in structure, crude in form, violent in expression, full of rant and excess of feeling and action, crowded with incident, and blood-curdling in their realistic presentation of savage crime; but there was immense vitality in them. They were the raw material of literature. They were as full of color and as boldly contemporaneous as a street ballad; there was enough history in them to make them vitally representative of English life and character; but the facts were handled with such freedom as to give the widest range to the genius of the individual playwright.

This was the material which Shakespeare found ready to his hand when he began to feel the creative impulse stirring within him; and he used this material as his fellow-craftsmen used it. As an actor he knew these plays at first hand, and with a critical comprehension of their strong and weak points. He probably mended the loose and defective lines in his own rôles; all actors of any originality revised their lines freely. When he became familiar with the practical requirements of the stage, and gained confidence in his own skill and judgment, he set himself to working over some of the more popular plays which were in constant use. This was his journey-work, and in doing it he served his apprenticeship. The earlier plays which bear his name are, for this reason, his only in part. They show his touch, as yet largely untrained, but already marvelously sure, and with something of magic in it; but they do not disclose the higher qualities of his genius, nor the large and beautiful art which he mastered after a few brief years of apprenticeship.

While it is true that the exact order in which Shakespeare wrote his plays is still uncertain, and is likely to remain undetermined, there is very little doubt regarding the general order in which they were given to the public. Evidence both external and internal has at length made possible a chronology of the plays which may be accepted as conclusive in indicating the large lines of Shakespeare's growth in thought and art. The external evidence is furnished by the dates of the earliest publication of some of the plays in quarto editions, the entries in the Register of the Stationers Company, and the references to the plays in contemporaneous books and manuscripts; to these must be added allusions, or supposed allusions, in some of the plays to contemporaneous conditions, events, and persons. The internal evidence is derived from a critical study of Shakespeare's versification; a study which has been sufficiently fruitful to make the application of what is known as the metrical or verse-test possible.

The blank verse in the early plays conforms rigidly to the rule which required a pause at the end of each line; in the early verse rhyming couplets are in constant use. As the poet gained confidence and skill he handled his verse with increasing ease and freedom, expanding metrical usage, varying the pause, discarding rhyme and introducing prose; and there is an evident tendency to exclude the verbal conceits with which the dramatist entertained himself in his earlier work.

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A PLAY AT THE BLACKFRIARS

The growing habit, revealed in the later plays, of ending a line with a preposition or conjunction furnishes material for a very minute and valuable study of what have become known as "weak endings." All these variations and peculiarities of style throw light on the chronology of the plays.

The first touches of Shakespeare's hand are found in the first part of "Henry VI.," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labor's Lost," and "Romeo and Juliet." The play of "Titus Andronicus" is usually included among the Shakespearean dramas, but there is little evidence of its Shakespearean authorship, and there are many reasons for doubting Shakespeare's connection with it. It was regarded as his work by some of his contemporaries, and included in the first complete edition of the plays in 1623; but sixty years after his death, Edward Ravenscroft, who edited the play in 1678, said: "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." This tradition is probably in accord with the fact; the repulsiveness of the plot, the violence of the tragic motive, and the absence of humor from the play are essentially foreign to Shakespeare's art and mind. He may have retouched it here and there; he can hardly have done more.

And yet "Titus Andronicus," with its succession of sanguinary scenes and massing of moral atrocities, may well find a place at the beginning of Shakespeare's work, so admirably does it illustrate the kind of tragedy which the early Elizabethan stage presented to its auditors. The theater was then in what may be called its journalistic stage; it was reserved for Marlowe and Shakespeare to advance it

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to the stage of literature. It was to the last degree sensational and sanguinary, presenting feasts of horrors to the "groundlings," as the worst sort of sensational journals of to-day spread before their readers, in crudest description, the details of the most repulsive crimes and the habits of the vilest criminals. Elizabethan audiences delighted in bloody scenes and ranting declamation, and both are still to be found in the sensational press, with this difference: the early theater reached relatively few people, but the modern journal of the worst sort reaches an uncounted multitude. This taste for horrors and this exaggeration of speech were glorified by Marlowe's genius but remained essentially unchanged by him; it was left for Shakespeare's serene and balanced spirit, deeper insight, and larger art to discard the repulsive elements of the tragedy without sacrificing its power. In "Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Othello" there are, however, traces of the older drama. Shakespeare did not wholly escape the influence of his time in this respect. "Titus Andronicus" is not without power, but it is too gross and redolent of the shambles even for Shakespeare's most immature art; if he touched it at all, it must have been in a purely imitative way, and in the mere details of expression.

A Summer in England for Two Hundred Dollars

By Rollin Lynde Hartt

THERE is a charmingly alliterative ring in the sound of the "penniless pilgrimage;" but I have this against it: it levies too grave a tax on the stomach, the legs, and the temper. It takes you by steerage and starves you; or sends you on foot and fags you; or tugs you pell-mell in a quarrelsome herd as you "follow the man from Cook's," and whisks you home in hot haste ere your farewell tears are dry upon your cheek. I therefore suggest a more excellent way.

Wait for wealth. Get two hundred dollars and a vacation, and then do as I did. I was gone twelve weeks. I sauntered by rail through England and Scotland. I carried a trunk, and spent enough money on it to have kept me another ten days abroad. I had a room to myself nearly all the time. I went to plays and concerts and grand opera, and paid my way into the innermost nooks and crannies of cathedrals and museums. I bought guidebooks and photographs. I tipped lackeys and waiting-maids—a little too freely at first (of which now I repent me). So, considering that no one has ever called me particularly deft at close dealing, and considering also that that was my first foreign journey, I can keep a good conscience when I bid any young gentleman go make the venture, and I heartily wish him luck in it.

Now, it is obviously somewhat necessary, when one sets one's face toward Europe, that one shall at first enter into a ship. As the saloon passage is dear, and the steerage passage quite unthinkable, one may best heed the old Latin maxim, "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" The second cabin, or "intermediate," took me from Boston to Liverpool and back again for sixty-five dollars. The New York liners ask just a trifle more. By either route you are sure of comfort (I do not say luxury), and comfort I take to consist in abundance of good food, a well-kept stateroom, a breezy deck, and the company of courteous fellow-voyagers. All this, I say, you are sure to get, but only as reward of foresight and wisdom. Know your ship; know it beforehand. They will put you four in a room, and, with proper ventilation and comrades of your own choosing, that is merry enough; but beware how they stow you six in a room without breath for two! Not only do the different lines vary in this respect, the different vessels of the same line vary quite as broadly. Besides, no two steamers are built just alike. One way, we favored intermediates were quartered exactly amidships, where the heave and plunge are

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least felt, and we strolled along a fine promenade for full two-thirds of the ship's length; the other way, we crouched in a mournful stern-cabin, two ladders down from the light of the sun, and we huddled together on deck with yet another deck above us. But the chief horror to escape is a second-cabin piano, which makes for coarse hilarity and rough-and-tumble acquaintanceship. Capital fun are those nightly impromptu vaudeville programmes, with Scottish ballads by Highland girls, English ditties and recitations by Cornish or Kentish working-lads, and jocular impersonations by barnstorming actors and music-hall vocalists; but I think they have need now and then of a fairly rigorous censoring. Without a piano you fare much better; indeed, you fare exceedingly well. A little taste for sociology will lend a fine zest to your ocean transit, for here at your elbow are the best of Wyckoff's "workers," and for ten long days you can keep them busy unbosoming their inmost souls. You will find them mightily approachable, particularly if you take along a tempting pair of ship's glasses; yet they hold their distance surprisingly. You may keep what isolation you desire, if perchance you desire to keep any at all. The second-cabin people on the Boston Cunarders are mainly English, Scotch, and Irish mill-operatives—hyphenated Americans—going back for a "holiday" with the old folks at home; but now and then you may meet a party of young collegians; sometimes an impecunious preacher or painter or musician or college instructor; quite frequently a group of New England schoolma'ams, with novels and rugs and spectacles. Yet the grandest resource is the steerage. While you must not mingle with those splendid Fifth Avenue sea-kings, the first-cabin passengers, you are cheerily welcomed by the very humblest. They cannot come to you, but you may go to them; and many a pleasant hour have I passed, leaning over the ship's bow with Patsy Rafferty and Judy O'Grady, and watching the porpoises racing by day, or the soft phosphorescence by night. Life's dearest luxuries cost least; here is a whole new world of humanity laid open, the while you are saving a half of your ocean fare; and when you step ashore at the Liverpool landing-stage, you will find you have saved still more, for your steward is made proud with a shilling. Meanwhile, just think what extortionate fees those first-cabin folk are bestowing!

Humility is a gentle, agreeable virtue. Besides, there's money in it. Touring by rail, you will modestly choose the third-class carriage. You will book for a penny a mile, which is the English way of saying that you pay two cents a mile for your ticket. From Liverpool by Chester, Birmingham, the Shakespeare country, Oxford, and Windsor to London; from London by the cathedral cities—Ely, Peterboro', Lincoln, York, and Durham—to Edinburgh; from Edinburgh by coach and steamer and rail, amongst the bens and lochs of the highlands, to Glasgow; from Glasgow by lovely Carlisle and the English lake district back to Liverpool—my tickets for the whole journey cost me twenty-five dollars. Nor is cheapness the sole merit of third-class travel. When the guard slams the door, he shuts you in at close quarters with nine highly communicative representatives of Merrie England. You listen to their chatter, you ask them questions, you set them expounding the life and the ways of their country, and they respond to sympathetic interest with a very engaging solicitude, lest your journey fail to teach you the best you might learn. Scarlet poppies line the slopes of the railway cuts, dainty rose-clambered cottages flit by, you hurry like Tennyson's brook "by twenty thorps, a little town, and a half a hundred bridges," coursing through Britain, personally conducted by the Britons. Here are all sorts of people—at one extreme a cultured Oxonian, at the other the simple peasant folk. Or it may be they talk of America. Having witnessed Colonel Cody's vivid representations of Yankee life, they ask to see your "shooting-iron;" they argue that Lincoln is still President of the United States; they inquire whether "Connecktikut" is in "Tchicaggo;" they wonder whether you know their uncle who drives a street-car in Rio Janeiro—thereby establishing the truth of Charles Dudley Warner's assertion that in England ignorance of America is one of the branches taught in the public schools.

Quite proportional to the cheapness of travel by day is the cheapness of going to bed when the day is done. Taverns, coffee-

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houses, temperance hotels, and charming little inns afford real comfort at a cost of from twenty-five cents to half a dollar. If two share a room, the charge for each is reduced. And it is the part of prudence to pay in advance. In that way you fail to receive the bill of the hostelry, with its name, "Golden Cloud," "Legs of Man," "King Charles in the Oak," "Blue Bell," or "Red Lion," enscrolled at the top; but you escape the long column of petty charges beneath it, hearing nothing of "boots," "fires," "candles," or "service." So, once your lodging is paid for, you proceed to the "commercial room." "Good-evening, gentlemen," you say as you enter, and a dozen jolly Englishmen look up and return your greeting. Times have little changed since Geoffrey Chaucer wrote of the Tabard Inn and its group of pilgrims,

> So had I spoken with hem everichone,
> That I was of hir felaweship anon.

Then you have till eleven o'clock to make those men tell you about England. It is best on such occasions to keep one's nationality a little obscure. To that end it will pay you to make yourself as English as you can—wear the costume, speak the language. The former is easy. Englishmen spot us by our American hats and our "paper-soled" shoes; also by the cut of our clothes, though the chief Judas of our betrayal is the tongue, not the cloth. Yet, by continual contact with the English, you soon enough drop your Yankeeisms, and you fall quite unconsciously into the lilting sing-song of British speech. To be sure, you are far from perfect, but there are so many different accents and dialects in England that a miserable approximation of any one of them will simply lead an Englishman to set you down as from some distant region of the island. And, while putting on the Johnny Bull removes a certain barrier between you and your fellow-pilgrims, it saves you many a dollar. There are two prices in England, one for the Englishman, another for Americans. It is the summit of folly to quarter one's self in the favorite American resorts. My friends kindly prepared me a little morocco-covered note-book (with an alphabet notched in its gilded edges) containing lists of hostelries they recommended. I found that note-book infinitely helpful. It told me just what places I might most profitably avoid.

Tourists are hungry fellows, and meals by no means unimportant. You will pay, as a rule, seventy-five cents a day for good things to eat. Of course you may board at your inn, but not infrequently the easiest way is to stop for a bite at the nearest place in the midst of your sightseeing. Sometimes, particularly in big cities, it pays to take "private lodgings," and to have your morning and evening meals served in your room. You order what you want, and the purchases are made for you, a fee is exacted for cooking, and at the end of the week you receive an itemized bill. This arrangement really costs less than any other. Besides, it contains an element of sweet charity. You have the mellow satisfaction of knowing that your landlady and her entire household are fattening themselves upon the meats and drinks in your larder. But meanwhile what care you? Let them steal all they will, you delight in a menu of your own making, and the whole thing is so comfortable and so inexpensive that, extortion admitted, you blush to complain. Furthermore, you have had a chance peep now and then upon English home life—not at a high level, to be sure, but nevertheless hugely entertaining.

It is astonishing, too, how little one pays out for petty incidentals. The tiny lads who run beside you, pointing shame at your dusty shoes, will polish those shoes for a fee of two cents; add two cents more and they hop with glee. Shaving, in country shops (where you sit in a straight-back chair with your chin pointing toward the zenith and a block of wood stuck under your devoted head) costs two cents; in city shops, fitted with "American" chairs, it costs from six to twelve cents. Tram-car fare is graduated according to the distance, thus very commonly reducing your outlay. Items of personal service are quite ridiculously reasonable. In York my faithful umbrella turned inside out in a storm. The umbrella-mender had to take it all apart and put it together again. His charge was fifteen cents! And even your pleasures come cheap. I went in the "rush" at the Covent Garden Theater, won a seat in an exceeding tall gallery, and heard Calvé and the De Reszkes in "Carmen" for sixty-two cents.

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At "Madame Patti's Morning Concert," which began at three in the afternoon and never let up till six, I bought a fairly good seat for seventy-five cents. Patti sang to us six times; Mr. Santley, Ben Davies, Alice Gomez, and the famous Welsh Choir also contributed to the programme—to say nothing of two marvelous 'cello solos by Jean Gerardy. In art galleries you will take advantage of "free days," which is really the wisest course, for in that way you avoid the countless art students who post their easels in front of your favorite Rembrandts and Veroneses and fill the air with turpentine fumes.

"Economy," says Anthony Hope, "is going without something you want to-day so that to-morrow you can afford something you probably won't want." Ah, but what if every dollar saved means another day abroad? And what if every added day means the priceless acquisition of things never to be dimmed or lost or forgotten? Think! Here is the setting of English history, the background of English poetry and fiction, the charmed atmosphere of English national life. Here are the castles, minsters, ivied towers, and old battle-plains where our own remoter destinies were wrought out, along with the immediate destinies of our British forefathers. Nor is this all. At Edinburgh, at Glasgow, and at London the art of all Europe is waiting to win you to the love of pure beauty. And for this immeasurable total of enjoyment, rest, change, and genuine personal culture, you pay but two hundred dollars! You could scarcely have remained at home for twelve weeks at any lighter cost. It is, therefore, with a sense of profound and very grateful satisfaction that you turn once more to the "great gray sea," which seems now to be singing or chanting those musical lines of Kipling:

> It's over, then, come over,
> For the bee has quit the clover,
> And your English summer's done.

Apothegms

By Stephen B. Stanton

How, if we grow, shall we not outgrow?

Good taste is sympathetic imagination.

Convert habits from weights into wings.

A hill ahead is higher than a mountain behind.

Protect your compass from personal deflection.

The moment is the one weak spot in Time's armor.

Solitude is freedom for self; society, freedom from self.

Facts are merely points along the trail of transitory truth.

To travel is not the privilege of the rich, but of the imaginative.

Leave room in your mind for the thoughts to come up to breathe.

Particulars have no interest beyond establishing the principle.

Conscience is the particular and personal word of universal wisdom.

God is always more beautiful than his most beautiful manifestation.

A sense of failure is as much a mark of rising ideal as of failing performance.

We beautify our lives like our buildings, on the side men see them, but leave them ugly where they show toward heaven.

Art retains its hold only by changing its form. "Sing unto the Lord a new song." The spirit lives only by ceaseless change of expression.

People are "partial" to us not only when they praise but when they blame. Let us attend to partial judgments of neither kind, but only to our own whole judgment of ourselves.

Let us be cosmopolitans of time as well as of space. Men whose thoughts and ways are those of the ages. Men moved by the future, the present, and the past. Normal men.

Had you your veriest desire, the world in its essential relations to you would still be the same, and happiness still have to be sought in the same things which are even now at your elbow.

Every one of any spiritual resource comes early to an understanding with the universe and God. This understanding is the fundamental faith which remains firm and unshaken through all superficial variations of mere creed. On it rests all true religion.

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IN THE SAND BUNKER

From an etching by Frank Paton after the painting by C. E. Brock.

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The Moral Side of Golf

By the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D.

Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn.

I THINK it was the late Professor Romanes—if it was not he, it was some one else—who made some interesting experiments upon what he was pleased to call the mathematical faculty of some of the lower animals. The question which he was trying to determine was whether or not they possessed such a rudimentary sense of numbers as could have, a few million years later on, developed into the genius of a Newton or a Laplace. By some very ingenious experiments in corn-fields and kennels and sties, he became convinced that a crow could count up to three, a dog to five, and a pig to six. A perplexing element in his experiments was that the animals always seemed able to count to a higher number when under observation than when left to themselves. I was reminded of this curious achievement of the modern scientific method the other day when I "took on" a gentleman who, like myself, had gone to the links alone. I had known him only casually, but so far favorably. He belonged to one of those professions which are commonly spoken of as "learned." Indeed, I may state outright that he is a Judge of a Superior Court. His moral standing was unimpeachable. His reputation in the community vouched for that. But his curious deficiency in the sense of number struck me strangely. Beyond six he simply could not count—unless some observer was overlooking his strokes. Left to himself, he showed a strange tendency to revert to the habits of his feathered or bristled original. I related the incident to a scientific friend, who, as it appeared to me, treated it with less seriousness than it deserved, dismissing it airily with the somewhat offensive dictum that "none but imbeciles play golf, anyway"! This estimate of his was an error. Imbeciles do not play golf. They talk golf. They buy clubs and costumes and fling divots, but an inexorable nature of things presently eliminates them from the field. Either that, or the educational influence of the game so stimulates their intellectual faculties that they become able to play, and, by an equal step, become able to count their strokes, even up to double numbers if need so be.

As to the moral side of golf, which, I bethink me, is the title of this paper, I have been assured again and again that it has no moral side. I was warned that it led to extravagance; it was a notorious Sabbath-breaker; it was the very genius of profanity; my wife would become a widow and my children fatherless. Had my friends been familiar with the Psalter, they would no doubt have added that "my bishopric should another take." In this last adjuration they would have been wrong, not knowing that it had been already taken. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I became a golf-player—at least I became fond of the game. Has my moral nature taken any hurt thereby?

This question of the moral aspect of amusements is an interesting one. It measures the distance we have traveled. The Puritan would have made short work of it. They who proscribed bear-baiting, "not because it hurt the bear, but because it pleased the people," would find much ground for fasting if they lived now. It is not so long since we were a people who knew not the meaning of amusement. Our forebears prayed and cleared the ground, leveled the hills and bridged the rivers, fought Indians and discussed theology, talked politics and went to law. But they never played. When the country had been to a degree subdued, and the people had begun to grow rich, they still felt a curious shamefacedness about taking pleasure. The genial evening dances of a Continental village or the long summer evening games of an English hamlet were never transplanted to this soil. The inherited gospel of America has been a gospel of work.

Fathers kept their boys at work for work's own sake. The autobiographies of self-made Americans record with gratitude that in their youth they had no time to play. Until baseball came in, within

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the memory of men yet in vigorous life, there was not only no "National game," but playing was not the National habit. Up to twenty years ago there was hardly a place or a society in this country where a grown man could openly set about to play without doing violence to the established prejudice, and without a certain sense of personal shame. He might go to the theater after his day's work was done. He might escape to the wilderness out of the sight of men and disport himself with rod and gun. But frankly and openly to set about to amuse himself he did not dare. The "American Sabbath" had also had much to do with this side of life. For more than two centuries the people of this country sincerely believed that, with the exception of "so much time as may be taken up with works of necessity and mercy, the whole of Sunday should be spent in the public and private exercise of God's worship." They did not always and everywhere act upon the belief, but the belief was prevalent and potent enough to keep them from openly acting contrary thereto. There is nothing in all the rest of Christendom to correspond to those enactments on the statute-books of every American State for the protection of the sanctity of Sunday against desecration by amusement.

But within the last score of years we have passed into a new social order. A leisure class has arisen which has time to play. The old prejudice against pleasure as being intrinsically evil has broken down nearly everywhere. The Puritan Sabbath has been definitely renounced. The holiness of work for its own sake and the unholiness of pleasure on its own account have both come to be questioned by the people everywhere. With our characteristic lack of moderation, we threaten to become a people who live for pleasure. We have already come to be the greatest theater and play going people in the world. The bicycle has tolled off old men and maidens, young men and children, into the country by the tens of thousands on Sundays, holidays, and in every spare hour. The automobile is getting ready to carry a new multitude in search of new recreation. Summer vacations are growing longer and are more generally taken. The hours of labor are being steadily shortened. Summer playgrounds are being equipped and maintained for even the children of the poor.

On the very topmost crest of this wave of movement Golf rides. It is an institution which marks an epoch. It came in the fullness of time. It requires more leisure than any other amusement—not even excepting cricket. It costs more money than any other. It requires more time, care, preparation, provision, than any other. It was not possible in any general way until a whole mass of prejudice, custom, and tradition had been melted away. It stands pre-eminent as the exponent of a new era. Its devotees are the priests and priestesses of a new cult. I have no idea how many golf links there are in this country, and still less idea how many people disport themselves upon them. But I venture the assertion that the golf-players present an average of intelligence, position, influence, and wealth far beyond that of the frequenters of any other game. They are, as a matter of fact, making public opinion and fixing social customs in a way and to an extent which few of them realize. In one most important particular they have it in their power to make custom, which is more powerful than law. That is concerning the treatment of Sunday. And allow me to say that I am writing, not as a parson, but as a golf-player. But "Sunday" is a good deal more of an institution than every one realizes. It is probably by far the most popular institution in the country. If its maintenance were put to vote, the *plébiscite* would be practically unanimous. Priest and presbyter, workman and lounger, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker—all would give it their suffrage. The hebdomadal free day, the day whereupon tasks may be laid down and on which competition shall let up, is one of the valued possessions of the people. Probably it has contributed more than any other single influence to make us what we are. The philosophic historian might draw out a very pretty moral of the effect of the conventional "Sunday inspection," "Sunday parade," Sunday bath and dress—in a word, of the weekly return of all the people to cleanliness and self-respect.

But we are just now entering upon an experiment in regard to the day which thoughtful men will watch with interest, and

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some with apprehension. Heretofore Sunday has rested upon a religious sanction. It has been a weekly "truce of God." In the fear of their Overlord men have laid aside their competitions one day in seven. They have mutually agreed to stop work to give a chance to pray. Can they maintain that agreement for sake of a chance to play?

This is really the most serious question which will confront a people who have gained leisure, who have ceased to think shame of pleasure, who have equipped themselves with the machinery for amusement. A great manufacturer who is also a shrewd politician said lately, in an address to young men: "Employers of labor have been and are willing to close down once a week to let their people go to church. They would probably be willing to do so to allow them to improve their minds. I am not sure that they will feel bound to do so for sake of allowing them to ride their wheels or to go to baseball matches."

Here the golf-player has an advantage. He usually controls his own time, and is not bound to ask leave of any man. Still, it might be well for him to consider whether or not his rival and competitor in business who does not play golf is likely to close his office always, after Sunday shall have the divine sanction emptied out of it, and has come to rest only upon the need of a time for recreation. What action shall we, then, expect of that great class of men who don't want to play, who find their pleasure in work? Will they shut their offices that we may play golf? And if they conclude to work seven days in the week, can we compete with them in six? There be signs already in the commercial world which will bear watching.

Might it not be well for the golfer to stop at church and say his prayers of a Sunday morning on his way to the links? He can leave his clubs in the vestibule. The sexton will look after them. At that early hour, while as yet his mind is fairly free from the intoxication of his game, it may well be that the spirit of the holy place will so steady him that he will go out a better man, will find fuller satisfaction in his game, will treat his caddie with more consideration, and will count his strokes more carefully.

Expositions, Conventions, and Meetings

MORE than most years, the year 1900 has been distinguished and will be distinguished by important conferences, conventions, and gatherings.

By far the most important assemblage is that which the Paris Exposition is calling together. Up to the present, the Exposition has not been in a condition of readiness, but it is anticipated that by June 15, at all events by July 1, everything will be in order, and the "Ville Lumière," as the Parisians love to term their capital, will witness a multitude in attendance on the Exposition, more remarkable both in quantity and quality than any preceding assemblage of the kind.

The spot chosen for the main Exhibition is in the heart of the city, and not at a considerable distance outside of it, as was the case in our International Exhibitions at Philadelphia and Chicago. Nor is the space covered so large as that of our recent Columbian Fair. We may add with pardonable pride that, though individual buildings may be more remarkable than any which distinguished our "White City," the view of the Paris Exposition as a whole lacks the unity and beauty of effect which was obtained at Chicago.

Many will naturally be interested first of all in the spectacular features of the Exposition—in the Water Palace in the Champs de Mars, which eclipses the famous fountain at Versailles; in the movable sidewalk, operated by an electric current; or in the trans-Asiatic railway, where one lunches or dines in the train, enjoys a moving panorama, and makes an imaginary journey from Moscow to Peking. These spectacular features naturally lead up to a consideration of the first great point of importance in the Paris Exhibition—its registry of the many inventions which have been developed since 1893, especially in the domain of electricity.

A second lies in the more characteristic

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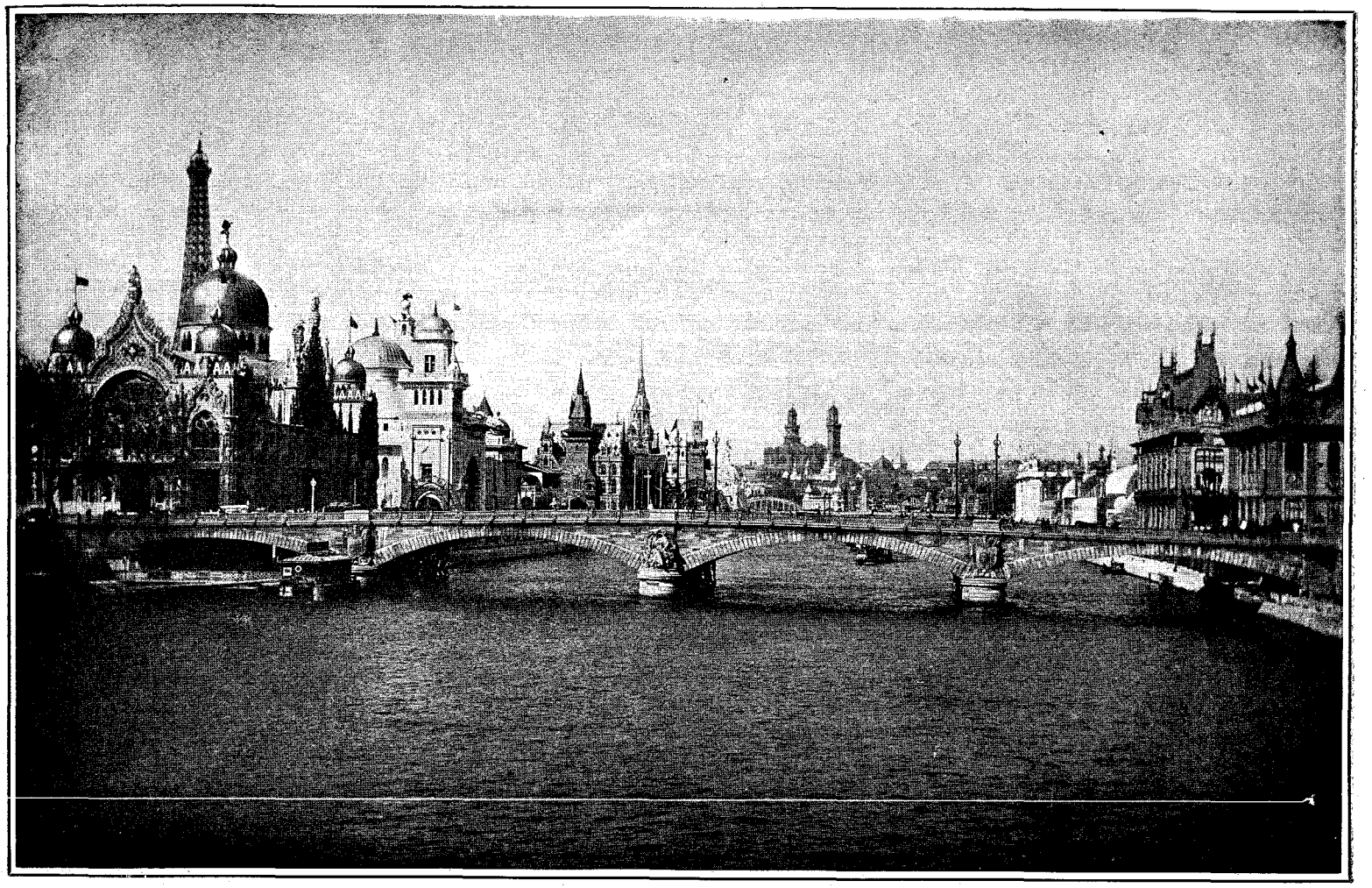

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

The new Alexander III. Bridge is in the foreground.

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displays from fifty foreign nations than were seen at Chicago.

A third is found in the really stupendous exhibition of painting and sculpture. It is indeed proper that a city, more than any other the home of art, should be the special home of art at this Exposition, as in its predecessors in the French capital in 1867, 1878, and 1889.

The supreme merit of the Paris Exhibition, however, has nothing to do with any material displays. The idea which found such noble expression at our Columbian Exhibition—the evidence of spiritual advancement alongside that of material progress—finds in Paris a larger and more widespread emphasis. We refer, of course, to the various Congresses which are to be held in connection with the exhibitions. The Palais des Congrès is a spacious building, as it must be to accommodate the one hundred and five great gatherings which will meet within its walls. The meetings have already begun, and will last into October. Certain among them will not comprise more than two days, others will require an entire week—the extreme limit afforded by the Exhibition authorities. As many scholars and experts are interested in the matter of more than one of the Congresses, the schedule has been arranged so that visitors may take part in the sessions of several cognate congresses without unduly prolonging their sojourn in Paris.

The Congresses of Applied Science will be in session from May 25 to September 29, treating successively these subjects: Horticulture, forestry, mines and metallurgy, vine cultivation, insurance, agriculture, steam engines and machinery, applied mechanics, naval architecture and construction, photography, applied chemistry, navigation, economic and commercial geography, tramways, fruit culture, fisheries, and railways.

The Congresses in Social Science and Economics will begin on June 18 and last until October 6, considering the subjects of housing, women's work, agricultural co-operation, credit banks, co-operative production, profit-sharing, life-saving, co-operative alliances, commerce and industry, colonial sociology, poor relief, the blind, deaf-mutes, anti-slavery, colonies, the history of religions, women's rights, social education, and peace.

From June 26 to October 7 the Congresses in Science, Philosophy, and Religion will be held. They include congresses on history, physics, mathematics, geology, electricity, anthropology, archæology, psychology, ethnography, religions, folk-lore, chemistry, and botany.

The Congresses in Medicine and Hygiene will be in session from July 23 to August 15; they include the departments of professional medicine, medicine in general, dermatology, dentistry, hygiene, and hypnotism.

The Congresses in Education convene from July 24 to September 16. The following subjects will be successively considered: Modern language teaching, higher education, teaching of social science, primary and secondary education, technical and industrial education, the educational press, stenography, bibliography, drawing, popular education, agricultural instruction.

Of the above, the Congresses in Social Economics seem the most elaborate and carefully classified. The President of the Congress is M. Siegfried, a recent Cabinet Minister, and more latterly famous as the firm friend, through evil and good report, of Colonel Picquart, the hero of the Dreyfus case. Our American Social Economic Exhibit has been divided into the following heads: The country, the people, institutions, social and industrial betterment, hygiene, and charities.

The Congress of the History of Religions, meeting September 3–9, will also be of peculiar interest. Its President is Professor Albert Réville, of the Collége de France. This Congress forms, with other cognate congresses, an uninterrupted series, beginning with psychology August 17, and closing with folk-lore September 16.

Outside of the Exhibition Congresses there will be summer schools of hardly less value. After the usual courses of the Paris Sorbonne, the Collége de France, and the professional schools, the semesters of which close in July, groups of summer schools are being arranged in these institutions to last throughout August and September for the study of the sciences, but especially of the French language, literature, and history.

The International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education is already providing lectures in Paris dealing with the general aspects of the Exhibition, as well as with the popular, the agricultural, industrial, commercial, artistic, and educational sides, including a survey of the work done at the various Congresses. These lectures are delivered in both English and French. The International Association has also instituted art courses with special reference to the exhibits, and it has established, as well, certain special technical and commercial courses. An even more practical service rendered by the International Association is in its institution of a "Department of Skilled Guidance." This Department is intended for the benefit of those visitors to the Exposition—and they form a majority—who come to see the Exhibition as a whole rather than to attend any of the Congresses. If they choose to avail themselves of it, these visitors have the benefit of interpretation to all the departments of the Exposition.

Religion

Among the religious features of the year, the performance of the Passion Play

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at Oberammergau, Bavaria, takes first place. Twenty-five performances are to be given during the summer, the last being on the last day of September. Those who attended the spectacle in 1890, 1880, or earlier—for the performances are given but once in ten years—will be interested to learn that this year, for the first time, the spectators' seats are to be under cover, though the stage will continue to be open to the sky. There is accommodation for about four thousand visitors at each performance, and the present season will undoubtedly record more foreigners at Oberammergau than ever before, perhaps chiefly on account of the great crowds not so far away at Paris, but also because there is a keener interest in the simple religious devotion characterizing these spectacles. Some changes have taken place in the personnel of the actors, most notably, of course, in the part of Christ, which is no longer taken by Josef Mayer, but by Anton Lang. It is to be hoped that no one who has the opportunity of going to Oberammergau will fail to witness at least half a day of this wonderful presentation of Christ's life; to remain from early morning until night, with but a slight intermission at the middle of the day, witnessing the Gospel story produced with a realism and a directness beyond all compare, might be almost too much for extra-sensitive and emotional folk. Oberammergau is still, fortunately, removed from the great highways of modern travel through Europe, and the Passion Play is still presented with an absence of commercialism most grateful to all who seek for genuine spiritual refreshment. The impressively rugged scenery of the Bavarian Highlands, the genuine fervor of the inhabitants of the town noted so long for the production of the sacred story for which it has always taken ten years in preparation—in short, the meeting of nature and religion on a quiet Sunday in the little mountain village, produces even upon the most irreligious an ineffaceable impression.

The first great religious gathering in America will occur June 5–7, at Detroit, Mich., when the annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society will be held. The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom will preach the sermon. Other speakers will be the Rev. Drs. Bradford and Kingsbury, and Mrs. Kate Upson Clark. Major-General O. O. Howard is the President of the Society. The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America will hold its sessions June 6–13, at Asbury Park, N. J. The third annual Convention of the Federation of American Zionists will occur June 10 at New York City; and in August, at Basle, Switzerland—the meeting-place of previous Congresses—the General Zionists' Congress will hold its session. Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, is President of the Federation of American Zionists. The Convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the United Brethren Church will hold its sixth biennial session June 21–24 at Lebanon, Pa.

It is cheering to know that Mr. Moody's work at Northfield will go on this summer as usual. The series of Northfield Conferences will begin with the World Students' Conference, lasting from June 29 to July 8. Among the speakers expected are President Schurman, Bishop Vincent, and Mr. R. E. Speer. Mr. J. R. Mott will preside. A part of each afternoon will be devoted to athletics and recreation, a committee of different colleges being in charge of this department. The programme of other years in regard to discussions of students' work, Bible classes, missionary gatherings, and sunset meeting on Round Top will be followed. The Women's Christian Association Conference assembles on July 13 at Northfield, and continues for ten days. The General Conference for Christian Workers will hold its eighteenth gathering at Northfield from August 2 to August 20. Among the speakers from England we note the names of Messrs. Morgan and Meyer. Conferences of young people and Sunday-school work will be added features of the Northfield season. The Moody Bible Institute will hold its autumn session from September 19 to September 26 at Chicago, under the direction of the Rev. J. M. Gray, D.D., of Boston.

The College Students' Conference will be held from June 15 to June 24, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association and of the Young Women's Christian Association. The meetings will have a Northfield character, as their principal features will be conferences on religious labors among college students, missionary meetings, and Bible study. Following the College Students' Conference, the Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association will occur June 29–July 9, at the same place. The sixth Southern Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held from June 15 to June 25, at Asheville, N. C.

July religious gatherings will be begun by the twelfth annual Convention of the United Society of Free Baptist Young People, which meets from the 5th to the 8th of that month at Lewiston, Me. The Baptist Young People's Union will hold its international Convention from July 12 to July 15 at Cincinnati. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. E. G. Gauge, of the Regent's Park Baptist Church, London, England.

An international convention of greater general interest will occupy the time from July 14–18, when, at London, England,

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ANTON LANG

Impersonator of Christ at Oberammergau.

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the members of the Christian Endeavor Society will meet. The Alexandra Palace and various huge tents spread in the large park about the Palace will accommodate the vast gathering, which it is anticipated may include an attendance of thirty thousand. Over two thousand delegates will go from this country on specially chartered steamers. The Lord Mayor of London, at his official residence, the Mansion House, will welcome the delegates to the city, and special services will be held in Westminster Abbey and in other churches. A particularly picturesque feature of the Convention will be the denominational pilgrimages to such places as Bedford, Scrooby, and Epworth. Among the speakers at the Convention will be, of course, the Rev. Dr. Clark, the President; from England there will be Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. Drs Fairbairn, Parker, and Gibson; from America, Bishops Walters and Arnett, the Rev. Drs. Babcock, Lorimer, and the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

From July 17 to July 27, at Epworth Heights, Loveland, O., there will be held an interdenominational gathering of young people, a heritage of the Methodist camp-meetings which for over a quarter of a century have taken place in this part of the Little Miami Valley. Loveland is about twenty miles from Cincinnati. From July 25 to July 30, at Denver, Colo., will occur the twelfth annual Con-

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vention of the Young People's Christian Union of the United Presbyterian Church. From July 26 to August 26, at Lake Geneva, Wis., the Secretaries and Physical Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet in annual session. Last year sixty students were in attendance. From August 12–19, at Cottage City, Mass., the Baptist Vineyard Association will hold its annual meeting under the direction of the Rev. Daniel Shepherdson, Jr., of Chicago. On September 12, at Richmond, Va., the National Baptist Convention will meet. October religious gatherings will be opened by the next annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston, the new President, will preside at the sessions, and the annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Providence. From October 10–14, at Richmond, Va., the fifteenth annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will take place. The notable efforts recently made at Manila by delegates from this Brotherhood will undoubtedly result in interesting discussions as to the place and duty of colonial missions. From October 11–13, at Kansas City, Mo., will occur the Convention of the Christian Women's Board of Missions. In October also occurs, at Springfield, Mass., the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association. This body is now over a half-century old. The most interesting feature of the meeting will probably be the discussion regarding mission work in Porto Rico. On November 30, at Washington, will occur the annual Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Education

The International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education, to which reference has already been made, is to hold its first assembly during the Paris Exposition. The present organization dates from the meetings last year of the British and French Associations for the Advancement of Science.

The most interesting feature of the month of June in America is formed, as always, by the various College Commencements. The following is a chronological list for this year, comprising the principal colleges: June 1, Iowa College. June 3, University of Mississippi. June 4, United States Naval Academy. June 5, University of North Carolina. June 6, the Universities of Kansas, Missouri, and Louisiana; Cornell, Boston, Purdue, and the American Catholic Universities; Berea College. June 7, the Universities of Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico, Bryn Mawr College, and the Kentucky State College. June 10, Wells College. June 12, the Johns Hopkins University. June 13, the Universities of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Illinois, and Maine; Columbia, Princeton, Syracuse, Lake Forest, and Fisk Universities; Vassar, Marietta, Roanoke, Colorado, and Carleton Colleges; the United States Military Academy. June 14, the University of North Dakota, Clark, Ohio-Wesleyan, Northwestern, Knox, Drake, Lincoln, Miami, Wooster, and Western Reserve Universities; and Drury College. June 15, Haverford College. June 17, Colgate University. June 19, the Universities of Chicago and Tennessee; Smith College. June 20, the Universities of Rochester, Georgia, and Alabama, Washington and Lee; Tulane, Brown, Lehigh, and Vanderbilt Universities; Beloit, Hobart, Lafayette, Tufts, and Mount Holyoke Colleges. June 21, the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and Indiana. June 26, St. Lawrence and Union Universities, Georgetown and Wellesley Colleges. June 27, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, and Colby Universities; Williams, Oberlin, and Kenyon Colleges. June 28, the Columbian University, Amherst, Hamilton, Bowdoin, and Bates Colleges. July 3, Middlebury College.

Perhaps the most important meeting of educators in this country will be that of the National Educational Association, to be held at Charleston, S. C., July 7–13. An auditorium with a seating capacity of eight thousand will be provided, and department meetings will be held in adjacent halls and churches. Accommodations have already been secured by canvass for ten thousand visitors, the number represented in the associate membership of the National Educational Association, the active or permanent membership now numbering 2,200. The most important of the State educational meetings will probably be the annual convocation of the University of the State of New York, which will take place June 25–27 at Albany. From July 7–11, at Halifax, N. S., the American Institute of Instruction will hold its annual Convention; from July 5–9, at Philadelphia, the annual National Convention of the German Teachers' Association will take place; and from June 6–17, at Montreal, the annual meeting of the American Library Association will occur.

The regular session of the Harvard Summer School will be specially distinguished this year by the presence of fifteen hundred Cuban teachers. The President and Fellows of Harvard University have set aside seventy thousand dollars to give instruction to these teachers. Other summer schools will be held at Columbia, Cornell, New York University, the Universities of Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Virginia, Iowa and Beloit Colleges, and at McGill University. Summer schools for teachers will be held at Martha's Vineyard, Hampton and Roanoke, and Hanover, N. H. The Sauveur Summer School of Languages will hold its annual session at Amherst, Mass., as usual.

From July 27–August 23, at Chautauqua, N. Y., the twenty-sixth season of this parent of all summer schools will be held. It is anticipated that the attendance this year will be the largest in its history: last year forty-one thousand persons were present during the summer. Perhaps the most distinguished lecturer at Chautauqua this year will be President Stanley Hall, of Clark University, who is announced for a course on "The New Education." Lectures on the Social Settlement

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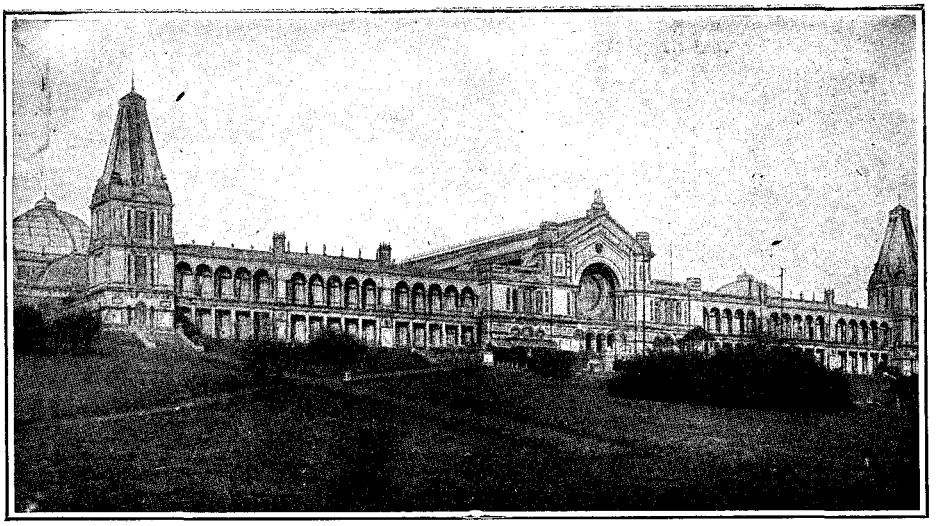

ALEXANDRA PALACE, WOOD GREEN

Where the World's Christian Endeavor Convention will be held, July 13 to 20, 1900.

movement will be delivered by Professor Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, and Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago. Other lecturers are President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California; Mr. Francis Wilson, the famous comedian; Professor Bliss Perry, the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly;" Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whose contributions on the South African question have attracted so much attention; and Professor George A. Coe, of Northwestern University, the specialist in hallucination, hypnotic trances, and kindred phenomena. The Summer Assembly of the Jewish Chautauqua Society will take place during the last two weeks of July at Atlantic City, N. J. In the absence of the Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, will have charge of the educational work. The immediate director of the Assembly is Mr. Isaac Hessler, of Philadelphia. Occupying the months of July and August at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, there will be held the ninth session of the Roman Catholic Champlain Summer School. A number of distinguished scholars have accepted invitations to lecture.

Philanthropy

Beginning on July 22, at London, England, the Pan-African Conference will hold its sessions. The African Association which has called this Conference together is organized for the special purpose of benefiting the black residents of the Dark Continent. The sessions of the Conference will be held in the Westminster Town Hall.

From June 18 to July 28 the Charity Organization Society of New York City will conduct its second Summer School in Philanthropy. The sessions will be under the direction of Dr. P. W. Ayres. The principal topic for discussion will be the treatment of needy families in their homes; other topics will be the care of neglected and delinquent children, the institutional care of adults, medical charities, and neighborhood improvements. From September 22 to September 26 the National Prison Association will meet at Cleveland, Ohio; and from October 10 to October 12, at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., the annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference will take place.

Art

No other year has offered such evidence of the growth and power of American art as has the year 1900. This is true with regard to the exhibitions which have already taken place in this country, the chief stress being laid on that at Philadelphia; it is especially true, however, with regard to the present showing of our painting and sculpture in Europe. The two principal exhibitions there are the annual Academy Show in London, and the annual Salon in Paris. Both are now open. The Academy exhibition is noteworthy this year, not so much because of English contributions, good as they are, but because of two American canvases which dominate all the rest. Beyond question the preeminent picture of the year is Mr. Sargent's "Daughters of Mrs. Wyndham," as remarkable a work as was Mr. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Wyndham herself, exhibited at an Academy Show years ago. The London "Times" says of Mr. Sar-

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gent's canvas: "It is the greatest picture that has appeared for many years on the walls of the Royal Academy." Only second in interest is Mr. Abbey's "The Trial of Queen Katharine," in which the robes of Cardinal Wolsey light up the whole wall on which the picture hangs. The work is a wonderful example of grouping, there being no less than fifty figures on the canvas.

As the old Palais de l'Industrie has been demolished to make room for the Exposition, the Paris Salon this year is held in the Place de Breteuil. Taken as a whole, this year's Salon is not so distinguished as some of its predecessors have been, but to Americans it is interesting as showing the honor paid to the work, not of American veterans, as at London, but to American beginners. For instance, medals were bestowed on Mr. Dwight Boyden, of Boston, a pupil of Boulanger, for the "End of a Rainy Day," and to Miss Green, of New York, a pupil of Collin, for her "Regard Fugitif." A number of other Americans received Honorable Mention.

The most important event of the year in sculpture will occur on July 3, on the Place d'Iéna in Paris, when the Washington Equestrian Statue will be unveiled. The date is not only the eve of the anniversary of our National independence; it is also the anniversary of the assumption of the command of the Continental Army at Cambridge by Washington. The work is in bronze, and is the first ever cast in the United States and sent to Europe. If American painting is receiving great recognition this year in Europe, so will American sculpture, for the figure of Washington was modeled by Mr. D. C. French, and the spirited horse by Mr. E. C. Potter. The statue is one of the most inspiring works of sculpture yet conceived, and does especial honor to American sculpture. The immortal Father of his Country is apparently facing his soldiers, and, with sword pointed directly toward heaven, is dedicating himself and his army to his country's service. The cost of the work was nearly sixty thousand dollars, a sum raised entirely by popular subscription among women.

The development of the art of music in America will be emphasized from June 19 to June 22 at Des Moines, Iowa, where the Music Teachers' National Association will hold its annual convention, and, more popularly, from July 1 to July 4, at Brooklyn, N. Y., when the Northeastern Sängerbund will hold its annual Sängerfest. The German Emperor has offered a cup for competition at this music festival. The Northwestern Sängerbund will hold its annual Sängerfest August 9–12 at Burlington, Iowa.

The development of landscape art ought to receive new impetus by reason of the meeting of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, June 6–8, at Chicago. The object of this Association is to promote the conservation of natural scenery, the acquirement and improvement of land for public parks and reservations, and the advancement of all outdoor art which has to do with the designing of grounds. The President of the Association is Mr. C. M. Loring, of Minneapolis, one of the creators of the admirable park system of that city. We are glad to learn that nearly a hundred communities are represented in the Association's membership.

Science

Occupying the last week of June, at Columbia University, New York City, the annual Convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held. In joint sessions will occur the meeting with the sections of the American Association of the American Chemical Society, the American Forestry Association, the American Mathematical Society, the Conference of Astronomers and Physicists, the Geological Society of America, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, and others. From July 18 to July 20, the annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will take place at Wood's Holl, Mass., where the members will have the advantage of seeing the practical workings of the large fishcultural station conducted by the United States Fish Commission. The American Ornithologist Union will hold its annual meeting from November 13 to 15 at Cambridge, Mass.

Medicine and Hygiene

From June 1–5, at Atlantic City, N. J., the American Academy of Medicine, now a quarter of a century old, will hold its annual meeting.

From June 5–8, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, the American Medical Association, now more than a half-century old, and comprising eighty-five hundred practitioners, will hold its annual meeting. On June 6, at Washington, D. C., the next meeting of the American Institute of Homeopathy will occur. From June 19–21, at Atlantic City, N. J., the National Eclectic Medical Association will hold its annual meeting; and from June 26–29, at Old Point Comfort, Va., the National Dental Association will meet. The American Veterinary Medical Association will meet September 4–6 at Detroit; the American

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Academy of Railway Surgeons will hold its sessions on September 5 at St. Paul; and on September 25, at New York City, the American Electro-Therapeutic Association will hold its annual meeting. The President is Dr. W. H. White, of Boston. A particularly interesting gathering will be that at Indianapolis from October 1–6, when the American Public Health Association will be in session.

Political and Military

From a political point of view the most important gatherings in America this summer will be the National Conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties, to be held respectively beginning June 19, at Philadelphia, and July 4, at Kansas City.

On the same date as the meeting of the Republican Convention the General Society of the War of 1812 will also meet at Philadelphia, the date being the anniversary of the declaration of the War of 1812 by the United States against Great Britain. A number of the actual participants in that war are on the rolls of the Society. The second annual reunion of the "Rough Riders" will occur from July 1 to July 4, at Oklahoma City. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York State and creator of the wonderful cavalry organization which did such gallant service during the Spanish war, expects to be present during the entire reunion. The Governors of all the United States, together with their staffs, have been invited to come to Oklahoma City, and a number of volunteer regiments which distinguished themselves during the late war have also been invited. Among the regiments accepting are the Twentieth Kansas, the First Colorado, and the First Tennessee. The reunion will probably be the most picturesque meeting of the year on this continent. From August 27 to September 2, at Chicago, the thirty-fourth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will take place. The present Commander-in-Chief is Colonel Albert D. Shaw, of Watertown, N. Y. From September 11 to 13, at Syracuse, N. Y., will be held the nineteenth annual encampment of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans. Lieutenant-Governor Jones, of Ohio, is the Commander-in-Chief. On October 10, at Indianapolis, will occur the annual meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. Finally, from November 14–17, at Montgomery, Ala., will be held the annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, under the presidency of Mrs. E. G. Weed, of Jacksonville, Florida.

Industrial and Commercial

The International Mining Congress will hold its sessions from June 17 to June 22, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The most interesting feature will be a discussion of the recommendation to establish a Mines Department in the Cabinet of the President of the United States.

On June 18, at Saratoga Springs, New York, will occur the joint sessions of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association and the Master Car-Builders' Association. The National Association of Photo-Engravers will hold its Convention July 16–21 at Cleveland, and the Photographers' Association of America will hold its annual convention on July 23 at Milwaukee. From July 24–27, at Detroit, will occur the sessions of the National Association of Railway Agents. On July 25, at Indianapolis, will be held the eighth annual Convention of the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations. The International Typographical Union will meet August 13–18 at Milwaukee. From August 14–17, at Put-in Bay, Ohio, the National Shorthand Reporters' Association will meet. On September 3, at Milwaukee, the annual Convention of the National Association of Stationary Engineers will be held, under the presidency of Mr. H. E. Stone. The Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will be held on September 10 at Des Moines, Ia.; and on October 16, at Kansas City, Mo., the Convention of the American Street Railway Association will take place. From November 13–18, at Birmingham, Ala., will occur the Convention of the Knights of Labor. Mr. J. M. Parsons is the Grand Master Workman. The annual session of the American Federation of Labor will take place December 5–10 at Louisville, Ky.

Miscellaneous

The General Federation of Women's Clubs will hold its Convention from June 4 to June 9, at Milwaukee. Occupying the first week in July at London, England, the annual Convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers will be held, in conjunction with the meeting of the British Institution of Civil Engineers. The annual Convention of the National Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics will occur, July 10–14, at Milwaukee. Among papers to be read at the Convention will be those by Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, and by the Hon. J. W. Latta, of Pennsylvania. In connection with the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, the annual meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers will occur on August 16, at Paris. The American Society of Municipal Improvement will meet on August 28, at Milwaukee. The annual meeting of the American Bar Association will be held, August 29–31, at Saratoga, N. Y. Not until the last week of December will the meetings of the American Economic Association and the American Historical Association take place. These meetings are to be at Detroit, and several joint sessions will naturally result. The President of the first Association is Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin; of the second, Dr. Edward Eggleston, the well-known novelist and historian.

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A WHITE KERCHIEF

BY JANE BARLOW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

MRS. DEMPSEY made a patch of brilliant color on the soft green of the hillside where she sat towards noon knitting in the sun, and minding Nellie her cow. It was early May sunshine, strong enough thoroughly to dry and warm the sod it lay on, so that Nellie had to graze along in the shrinking shadows under dykes and bushes if she wished for a dewy mouthful, while her mistress could find a seat anywhere else without risk of incurring cold or rheumatism, or, more serious still, "the clothes all destroyed on me." About these she was always somewhat fastidious. This morning she wore her skirt of stout homespun, deep red like a very ripe hawthorn-berry, a shortish thick cloth cloak, blue as the smoke of her peat fire, and on her head a fine woolen kerchief, white as any mushroom awning when most freshly unfurled. The skirt was woven of yarn which she had spun herself and dyed last year; the cloak had descended to her from two generations; but the kerchief she had bought only the other day in Kenny's shop at Clonshone. This head-covering was, in fact, Mrs. Dempsey's darling vanity, and the one point upon which she inclined to downright extravagance on her own account. She would always have it of the finest texture and purest white; not even a thread of color in the border would she tolerate. As for those of bold pattern and gaudy hue, she would never so much as look at them, notwithstanding that this kind is cheaper, and by most people considered far more tasty. Besides, "them *plain* sort don't last clane in the house smoke while you would be puttin' them on," as Molly Moran urged one day in defense of her own choice—a large check design of a vivid orange and violet, which Mrs. Dempsey had declared "drew the sight out of her two eyes." But when frequent washings had superinduced yellowing and skimpiness, as repeated washings, however careful, will do, her reckless habit was to buy herself another, although it "stood her in every farthing of one and ninepence."

MRS. DEMPSEY KNITTING IN THE SUN

Only that morning she had taken a bran-new one into wear, and the sheen of it under the sunbeams lit up the long green slope on which she was perched. From the opposite hills across the valley, a distance which blurred away the dimmer red and blue, she might have been supposed one of the district's pearly-fleeced sheep—a fleck of shimmering snow. Probably she was not aware of this particular effect; but ever since she had deftly tied the

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loose knot beneath her chin she had felt pleasantly subconscious of being well attired. In her opinion, that was by no means incompatible with the circumstance that she had not a shoe to her foot. To go with bare feet was her custom on all occasions except the very grandest, such as the big Christmas Fair, or an especially splendid wedding or burying. Even then she often started dangling a small bundle in her hand, and did not complete her toilet till she reached the last convenient halting-place on the way, from whence she would continue her journey, walking with a painful pride. This proceeding of Mrs. Dempsey's gave rise to much remark among her neighbors, who were of the opinion that she "was not a very poor woman at all," and "well able to go about respectable if she had a mind." The elders sometimes reminded one another that Bridget McSheehan, her mother's sister, had been "a rael ould naygur, who wouldn't have had the heart to spend a penny she could help, if money'd grown as plenty as pebbles on the say-shore. They wouldn't go for to say that Mrs. Dempsey, the crathur, was as miserable as all that come to; still, she might have it in her to be more than a trifle near."

Echoes of these comments reached Norah, Mrs. Dempsey's only daughter, who took them much to heart, and all the more because they partly coincided with her own view of the matter. She agreed with Molly Moran, too, about the perishable white kerchiefs, though on that point she took good care to keep her sentiments to herself, lest her mother might imagine them uttered in a grudging spirit; whereas Norah willingly would have given the clothes off her back, or the hair off her head, or, indeed, have made any possible transfer of property, be it ever so inconvenient, for her mother's benefit or gratification. But she had no such reason to disguise her belief that her mother "hadn't any call to be goin' about a show on them, and she all the while ownin' a grand pair of shoes and stockings laid up with the tags droppin' off the laces, and the nails rustin' out of the soles, and the moths aitin' the legs into threads." Often did she urge these facts, and always without avail. Mrs. Dempsey was old-fashioned for her years, which were, comparatively speaking, not many, and she could recall the less sophisticated days of her childhood, when in her family circle to go shod savored of luxury. She was used, moreover, to doing things her own way, having been early left a widow with three children and a small bit of land to manage as best she could—a situation which promoted independence of thought and action. Therefore she generally replied to Norah's arguments: "Ah, sure, girl alive, what 'ud ail me to be thrampin' holes in me good shoes for nothin' at all? It 'ud be a sin and a shame; and, morebetoken, I'd a dale liefer go widout them. Why, when you've got them clamped on to you, you can never tell the differ whether it's the ilegant soft mossy grass-sods and the springy stalks of the heather you're threadin' under you, or the ugly rough stones and muck of mud. Bedad, I'd as soon lose the taste of me mouth as the feel of me feet."

Norah would be silenced but nowise convinced by such representations, and would renew the attack whenever she visited Larnacorry. For, to her grief, she was living, not at home, but up at a farmhouse some miles away, where laborious days earned her the rare delight of now and then possessing a few shillings to spend as she liked—that is to say, on whatever she might have resolved long ago to "be gettin' the crathur, plase goodness, the next time she had a chance." Her wages were as much as a pound a quarter, and on less than that she could "keep herself dacint," which was the most that Norah, though still on the vain side of five-and-twenty, allowed herself to aim at. Very seldom did a bit of finery beguile her into expenditure which entailed upon her the regrets of an empty-handed homecoming.

On this last return she had brought with her an unusually large sum, and had entertained especially high hopes of inducing her mother to be amenable about the shoe question, which she was just then particularly anxious to see satisfactorily settled. They were, however, all disappointed. Norah actually experienced the mortification of hearing Mrs. Dempsey bid Kenny's shop-boy "reach her down them little white handkerchers like a good lad," instead of asking to be shown that pair of "wonderful comfortable boots with side elastics," whose praises had

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been sounded suggestively in her stopped ears. So chagrined, indeed, was Norah at the failure of her charming, that when Mrs. Dempsey appeared after breakfast, new purchase on head and half-guilty joy therein on countenance, an ebullition nearly came about. As it was, her annoyance led her to make an excuse of some needlework, instead of joining her mother and Nellie on their progress pasturewards; which seemed a willful waste, seeing that after next week she would find a woeful want of their society.

For Norah was going out to America. Her elder brother, whose young wife had lately died on him, had written from Arbutus City, Ohio, begging her to come and keep house, and promising her chances of gaining by a few easy *chores* among the neighbors many times the wages that accrued to her from her long days of drudgery under Mrs. McCluskey's roof. These brilliant prospects, however, weighed less with her than did the forlorn plight of poor Mick and his two infant children; and even that would never have drawn her so far beyond her mother's reach if her other brother had not been just then returning home. "Wid Paddy to keep her company, sure she'll scarce miss me at all," she reflected, recognizing with a sort of humorous jealousy the notorious favoritism which had always prevailed in their little household. "Sure, everybody knew that Mrs. Dempsey set the greatest store in the world by her black-headed youngest son, who was the moral of all the McQueens, her own people." She had fretted terribly when he took it into his head to be off to America along with Mick, and now the expectation of his speedy return to her was a great joy, which left a substantial balance of happiness even after deducting her regrets at the necessity for her daughter's departure. Paddy reported himself to have had good luck and to be bringing back "a tidy little bit of money," which he proposed to lay out upon what he called magniloquently "the farm estate." He predicted that they would have grand times entirely at Larnacorry.

Mrs. Dempsey, as she sat now twinkling her bright needles, was forecasting this future, and embellishing it with the probability that Norah would soon persuade poor Mick "to come back home, himself and the two children, the way they'd all be comfortable together," with other such finishing touches to felicity, when a short shadow and a soft step drew near her over the grass. It was Norah, who, calculating that she could not afford these times to lose so much of her mother's society, had bundled up her sewing and followed. "Yourself, bedad, after all," said Mrs. Dempsey, well pleased; "sure it's a sin to be sittin' pokin' your eyes out in the dark, when the sun's just meltin' himself down into blazes of light over the land. You'll work twice as fast here."

"Och, you ould sinner!" Norah said, standing in front of her and eying her industry with reprobation. "How ready you are to be knittin' what you won't put a fut in yourself, if a body went down on her knees to you!"

"The sock's for poor Paddy," Mrs. Dempsey explained. "The dear knows what manner of ould flitters the child may be comin' home wid on him."

"I'm as sorry as anything," Norah said, "that I'll be quit before he gets here to you. It's rael contráry, the steamboat takin' to sail when his is just comin' in. I'd ha' liked to have had a sight of him, and to see the two of yous settled nicely, till I'd go wid an aisy mind."

"Aisy it may be right enough, anyway," said Mrs. Dempsey. "What 'ud ail me to do anything except finely along wid Paddy, and he grown rich, too. I wouldn't wonder if we would be ownin' our six cows agin' this time next year, instead of our grass to be goin' to loss, wid Nellie, the crathur, noways able for it all, though, bedad, she does be doin' her endeavors, I'll say that for her." The possession of six cows was ever a day-dream of Mrs. Dempsey's ambitious fancy, because the privileges of her little holding included grazing for that number.

"Ah, sure, now, it's just the nathur of any baste to swally all it can, and no thanks to it," said Norah, who was skeptical about any such self-denying thriftiness on the part of Nellie.

"Nor it isn't as if you was like to be away over there, jewel, any great while to spake of," Mrs. Dempsey went on; "for you may depind poor Mick 'ill be ready enough to quit out of it the first minyit he gets e'er a chance of comin' home. Plase God it won't be long till I see him, and

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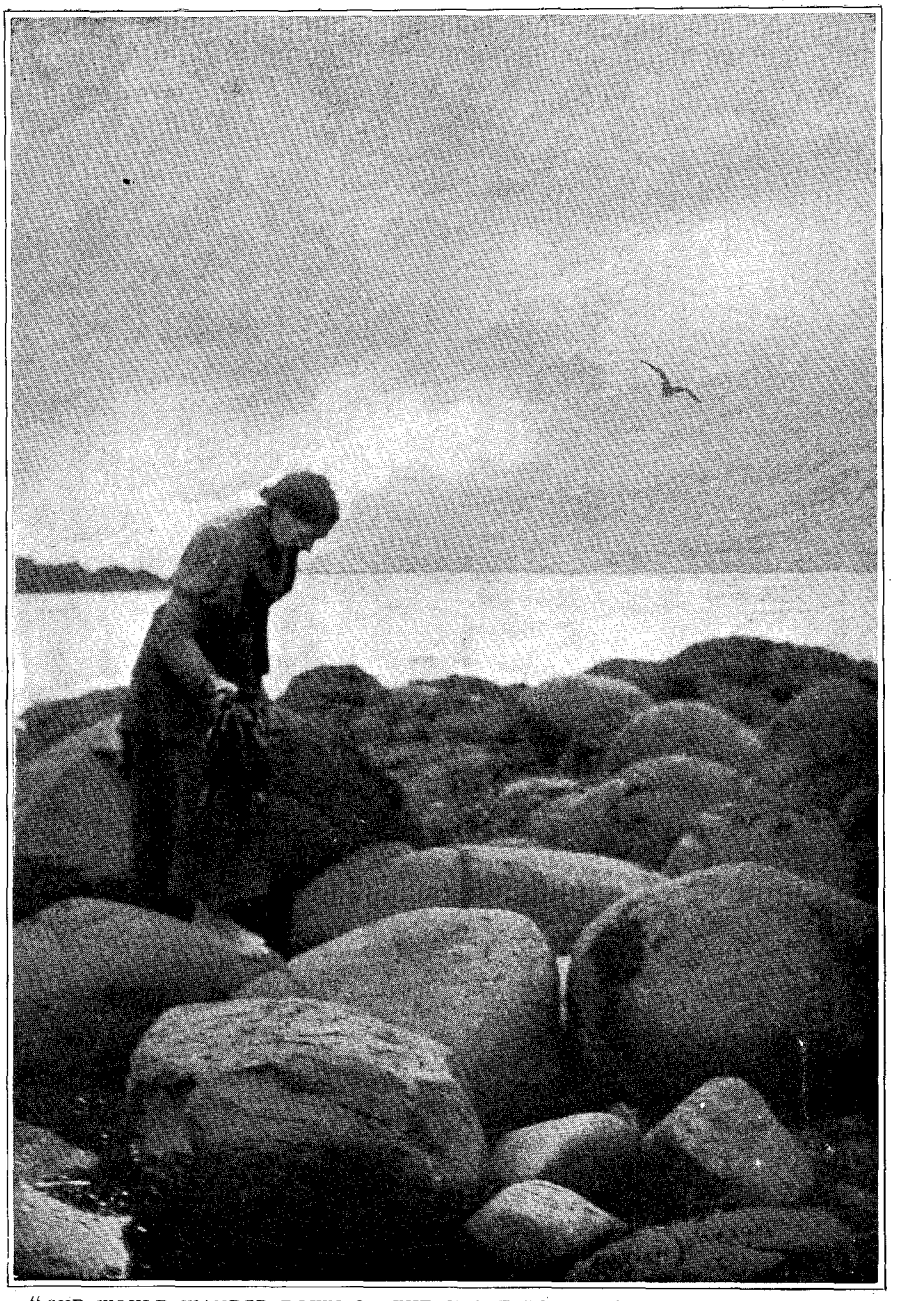

"SHE WOULD WANDER DOWN ON THE SHORE TO TRY IF SHE COULD GATHER A WISP OF DILISK OFF THE SHAGGY ROCKS"

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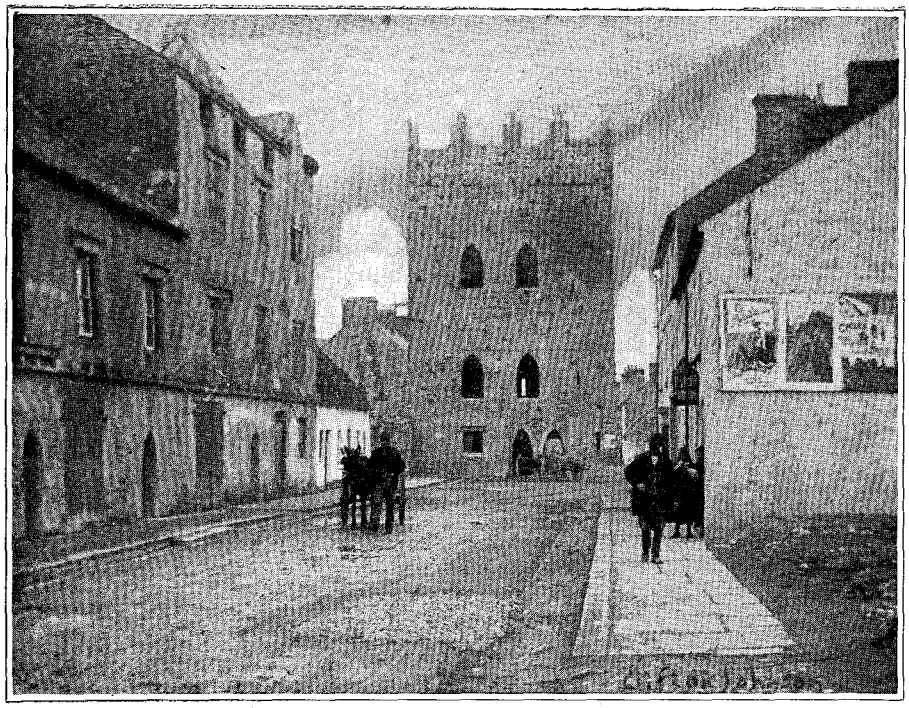

MEENOUGHTER

the childer, and yourself steppin' in to us safe and sound, like as if yous was just after comin' back from mass or market or somewheres dacint and raisonable."

"I've twinty minds in me to not go a fut," Norah murmured, but her mother was so rapt in pleasant visions that she did not notice the protest, and she continued looking out from under the snowy eaves of her kerchief across the sunlit hill-slopes, with plans for the happy time ahead spinning before her mind's eye, while the burnished needles flickered like flashes of Lilliput lightning between her nimble fingers.

A few days later, when, with dizzy brain and dazzled sight, Norah, for the first time, crept up out on the deck of the swift Atlantic liner, the first thing she noticed was that the heaving, cold-blue expanse around her showed every here and there a curved snowy crest, which somehow reminded her of her mother's folded white kerchief gleaming in the sun. And thereupon the face it had framed, and the familiar old cloak and red skirt, and the bare feet she had, alas! caviled at, presented themselves with a vividness which gave a keener edge to the desolate sense that New York was nearer than Larnacorry. But through her years of exile it became her habit and solace to make the sunny green nook on the hillside the setting for all her pictures of the dearest thing she had left behind. There it was always fair spring weather, with a serene azure, lark-haunted, shining over the dewy sward, where grasshoppers were scraping on the finest fiddles in the world, and wild herbs blossomed tiny and aromatic. And always the brightest sunbeam touched the gleaming white kerchief and rested on it, like a visible omen of safety and good luck.

While Norah, her daughter, went voyaging away to the west, Mrs. Dempsey was having an anxious time. She spent the first day or two in eager expectation of her son Paddy's arrival, his steamer being due at Queenstown. But a week and more passed by without bringing any news of him. He must be coming, she began to think, by the next boat; "and, sure, even so, he had a right to be here agin now, or very nearly," she reckoned to console herself. For further distraction of her mind she resorted to a grand improvement scheme which had occupied it lately. This was nothing less than the

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thatching—no more patching or darning, but thatching, body and bones—of her little house. The lustrous green pelt of moss on its spreading gabled roof had long been a grievance to her eyes, from which, now that her Paddy was coming home with a fortune, she thought she might venture to relieve them. So she made bold to bespeak from Mr. Kevin Fitzsimons, who was opening his big rick, three loads of straw, in full confidence that Paddy would willingly hold himself responsible for the debt. But here again a disappointment befell her, for Mr. Fitzsimons was perhaps more doubtful about his security; at any rate, he so delayed in executing her order that throughout another whole week of long days she vainly looked for the appearance of either the promised son or the promised straw. At last the cumbrous blue and orange farm-carts did lumber down her narrow boreen, with their loftily piled loads teasing themselves into golden wisps against the high, furzy banks. By this time, however, such was her uneasiness about the overdue Paddy that she had scarcely the heart to interest herself at all about the stowing away of her thatching materials, and she let the carters just dump the loose sheaves down anywhere they liked, which happened to be inconveniently close to her door and windows. In fact, the yellow mounds rising chimney-high almost overwhelmed the little dwelling, and excluded light and fresh air and obstructed movement to a degree scarcely realizable by anybody who has never gone through the same experience. Her attempts to "regulate the heaps a bit" did but make matters worse, as she was quite unable to cope with the mass, which under her futile handling seemed to grow in bulk like dough kneaded before the fire, or cream swelling unluckily in the churn. Her surroundings might have been a haggard in a small corner of Chaos. The disorder culminated when one morning heavy rain set in, and, fretted at the sight of her precious bundles soddening beneath the soaking wet, she dragged under shelter indoors as many of them as she could contrive. "Och, but I was the quare fool to go litter the place up wid such ungovernable ould stuff," she said to herself that night, looking bitterly round her crammed room, and sniffing the choky odor of the musty straw, while beyond the partition wall she heard Nellie coughing hollowly from the same cause. "And as like as not me poor Paddy all the while wid the waves rollin' wild over his head—and maybe Norah's too for aught I can tell. It's a dale I want wid a grand new roof over mine, and I left desolit in the lonesome world."

"THE FORLORN LITTLE HILLSIDE CABIN"

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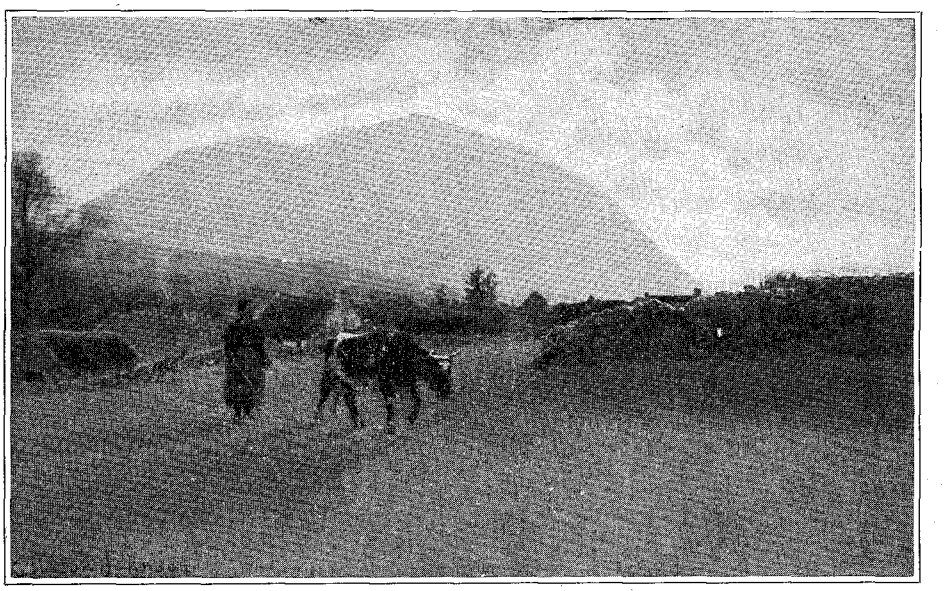
By next morning, which dawned windy as well as wet, she had regained a less sweepingly despondent view of things; still, her mood was dejected enough when, early in the afternoon, she began her slow progress back from the hillside, where she had been restlessly watching Nellie graze. In those days Nellie had to travel to and fro more often than ordinarily, since her mistress sought in frequent change of pasture relief from ruminating upon dolorous fancies. And when the two of them—one of the pair sauntering and browsing as much at leisure as if "the pours and blasts were not entirely outrageous"—had just turned the corner into the boreen,



MRS. DEMPSEY TAKES HER COW A-GRAZING

what should the other espy but a side-car, a canary colored side-car with a little roan mare under it, drawn up as close as the heaps of straw would permit to her own door. And on that door, the key of which lay deep in her pocket, several persons seemed to be thumping loudly. Three men there were, and two women, girls with flowery hats, and blouses pink and green, which the wind was plucking rudely by the hugest of sleeves. "Murder alive! what sort of grand people is in it at all?" Mrs. Dempsey said to herself. "And me wid me skirt over me head, and me scandalous ould patched petticoat not fit to be seen." But the next minute she had forgotten all about appearances in the discovery that one of the men was no less than her son Paddy himself, home again safe and sound.

That was joy supreme while it lasted. Only too soon, however, had to come explanations about his stranger companions, and thereupon followed woe. For she learned, alas! that the pink-bloused girl had on the day before become Mrs. Paddy. On the homeward-bound steamer had Paddy fallen in with this English Fanny Tuckett, and so expeditious a courtship had ensued that upon arriving at Queenstown they resolved to reside there for the requisite three weeks, in order to get married before proceeding home. Perhaps Paddy shrewdly suspected that the news would not best please Fanny's future mother-in-law; at any rate, he did not send it, choosing rather to attempt the position by surprise. So here he was with his bride, and with her father and sister, who had accompanied the pair, "just for a bit of a jaunt," out of their way back via Dublin to Manchester, where they lived.

Such, in brief, were the tidings Mrs. Dempsey bewilderedly heard, and under any circumstances they would have been grievous. But as it was, coming upon her like a fall of soot down her chimney, and finding her so ill prepared for the reception of foreign visitors, with her little house all in a litter, and she herself a show in her oldest bad-weather clothes,

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and "ne'er a bit of anything dacint for the tay," the circumstances must be pronounced aggravated. Nor could the afternoon be considered a social success—such surprise-parties seldom can. Although, after the first shock, she really tried hard to seem hospitable and cordial, even saying of the marriage, "Ah, sure, it's better anyway than if you was to ha' got drownded on me," the strangers were less polite about disguising their sentiments, and let everybody understand plainly that they had not expected to see Fanny settled in what Mr. Tuckett called "such a poor-looking shanty of a place." Mortal woman could scarcely say less than: "Bedad, then, let me tell you, your betters was raised in it." To which Mr. Tuckett rejoined, glancing viciously round the straw-encumbered room, "Upon my word, mum, in our country we rear nothing better in ricks than rats." Against these utterances of their parents-in-law both bride and bridegroom protested, saying, respectively, "Law, father, 'ow you do tork!" and "Whisht, whisht, woman alive!" and the altercation went no further. But a marked absence of pleasantness pervaded the party, till towards sunset the Tucketts were driven off looking supercilious and glum, while Mrs. Paddy noisily wept, openly avowing her wish that she could go with them, and her husband blamed the "ould trash of straw litterin' about," which had, he believed, given a contráry turn to things at his home-coming.

That was a black night for Mrs. Dempsey; and only the first, moreover, of many such. A woeful waking she had to clear consciousness of the fact that, though Paddy was back again sure enough, he belonged to her no more. Also, she never liked a bone in his new proprietress's skin, soon, indeed, coming to hate the sight of Fanny's gaudily attired form and the sound of the high-pitched "furrin" voice. Nor was Fanny behindhand in reciprocating these sentiments. Then, what with Mrs. Dempsey's desire to continue her custom of managing things her own way, and Mrs. Paddy's eagerness to begin that alluring process, the household became a scene of frequent skirmishes, in which the older woman had no ally. Paddy always sided with his wife. Even in the dispute about who was to have the "loan of a sate on Devlin's car to the pattern away at Moynadore," he had said: "Ah, sure, mother, it's too ould you are to be drivin' that far!" And he, as Mrs. Dempsey bitterly remembered, that not so long ago would have been ready to choke anybody who had offered to say there was a sign of ould age on her. Those unlucky straw-loads, again, provided immediate occasion for disagreement. With deep mortification Mrs. Dempsey found that she was considered to have taken too much upon herself in bespeaking them, that Paddy disapproved of the proposed thatching, and that he would not be responsible for the debt. He threw out some hints about intentions of having a slated roof over their heads before long, but she was depressed below the point of feeling any pride in the prospect of that grandeur. Paddy's repudiation embarrassed her sorely, and the unpaid-for superfluous straw grew into a sort of daily nightmare. At last, after putting up with much nagging about its "awk'ardness" on the premises, she prevailed on Farmer Fitzsimons to take a portion of it back, as a great favor—and Mrs. Dempsey detested asking favors—and she parted with her fat pig, at a serious disadvantage, to pay for the rest. But, would you believe it, ma'am or sir, that girl Fanny had the face to try stand her out that she had a right to have asked *their* leave about selling the beast—set them up! and she feeding the creature twice a day half a year before, by ill luck, she ever heard tell there was any such an ignorant, unmannerly hussy coming about the place to be giving her impudence.

It was no wonder, indeed, that this outrageous claim made her extremely indignant, for now, more than ever before, did it behoove her to be tenacious of proprietorship in the little steading and the live stock. If Paddy had come home to her as she had hoped, she would not have been at all careful to stand upon her rights; but now, since things were so deplorably altered, it seemed to her as though in the fact that she owned Nellie, and the bit of poultry, and the couple of pigs, lay all the means she had of asserting herself against the interloper. It is true that the roof over their uneasy heads was no less certainly her property, yet she never took

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this into consideration, simply because the thought of Paddy's seeking any other abode than "the ould place at home" had never occurred to her. The beasts and bit of land were a different matter, which conferred predominance and authority, enabling her to feel herself every inch the mistress still, despite all the finery and insolence, the meddling and making, of this upstart daughter-in-law, with her loud talk about the wonderful great improvements *they* presently would undertake with some of their own money. Mrs. Dempsey did not want to hear anything about that at all. "Paddy was kindly welcome—and any wife of his was welcome—to aught there might be in the ould place; but she would liefer they left it the way she'd been used to it ever. It done her right enough. They could fix it accordin' as they liked once she quit out of it; but, glory be to goodness! she was strong and hearty yet."

This, however, did not fall in with the views of Mrs. Paddy, nor of her husband, who at present saw most things blindly through her eyes. For the truth was that they had set their hearts on building a new house, and on getting the holding into Paddy's hands before he applied for a loan from the Land Commissioners. Paddy was of the opinion that she might now very well sell her interest in it to him—"cheap," Mrs. Paddy interpolated—and, of course, go on living with them all the same, "so long," added her daughter-in-law, "as she didn't interfere in what was no business of hers." Obviously, then, nothing could be more inconvenient and unreasonable than Mrs. Dempsey's attitude.

Matters standing thus, it was a very crushing blow to her when, towards the fall, her cherished Nellie "took and died on her" of some mysterious malady, brief and fatal, which baffled the skill of the most knowledgeable cow-doctor. Her loss was altogether irreparable. What good did it do her that Paddy bought himself a couple of heifers at the next Meenoughter fair? They were ugly-looking little weasels of things to her mind, and no affair of hers, anyhow. Not that she would put the poor lad out of conceit with them. But you might go far enough before you'd find the equal of poor Nellie; the kindest cow in Ireland, with more nature in her than plenty of human beings. Heavily dragged the lonesome mornings without anything to milk or mind; and then Mrs. Paddy must needs "up and sauce her about scalding the churn."

The ins and outs of it all would be too long a story, but the upshot of it is not difficult to foresee. Those two young people, both headstrong and energetic, disposed to hustle and grab, equipped, in short, for getting on in the world, were pitted against an older and less experienced woman, irritated and dejected by jealousy and disappointment, and separated from those who might have effectively taken her part. She was prone, moreover, to sentimental rather than practical notions about property. All these things told against her in the contest, and its end was that one March day, after an unusually disturbed period, she announced her intention of "taking herself off out of a place where nobody wanted her, to go live with poor Biddy McQueen away beyond at Letterard, who would be glad enough of her company. She would take her few fowls, and the pigs, and her bed, and get along well enough with her knitting."

Now this Biddy McQueen was a very indigent, half-crazy old kinswoman, who had her dwelling a dozen miles away on a bleak, sea-fronting hillside, where the flecks of fields are strewn with stones as thickly almost as the shingly strand below. Time was when the proposal would have shocked Paddy exceedingly, but now Fanny's open joy at it made him see it in a new light, and he let his mother go without remonstrance. He did, it is true, salve his conscience somewhat by insisting that she should take a few pounds in consideration of her relinquished claims upon the home at Larnacorry. He thrust them upon her in the rueful moments of leave-taking, and they caused her to feel heart-brokenly rich as she counted the wet notes—few they were indeed—jogging along out under the rain. Further, he cheered himself with the reflection that some people believed old Biddy to be a great miser, and possessed of vast wealth.

If so, she certainly concealed it most thoroughly, as that bleak countryside could hardly have produced a more forlornly poverty-stricken dwelling than the little rough-walled cabin with its glimmer

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of weather-worn whitewash, over which green, slimy stains ran down in long streaks from beneath the eaves where weighted rope-ends dangled, and whose sodden thatch in this wailing March twilight gloomed against the cold, clearing west like a heap of somber brown sea-wrack. Poor Biddy was in a moping fit, and had locked the door against Mrs. Dempsey and her drenched donkey-cart load. The snowy white kerchief had come to sorry quarters. But away at Larnacorry Paddy and his wife were talking eagerly about their new house; while much further away, at Arbutus City, Ohio, their sister Norah kept on dreaming that her mother might be sitting, safe and happy, sunning herself in her old pleasant nook among the green pasture-lands.

We must not suppose that Mrs. Dempsey had been unmindful in these days of her absent daughter. Far from it, as, when her troubles began, her thoughts had turned to Norah as to a tower of strength, but, unfortunately, placed beyond her reach. Norah's faithfulness was a thing about which she doubted no more than about the existence of the sun. But this sun was hidden from her behind a curved-up waste of western waters, and could reach her with only most feeble and ineffectual beams. For the Dempseys were a very illiterate family, and that makes absence absence indeed. Mrs. Dempsey herself could neither read nor write, and Norah was not much more accomplished, though she could just achieve a scrawl the purport of which could generally be deciphered by any scholar who had beforehand any sufficient data for guessing. A communication of this sort came from her "only of a very odd while," which at Larnacorry means extremely seldom. It was always addressed to Paddy, and answered by him, both documents being so curt and conventional that they threw curiously little light upon the situation of either correspondent. Norah wrote to her dear brother Paddy that she meant to let him know herself and Mick and the children were getting their healths, glory be to God; and they had fine weather now, and she hoped mother was getting her health. So no more from his sister "N. Demsy." To which Paddy replied in like manner, the difference in his case being a more deliberate suppression of facts. Thus, for instance, he abstained from mentioning his marriage, because he surmised that this elder sister, of whom he stood a good deal in awe, would be of the opinion he shouldn't have brought home a wife this long while yet—he was barely of age—but have looked after mother and kept things comfortable for her. For similar reasons, in a higher degree, he avoided informing Norah of Mrs. Dempsey's departure. He had invariably concluded his compositions with: "Mother does be getting her health finely, and hopes you are the same," a habit which he did not think it expedient to lay aside merely because there was no longer anybody to give him the message. But it always formed the gist of the letter for Norah, who, spelling it out with a thankful heart, continued to dwell in a fool's paradise of security.

Unsatisfactory as such a correspondence may appear, it is so much better than nothing whatever that it had been the chief consideration which had delayed Mrs. Dempsey in resolving upon her exodus from Larnacorry. "For," she had said to herself, "how at all would I be hearin' e'er a word of them crathurs?" And now that it had failed to deter her from taking the step, she tried what shifts she could to escape the dreaded consequence. Many a toilsome tramp did she trudge on a fair-day to Meenoughter, halfway between Letterard and Larnacorry, for the chance of falling in with some of her old neighbors, from whom she might glean a grain of news more precious than gold. Paddy and his wife she never met, keeping proudly out of their way, while they avoided her from various motives, in which compunction formed an element, notwithstanding that Mrs. Paddy had almost persuaded her husband to regard as highly ungrateful his mother's conduct in "flouncing off like she did, after all what had been done for her." This gleaning could be accomplished only by means more or less of strategy. For she was not, mind you, "going to let on to other people that she and Paddy weren't speaking." But she knew well enough that if an American letter h d lately arrived, some reference to the fact, if not to the contents, would probably be made in the course of any judiciously guided conversation.

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"So yous are after hearin' from America over there, ma'am," some Mrs. Kelly would remark; and, "'Deed are we," Mrs. Dempsey would reply, in a most matter-of-course tone. Then, if this were a lucky day, Mrs. Kelly would add, "And all of them doin' finely, she says. It's a grand country." Sometimes, it is true, the addition would be less felicitous. "And what's the best good news with them?" the announcing neighbor would go on to inquire. Still, even so, Mrs. Dempsey would extricate herself from the embarrassment, replying, with much presence of mind, "Ah, sure, ma'am, just what you heard before."

But at last a piece of news assailed her with an abruptness which threw her off her guard. It was a lead-colored November day, several years after her flitting, and she had made her way over to Meenoughter Fair once more, in quest of foreign intelligence. There Kate Sweeney, meeting her, said, "Och, then, Mrs. Dempsey, ma'am, is it yourself? How are you this long time? Bedad, now, you're lookin' none too well. I was as near as anythin' passin' you by, only for noticin' your little white handkercher on your head. And so Norah's after gettin' married."

"*Married!*" Mrs. Dempsey repeated, jumping, Kate reported, as if she had set her foot on twenty tin tacks. "What fool's talk have you?" And though she quickly recollected herself sufficiently to account for her ignorance by explaining that a bad cold had prevented her from going anywhere this great while back, Kate was not at all successfully taken in.

The news was very bad. For she had been clinging more and more desperately to the hope that one of these dreary days Norah would come back to her; and now this seemed quite swept away. She did not know the rhyme which says that "my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life," nor would it have been consolatory, since the daughter in question had settled herself for all those days inaccessibly beyond unimaginable miles of ocean. The affliction came, too, as a ninth wave in a rising tide of troubles. Things had been going from bad to worse in the forlorn little hillside cabin. Poor demented Biddy had grown more infirm in body and mind, and was now a bedridden misery. Mrs. Dempsey's few pound-notes had long ago melted away, and lack of feeding had obliged her to give up keeping her pigs. Therefore her small flock of poultry were left to be the tottering mainstay of the household. But lately some sort of "quare murrain" had fallen on them, slaying part, and causing the survivors to stalk about bald or disheveled, unchancy objects, such as one might imagine the fowl of banefully enchanted regions. The cutting off of that last resource brought dire straits. A day came when Mrs. Dempsey could not afford to refuse twopence offered her by a passing peddler for the last of her little white kerchiefs. And on many another, sitting cold by a fireless hearth, she would recall the time when, if she wanted a griddle-cake, she had nothing to do but plunge her hand into the chest of sweet, white-dusted meal; and she would think to herself how glad she would be now of one such handful to make a sup of gruel for Biddy, "the crathur," whimpering there on the bed. And then visions would rise up around her out of the far and farther off times: of poor Nellie, with sleek, strawberry-freckled sides and meek, melancholy eyes; of frisky calves, impatiently impetuous, thrusting their round heads into wrong places; of a resplendently glossed cock strutting among neatest-plumaged hens; of the children—real children still—with Paddy, the smallest of them, that used to think a deal of his mammy; of Himself coming in from the fields, tall and young, and never to grow old—until at length hunger broke the spell of these haunting memories, and she would wander down on the shore to try if she could gather a wisp of dilisk off the shaggy rocks, or fill a little battered can with clinging shellfish, that she might have something to boil by way of supper. If Norah could have taken a long, very long, look from the opposite strand, and had seen a worn, gaunt old woman, in coarse, ragged garments, clambering and peering among the slimy boulders, while the rough wind blustered about the grizzled bare head and seemed to imperil the precarious footing, she would hardly have recognized the calamity, just because it was so great.

All this time Norah had been experiencing plenty of troubles on her own

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account, over and above the anxieties and privations involved by the mere fact that she was "away." Upon arriving in the United States, she had found the affairs of her brother Mick in no flourishing condition; and thenceforward lack of health or lack of work had frequently infested their household. To get along at all was as much as they could do, Norah perceived with disappointment, let alone having a penny to send home. Therefore her poor little *scrawms* often contained an apology for being a "dry letter," which means, in the language of an emigrant, one without a remittance. It was well for her that she could not guess the fate of what few money-orders she did contrive to inclose. These were invariably absorbed by Mrs. Paddy, and never a farthing the better for them was the person for whose sake they had been painfully scraped together.

But at last things took a more prosperous turn. Mick had a long spell of uninterrupted earning; the children seemed to have got through all their harassing ailments, and Norah was able to undertake some profitable occupation. And then Mick married again—"a very dacint, quiet, good-natured girl." Whereupon Norah's thoughts immediately set homeward—nobody wanted her in Ohio any longer, she supposed; only then one Johnny Kinsella, a fine young man from the County Mayo, and a deal too good for her, in her own humble opinion, interposed and persuaded her to stay yet a while. He might hardly have succeeded had he not represented that her return would be only deferred. In a year or so, if all went well, he expected to go home for good, and take a bit of land in the old country. Such expectations are always very liable to delay, if nothing more fatal befalls them. In this case the year or so took several new leases of life before Mrs. Johnny Kinsella found herself happy woman enough to be actually homeward bound, with her husband and a wonderful toddling son, and a fortune which at Larnacorry would be considered "rael grand entirely."

She was all the more impatient to set out and get over because for some time past Paddy's letters had ceased to arrive even with their wonted irregularity. The fact was that he had left Larnacorry for a farm in a different part of the country, and had been too busy with the move and his other affairs, which were mostly unlucky betting transactions, to spare any of his time for the correspondence. His silence did not make Norah seriously uneasy, as she knew from her own experience how natural it comes not to write; still, it added somewhat to the anxiety which is inevitable when one seeks to pick up the threads of life dropped nearly a dozen years ago. How many may be broken hopelessly off, and what lamentable entanglements may have happened? In this fleeting world one cannot let a gross of months slip by and think to escape some regrets for what has gone along with them. Nevertheless, she did feel secure upon the main point. She nothing feared but that she would find her mother knitting away in the warm chimney-corner, or, since it was now pleasant spring weather, sitting in her sunny green nook on the hill. "And she'll be wearin' the bit of a white handkerchief shinin' over her head yet, I'll be bound," Norah reflected, to the accompaniment of the throbbing screw, "and the sorra a shoe to her foot very belike, aye, won't she, the ould villin! But, bedad, it's the quare things she might put on her or lave off her, that I wouldn't be as plased as twinty, and proud and thankful to behould—'deed might she so."

Consequently the shock was stunning when she had led the way triumphantly down the furzy-banked boreen, and at its end came in sight of, not the old brown thatch, with mossy gables and blue, quivering smoke-plume, but a prim-shaped slated cottage of blackish stone and red brick, soundless, stirless, with barred door and windows, and a heart-chilling aspect of desertion. She could hardly believe her affrighted eyes, and fled on straight to the nearest dwelling, only to find there a stranger, who told her terrible things as blandly as if she was just passing the time of day. "The Dempseys that was livin' 'round the turn one time?" this Mrs. Brady said, standing calmly in her doorway; "sure they're quit out of it since a good while before last Christmas. I disremimber where to they were goin'. Did their mother go along, ma'am? They had ne'er a mother livin' wid them ever since I come to Larnacorry—and that's maybe

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six or seven year. But people did be sayin' the ould Widdy Dempsey was their mother, that come of an odd while to the fair at Meenoughter, and had took up wid another ould crazy body they called Biddy McQueen, away off at Letterard. I niver was there. And they did be sayin' it was no credit to Paddy Dempsey to be lavin' his mother so poorly. I haven't seen her anywheres this great while. Bedad, now that I think of it, I've a notion I heard somebody sayin' there was somethin' happint a one of the ould crathurs, aye to be sure. Lizzie," she called back into the dark cavity behind her, "do you mind which was it, crazy Biddy or the ould widdy they were after buryin' last week, of the two quare ones that was livin' below at Letterard? You don't remimber? No more don't I."

Norah took a car, a bright yellow car, and was driven the long twelve miles to the stony country of Letterard. Sometimes she tried to reach the lagging horse with the point of her umbrella; but sometimes she wished that he would drop down with them all in a heap on the road. Big Johnny and little Johnny at the other side of the car could not get a word out of her, and concluded it more prudent to leave off trying. And when they reached the little weather-stained cabin, it was empty. For a minute Norah stared at it dumbly, and then she ran, "like one demented," in the driver's opinion, down the deep-rutted cart-track towards the sea.

Along the shingly strand olive-green, white-lipped rollers were tumbling over heavily, and leaving behind them as they receded tangled heaps of leathery brown weed, straps, bands, collars, and traces, as if some marine harness-room had gone to wrack. To the right hand of anybody running down to the shore, large rounded boulders are piled up, smooth and slippery; and among these a ragged, beggar-like old woman, bareheaded and barefooted, was stooping and peering in search of long, slimy dilisk leaves. Her search had disappointed her, for there was little to be got that day, and she had gathered herself only a meager bunch. Suddenly some one snatched this out of her hand and flung it away into a rock-pool. She turned in wrath and dismay, thinking she was assailed by some of the wild children who had begun to molest her and call her crazy. But it *was* Norah herself, though her bonnet looked so grand, and her face did not quite match the old familiar voice. Norah hugged her very tightly, and said: "Och, you ould, ould villin—if ever I let you out of me sight agin—if ever I do!"

By the time that the pastures were richly green with June, and Mrs. Dempsey had grown ten years younger and quite at home in her new little house up near her daughter's on the townlands of Larnacorry, she once more owned a cow to watch a-grazing; not poor Nellie's equal, perhaps, yet a worthy and amiable red-and-white creature. The first morning that she was driven out, the pair were met by Mrs. Johnny Kinsella, who said in greeting: "Well now, I declare to goodness, the two of us is the most contráry people ever walked!" Probably her reason for declaring so was the fact that Mrs. Dempsey wore on her head a little black straw bonnet, though she had the whitest of kerchiefs laid ready to her hand at home, and on her feet stout, well-polished shoes and gray woolen stockings, with which her daughter had been careful *not* to provide her; whereas Norah herself came stepping warily barefooted over the soft grass. "And sure what matter for that," said Mrs. Dempsey, "so long as the both of us is contint with our contráriness? But I wouldn't wonder, Norah jewel, if I took to me handkercher again to-morra; this little black contrivance does be liker somethin' lit on the top of me head by accident. But I was just thinkin' in me mind I'd slip off these ould brogues when I'd come under the shelter of the wall. The feel of them's rael unnathural."

"Herself!" said Norah, with a sigh of satisfaction.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Aspects of Mental Economy. By M. V. O'Shea. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 6×9¾ in. 198 pages. 75c.

This essay is to be commended to all brain-workers. Its wide range includes such a detail as the question what sort of writing-pen is least fatiguing to the brain. Professor O'Shea's inquiries concern the many ways in which nervous energy can be most readily generated and wisely conserved for profitable production of either a mental or physical sort.

Baedeker's Handbooks for Travelers. With Maps and Plans. No. I. Austria; II. Switzerland; III. Central Italy; IV. Rhine. 4×6¼ in. $2.40 each.

New editions of four important volumes in the Baedeker series, carefully revised and brought up to date with the thoroughness which characterizes the editorial work on this admirable series of guide-books.

Bath Comedy, The. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 290 pages. $1.50.

Jovial and spirited; permeated, moreover, with the real eighteenth-century flavor. The tale is of the Bath of Beau Nash's time, and the reader mentally pictures the elaborate fashion, the feminine folly, and the masculine braggadocio of the famous Spa. The style is of the lightest touch-and-go comedy, and sometimes the action comes nearer to farce than to comedy. The book is a literary trifle, amusing and clever, but without much real substance, nor of so strong a texture as had "The Pride of Jennico." We see no reason why the prevalent fashion of dramatizing novels might not find in this book a tempting opportunity.

Bird Homes. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Illustrated. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 7½×10 in. 183 pages. $2.

This is beautifully illustrated from photographs taken by the author; some of the pictures are printed in color with truth to nature and good pictorial effect. Some seven hundred and fifty birds are fully described, with notes about habits, nests, habitats, etc., etc. In his introductory chapters the author discourages reckless egg-collecting, urges the passage of laws forbidding the sale of bird-skins for millinery purposes, discusses in an interesting way the pros and cons of keeping birds in captivity, gives valuable hints about bird photography, and adds advice about feeding and caring for birds. We know of no more attractive and useful handbook for popular reading and reference.

Conquest of Arid America, The. By William E. Smythe. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

This book is written by the editor of "The Irrigation Age," a man who apparently knows well all of the States and Territories of our arid regions. He believes that the true opportunity of the American people does not lie in the tropical islands of the Pacific and of the Caribbean, but in the vast unsettled regions of our own country. We are not compelled, he avers, to seek another field for expansion by reason of any physical limitations in these United States. One so-called limitation has been the failure of rainfall to meet the demands of agriculture. Mr. Smythe shows, in the first place, that aridity fosters health—it is the damp cold that penetrates, the humid heat that prostrates. After proving that aridity is a blessing, the author then explains to us the miracle of irrigation, and illustrates this by certain "Utopias" of the West. He then describes Undeveloped America. Lastly, and even more interestingly, he discusses the question of the half-employed, and shows that the reason of non-immigration to the West is largely found in the lack of co-operative capital and co-operative settlement. The problem is how to combine surplus labor, surplus land, and surplus capital. The occupation of the vast undeveloped region by the mass of our people ought to be the result of following Mr. Smythe's recommendation both as to irrigation and as to colonization.

Cumberland Vendetta, A. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 181 pages. $1.25.

In this story Mr. Fox is on his own ground among the mountaineers, whom he knows at first hand, with whose finer qualities he is very sympathetic, and whose limitations and lack of civilization he sees in historical perspective. He has given in this story the record of one of those fierce feudal fights between families which still survive among the mountaineers, although they are fast dying out. He has told the story with a great deal of freshness and pictorial power. The materials with which he had to deal were the elementary passions of men; the characters which he had portrayed are almost semi-savage; and yet he has found both in the material and the characters those elements which have humanized the story. It is a chapter of American life well worth the reading.

From Sand Hill to Pine. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 327 pages. $1.25.

Half a dozen short stories on Mr. Harte's usual Western subjects and in his usual vein. One wonders how many such stories in all he has written, and why he does not let himself be tempted by ambition to do the more elaborate work in fiction one feels him capable of doing. Meanwhile, his tales are, as always, moderately interesting and decidedly amusing, and they have occasional descriptive passages

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such as can be equaled by no other living American writer of fiction.

Giotto and His Work in Padua. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 213 pages. $3.

The first edition of Ruskin's "Giotto" was published nearly a half-century ago. The latest, just at hand, has at least one manifest advantage over the first, that of modern methods of illustration. The illustrations of 1854 were from drawings of the Giotto frescoes; the present illustrations are from photographs of the frescoes themselves. The text, of course, remains unchanged, but valuable notes and a full index have been added.

Hiwa. By Edmund P. Dole. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 108 pages. $1.

This tale of love and strife and victorious death from the pre-Christian time of Hawaii is one of novel interest and of rather unusual literary merit. For Hawaiians it is a noble tribute to the high qualities of the native race. For all readers it is a striking lesson of what maternal training can do for a son. The author has skillfully concealed the tragic secret till the final catastrophe.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee and Elsie Louise Shaw. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 346 pages. $2.

This is a new edition, with colored plates, of a book which has secured and deserved a very wide popularity—a popularity due first to its essential usefulness, and next to its entire availability. It offers all that it contains to the non-expert reader; it has been a guide to one of the most interesting departments of natural life to a host of people who were stumbling along in ignorance. This new edition contains colored reproductions from water-color sketches by Miss Elsie L. Shaw, replacing the black-and-white illustrations in the earlier edition.

Jean François Millet. By Estelle M. Hurll. Illustrated. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 96 pages.

This volume, the latest in the Riverside Art Series, presents, by way of introduction, a characterization of Millet as an artist, a list of books of reference, and other matter of interest to students, with reproductions and brief interpretations of sixteen of Millet's best-known pictures. The comments on the pictures bring their significance before the reader, not by didactic statement, but largely by description, by reproducing the atmosphere of the scene.

London and Londoners. Edited by Rosalind Pritchard. A. Wessels Co., New York. 3¾×6½ in. 397 pages. $1.25.

The enlarged and revised edition of this handbook is specially timely in a year when many tourists will go to London on their way to the Paris Exposition. A practical feature of the volume is the space left on each page for personal notes. The volume slips easily in one's coat pocket.

Our Native Trees. By Harriet L. Keeler. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 533 pages.

A compendious account of trees indigenous in the region from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and from Canada to the northern boundaries of the Southern States, with abundance of both textual and pictorial illustration; the author's aim being to bring the trees within the notice and knowledge of the average person by methods somewhat similar to those employed by the author of "How to Know the Wild Flowers." The illustrations in this volume are worthy of special commendation.

Paris in Old and Present Times. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated. (New Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 238 pages. $3.

A new and timely reprint of a very useful and trustworthy account of Paris of fifteen years ago by a student of French life who has left, on the whole, the best account of that life to be found in our language; and who knew Paris, comprehended its architecture, its art, and its civilization.

Sir David Wilkie and the Scots School of Painters. By Edward Pinnington. (Famous Scots Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 160 pages. 75c.

The latest addition to the "Famous Scots Series" describes a famous Scotch painter, a man who rose, through physical weakness, scanty resources, and many professional obstacles, to high position. Mr. Pinnington's text is sympathetic and appreciative, but it is satisfactorily discriminating. There are appendices of value, a list of Sir David's works, their chronology and present location, and an ample index.

Transvaal Trouble, The. By John Hays Hammond. (An Address.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7¼ in. 37 pages.

Mr. Hammond's little book contains much of the matter published in his recent article in The Outlook, together with some desirable additional facts and information. As a short review of the situation in South Africa, from one who knows his subject thoroughly, it states more compactly and clearly the arguments for British interference than does any other publication with which we are acquainted.

White Robe of Churches of the XIXth Century, The: Pages from the Story of Gloucester Cathedral. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 348 pages. $3.

Dean Spence founds his poetical title on the words of Glaber, who (writing in the year 1030) said of the beginning of his century, "The world, startled from its death-sleep, put on its White Robe of Churches"—certainly a beautiful phrase to describe that upspringing of religious feeling which found expression in the building of the splendid abbeys and cathedrals of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Dr. Spence has written sympathetically and even eloquently of cathedral-building, the meaning of its structural growth, the use of stained glass, the symbolism of a church, the history of individual churches, and (naturally with special fervor) of the noble Gloucester Cathedral, under whose shadow, literally, he lives, in an abbotial deanery eight hundred years old. His book has sentiment and poetry as well as ecclesiastical lore and art.

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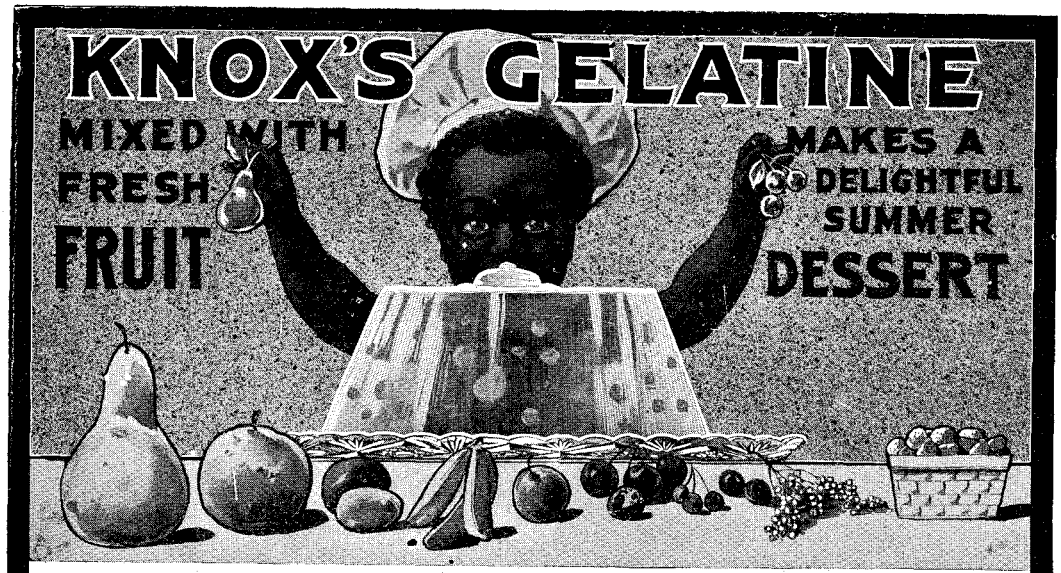

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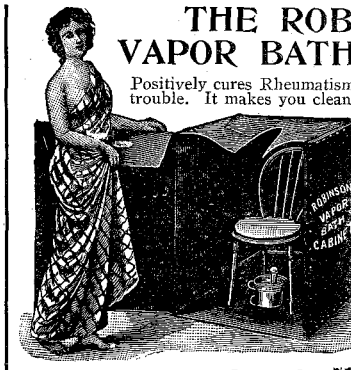

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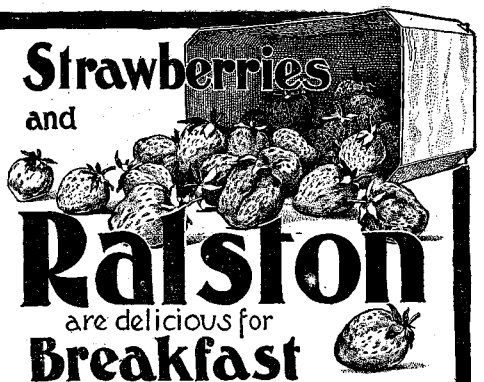

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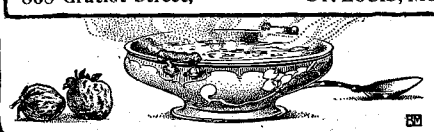

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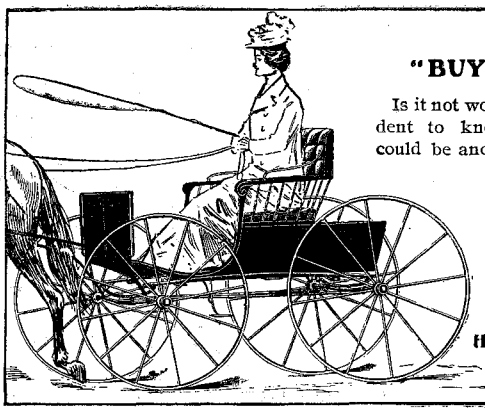

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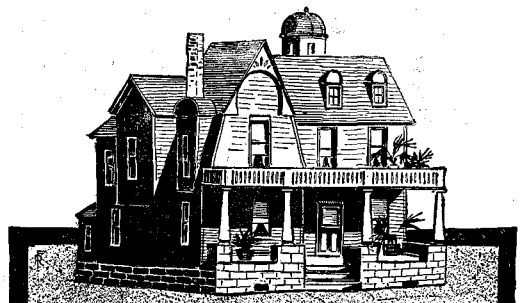

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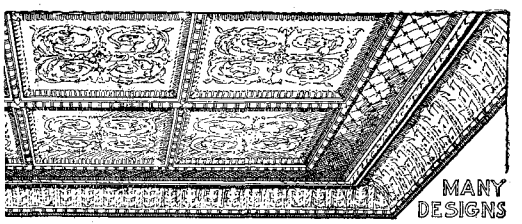

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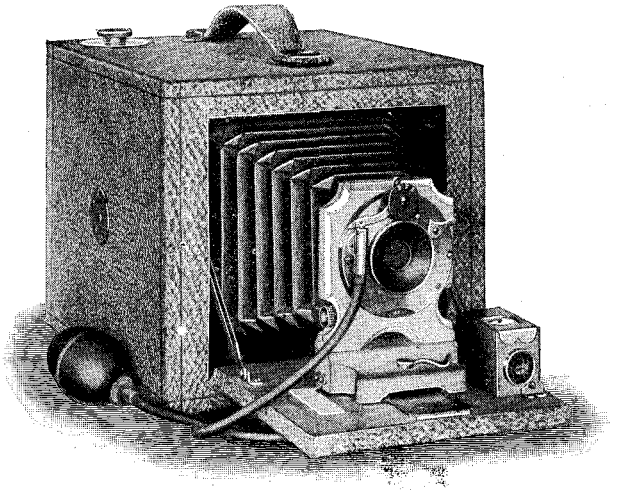

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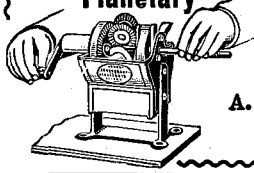

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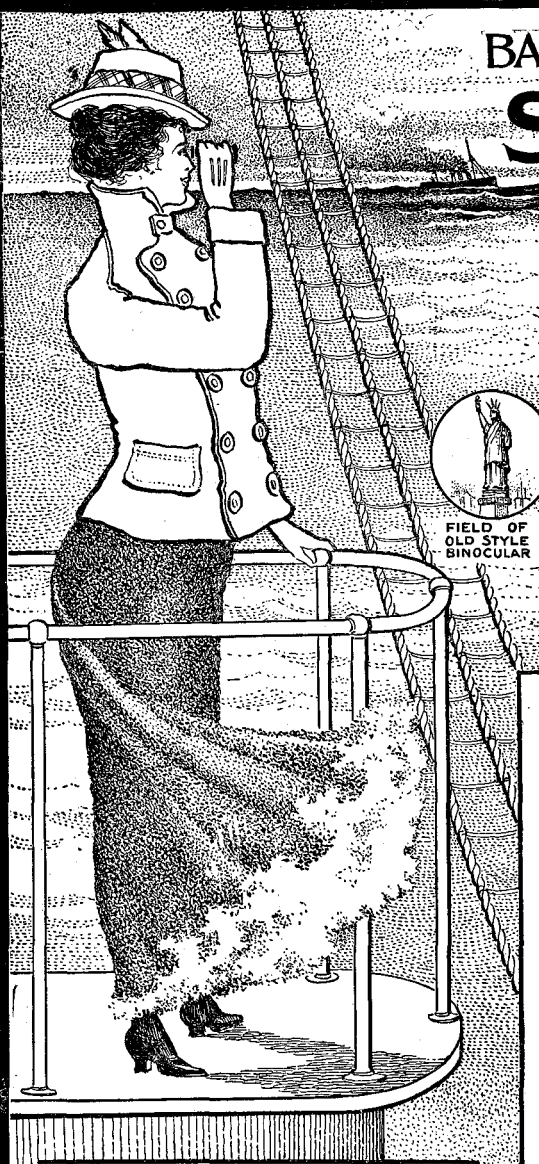

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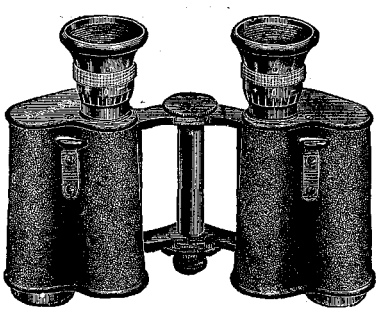

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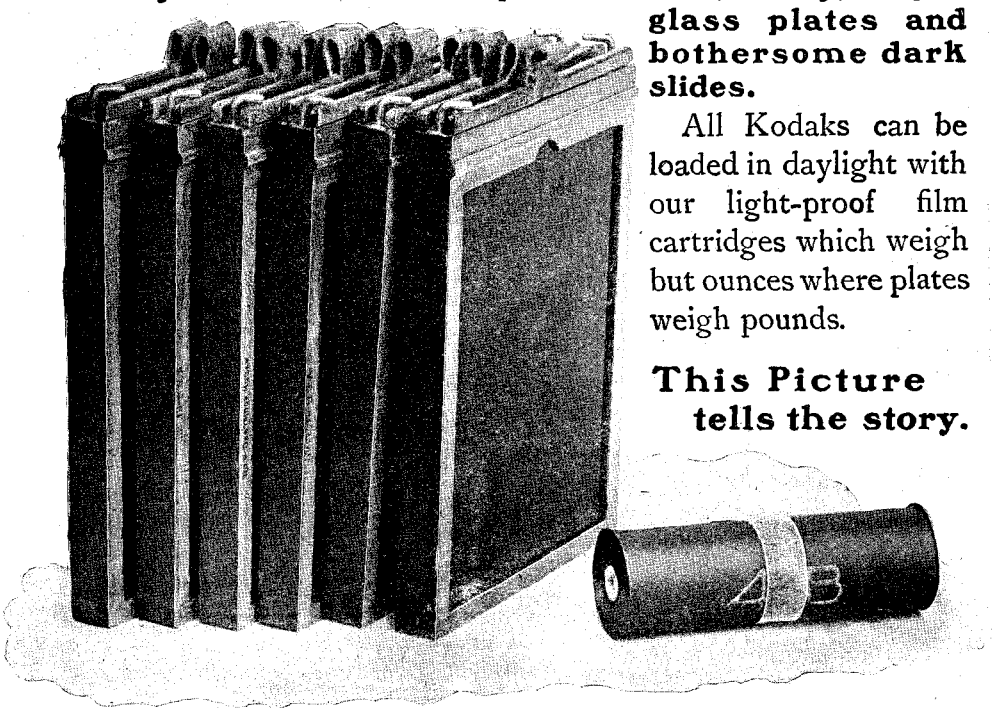

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